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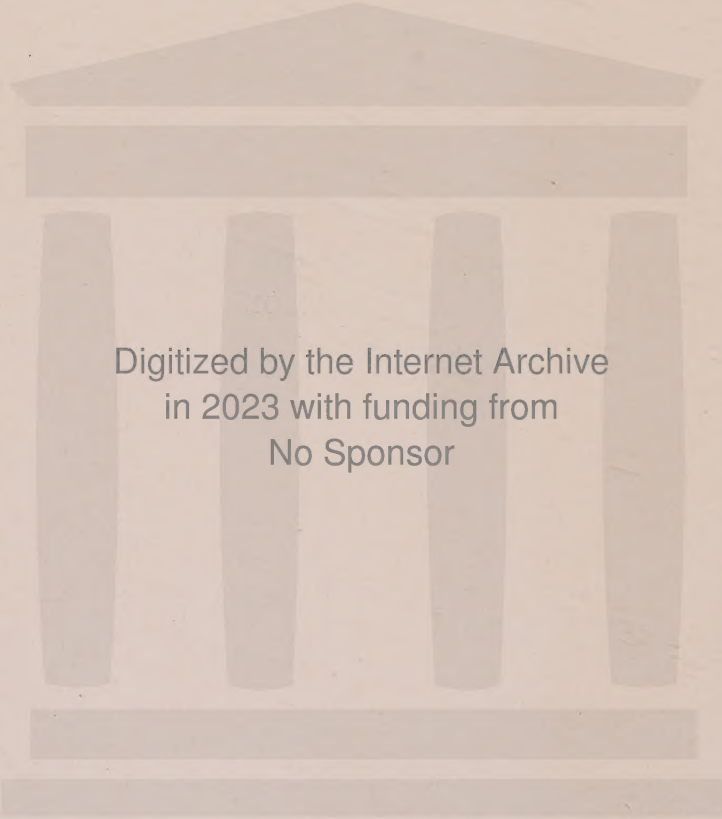


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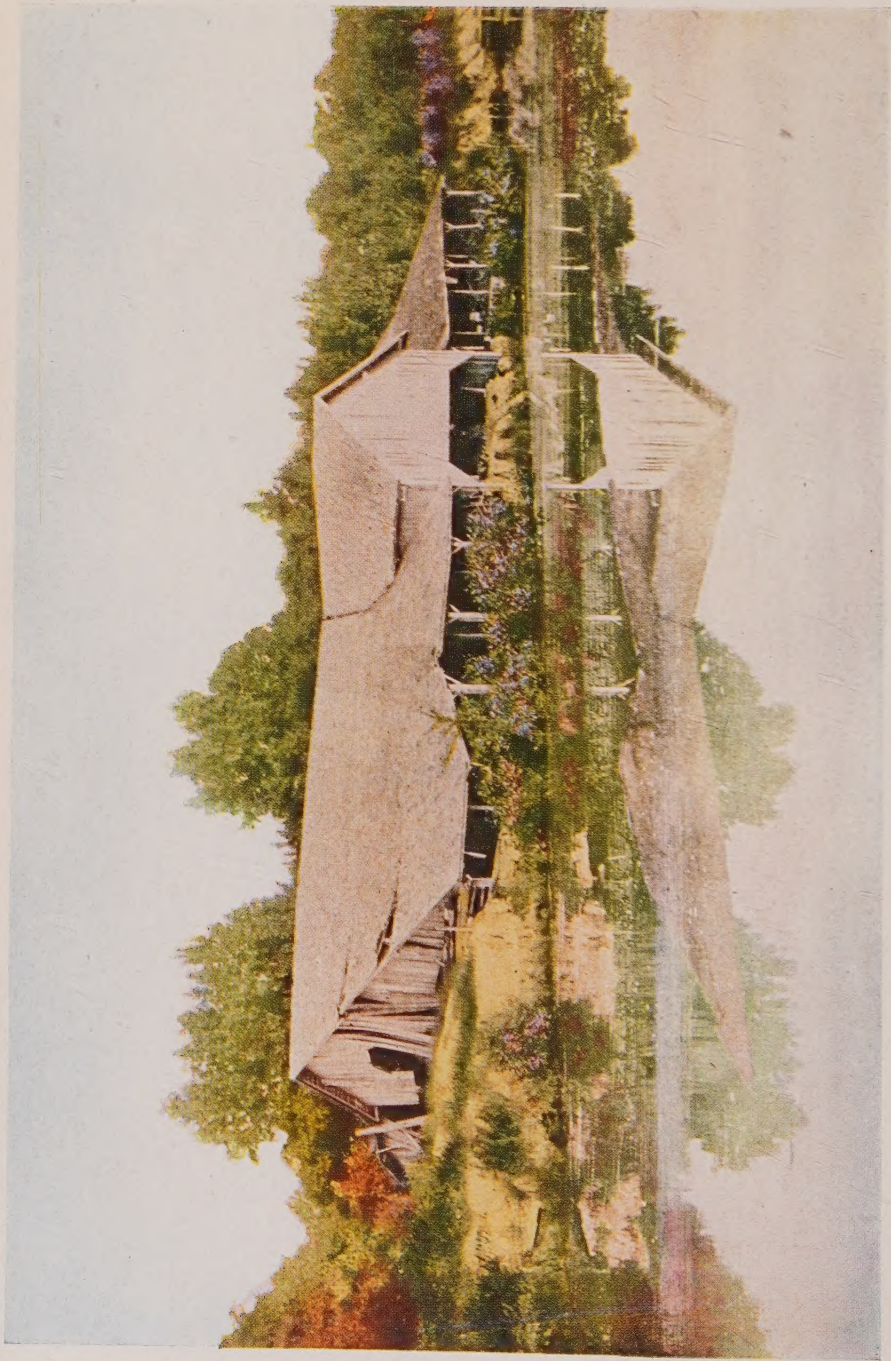
Mr. & Mrs. Watson

WITHDRAWN

THE RED FRONTIER
THE AGE OF ASPIRATION
1643-1680



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A SCENE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP, VIRGINIA

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The Real America in Romance

THE RED FRONTIER

THE AGE OF ASPIRATION

1643-1680

EDITED BY

EDWIN MARKHAM

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE, AND OTHER POEMS,"
"LINCOLN, AND OTHER POEMS," "VIRGILIA, AND OTHER
POEMS," "THE POETRY OF JESUS," ETC.

VOLUME VI



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THE RED FRONTIER

THE AGE OF ASPIRATION

BETWEEN the two groups of English colonies north and south, Holland in the previous generation had driven the little wedge of New Netherland. European wars now gave the excuse needed, and the free flag of the States General gave place to the standard of Saint George and Saint Andrew.

By this change, the long Atlantic reach became English, and the energies of the race began that strenuous westerly advance which enables every American to boast of pioneer blood. The first red frontier extended not a furlong from the ocean rollers; every step westward was made in the face of savage resistance. With isolated exceptions, every town in America was once a frontier village, the streets of which echoed to the war-whoop of the Indian. These outposts maintained themselves against the ferocities of the aborigines by the sheer use of the weapons of war. The struggle with the austerities of nature was only less desperate.

American liberty, child of independence and self-reliance, was born upon this frontier. When it blazed red with the torch of Philip, the Wampanoag chief, New England came together as one man in self-defense — and the Dutch stood beside them on the firing-line. When the Indians of Virginia made lamentable alliance with the vicious Berkeley, who held his profitable traffic with them above the lives and property of his colonists, the spirit flared forth in Nathaniel Bacon, that voice in the wilderness crying out to men to rid themselves of despots. Every

difficulty to be met strengthened the feeling of independence, every difficulty overcome added vigor to a growing self-reliance. Our nation is to-day the proud daughter of pioneer fathers, men of the rifle and ax, the plow and hunting-knife, and pioneer mothers who toiled and spun, and, when need arose, molded the bullet and loaded the gun.

The immediate task, though they knew it not, was the subjugation of a continent; the final goal, equally withheld from their vision, the creation of an empire. Years were to roll by, centuries were to pass, before their grandchildren arose with the roar of the Pacific in their ears, as their grandsires had awakened to the thunders of the Atlantic. There were majestic forests to be felled, tremendous plains to be crossed, mighty rivers to be bridged, gigantic mountains to be overpassed; but the spirit of the first settlers suffered no diminution in their children, and the deed was done. Americans have never hesitated to attack a problem, whether to the world at large they appeared prepared for it or not. This is a lesson of the frontier, and it has been aptly termed one of our chief national assets.

Yet, great as the physical task unquestionably was, the spirit arose beyond the labors of the day and won a heritage greater than America itself could contain in her mountains of ore and fields of waving grain. Sound minds in sound bodies worked out the problems of dealing with those who would have made them slaves. Frontier practicalities added fact to fact until the growing colonists suddenly learned themselves to be of the stature of a nation. Other and more powerful Sir William Berkeleys might seek to stop their forward stride — they found themselves trodden down and thrust aside. For, in the newer, freer life there was to arise not one, but a score of Bacons for every Berkeley, a hundred freemen for every tyrant, all born of a frontier that once ran red.

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THE RED FRONTIER

THE RED FRONTIER

CHAPTER I

THE LADY OF ACADIA

ON a September day in the year 1644 a ship flying the flag of England was stoutly sailing in the waters of the western ocean. To the north was a mass of land; to the east and south an expanse of shimmering sea; to the west, whither she sailed, a golden way, heaving full flooded beneath the hot sun. Under her fore foot the crowded water boiled and hissed; laughing waves leapt from her bows, and at her stern a white wake stretched far away, flat and solid.

The north wind before which she heeled, blowing free from the land, was pungent with pine; an evergreen fringe, following the coast, merged into haze in the distance. Along the base of the cliffs that rose from the shore the surf broke white against the rocks; the mutter of it came across the waves to those on the ship. The land was Cape Sable, the southern extremity of Nova Scotia; the sheet of gold ahead was the Bay of Fundy.



OLD PETER SILVER-LEG

The day was well advanced; ashore the heat of the sun

would have been oppressive, but on the decks of the ship the afternoon was one of dreamy perfection. Upon the crew was the subdued joy that comes when the end of a voyage is not far off; the sailors hummed sea songs and made jests as they went about their duties.

Apart from the sailors, and the officers that paced the quarter-deck, a man and woman stood close to the port rail. A glance was enough to reveal in these two a distinction that raised them above the others on the ship, whether passengers or crew. It was not their garments that set them apart; for the man was attired in doublet and small-clothes of black, without shoulder-bands or ruffles, and the woman in a bodice and coarse skirt that lacked ornament. By their apparel they might have been of the masses; yet their faces and an unconscious air in their carriage told of refinement of mind and character. As they stood by the rail they gazed earnestly to the westward with shaded eyes; for the sails of another ship rose from the golden sea.

"Nay, Lady La Tour," quoth the man, in tones and an inflection of voice that strengthened the impression conveyed by his appearance, "right well I should like to set your fears at rest, but I can scarce be wrong. That is the flag of France which yon vessel unfurls, and she is seeking to intercept us, beyond peradventure. But there are other ships than D'Aulnay's in these waters, belike. At the least, we may hope it is not he until we have seen more."

"Speak not of fears, Roger Williams," returned the woman, courageously. "I grant you that I am anxious concerning this French ship, but if indeed it be D'Aulnay, we must e'en make the most of it. Of a surety it would be a bitter misfortune to encounter after so long eluding him, now that we are near Fort La Tour, which we have so long desired to reach. But whosoever it may be, I have learned too well my lesson from my husband to despair in the face

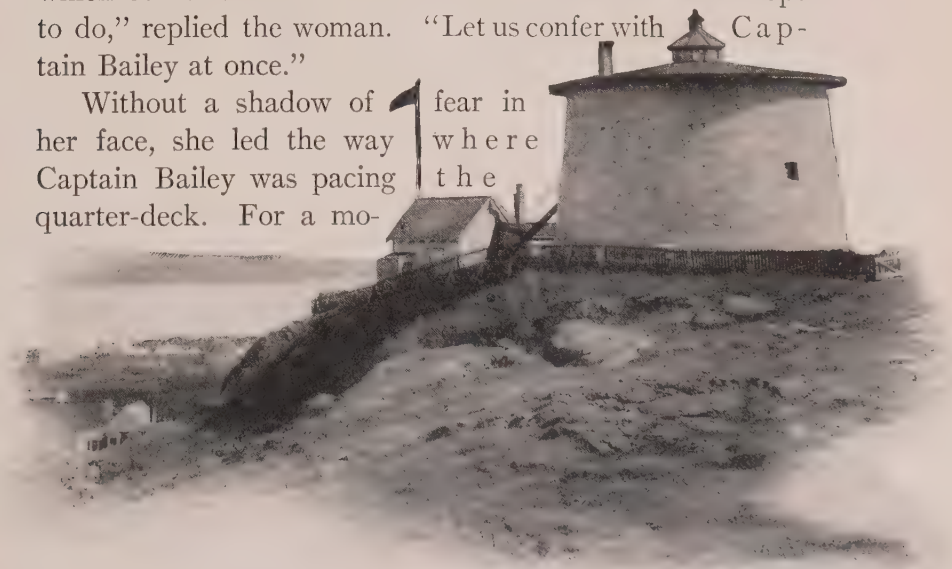
of threatened danger; belike we shall find some means to extricate ourselves at the last, if we only maintain our wits."

Her companion could not refrain from casting an admiring look upon her at this speech, which she delivered with a calm fortitude free from all semblance of bravado. A face of remarkable beauty was Lady La Tour's. She was a woman nearing forty, but neither her years nor the assaults of the sea breezes had raised a blemish in the soft skin, or the marble-like pallor of her countenance. Her figure, save for a certain subtle maturity of contour, was that of a girl, slender and graceful; indeed, she was almost ethereal, though the curve of her mouth and the fire that burned in her eyes showed a strength of character not to be denied.

"What you say is true," returned Roger Williams. "If there is danger to you in yon ship we shall meet it resolutely; but would it not be wise to exercise some degree of precaution to avert the possibility of trouble? Perchance 't would be well for you to secrete yourself."

"I shall offer no impediment to any plan that furthers my prospects of seeing my husband and children to-morrow, which our closeness to Fort La Tour hath made me hope to do," replied the woman. "Let us confer with Captain Bailey at once."

Without a shadow of fear in her face, she led the way where Captain Bailey was pacing the quarter-deck. For a mo-



ON THE SITE OF FORT LA TOUR

ment the three conversed in low voices. Casting a hasty glance toward the vessel in the distance, which he had not until now observed, Captain Bailey turned and conducted them below and to his cabin.

A quarter of an hour later Williams and the captain emerged from the hold of the ship and looked anxiously in the direction of the strange vessel. She was still on the course which would intercept them, and there could no longer be any doubt of her nationality. She was now so close that they saw she was heavily armed; the black muzzles of her cannon glinted threateningly in the sun. Even as they looked, a little cloud of smoke leapt into the air, the sound of a dull report came over the water, and a solid shot struck in the sea ahead of them.

"'T is D'Aulnay's ship!" exclaimed Williams, in a tone of finality.

"If he dares molest an English vessel he shall pay dearly for it," returned Captain Bailey. "It was an evil day for me when I undertook this mission of bearing Lady La Tour from England to Acadia," he went on, with a long face. "I knew not the manner of quarrel that was between these two frog-eating Frenchmen, else I should never have mixed so deeply in their affairs. Why, man, 't is like to cost me my ship!"

A second shot, whistling over the waves, struck closer to the bow. The face of Captain Bailey blanched as he ordered his vessel hove to.

"You may blame yourself alone," said Roger Williams, with more austerity than his wont, after the captain had finished giving orders. "Had you carried out your contract to bring the Lady La Tour to the mouth of the Saint John directly, instead of first making your trading tour in the Saint Lawrence, you would have discharged your passenger and cargo many weeks since, no doubt. But since your



OLD CANNON FROM FORT LA TOUR

delay has brought you into this danger, you have only yourself to blame if it brings harm to yourself. You have been so tardy that D'Aulnay, learning of this lady's departure from England, has had time to take up the pursuit, and is already here to intercept her. If that were all, I should be well content; but you have thrust this lady into grave hazard by your obstinacy, in spite of our frequent protests."

The captain scowled angrily, but forebore to reply, standing in awe of this man's moral strength.

"But since you have brought her into this present difficulty, you must in all honor extricate her from it," Williams went on. "If you only play your part well, you may do it and save your ship as well. There might be many ways; I need hardly assume to tell you of them. You are driven from your course; you only desired to make a landfall to correct your chronometer before proceeding to Boston, having lost your bearings; you are lacking drinkable water. God forgive me if these tricks are wicked in His sight. You may make the crew silent, 't is like they are as anxious as yourself to avoid the French clutches of this D'Aulnay; if you can in conscience announce Boston as your destination he will hardly hinder you, for both he and La Tour seek favors of Massachusetts in this quarrel. Failing to find Lady La Tour he will allow you to proceed, and you may still gain your haven, under cover of the night."

The eyes of the captain snapped. "Not I!" he cried. "If I sail toward Boston, to Boston will I go, and wash my hands of an affair that concerns Acadia only. Lady La Tour can send her cargo thither on another vessel, and she can find one; as for me, I am through with these French quarrels. What do they concern an Englishman?"

"Be it so," returned Roger Williams; "but since you contracted with Lady La Tour to take her and the cargo to her husband's fort in Acadia, no doubt she will require you

to fulfil the agreement. Except as an Englishman who loves fair play, the affair is none of mine; the quarrels of the two would-be governors are no more to me than to you. Yet, believing La Tour to be in the right, and knowing his wife to be a true Christian lady, and a Huguenot, I would fain see her succeed in this venture. But if you plan any strategy, you had best be about it, for even now a boat puts off from yonder ship."

Captain Bailey, calling to him his mates, whispered briefly to them. With as little show as possible, the officers passed among the men with terse instructions, returning from their errands to the quarter-deck. They had hardly done so, when the boat came alongside and there clambered over the bulwarks, on a ladder of rope let down by the sailors, a hulking, dark man, imperious of manner, dashing in dress.

"I am Charles de Ménou, Seigneur d'Aulnay de Char-nisay, lieutenant-general for the King of France in Acadia, and by his Majesty's grace, governor of the province," said the new-comer, pompously, advancing toward the group on the quarter-deck, flourishing a gold-hilted sword as he came. "I seek one Lady La Tour, wife of that traitor to France, Charles de Saint Étienne La Tour, who usurps command of Acadia and holds it by force of arms, in spite of the command of his sovereign, the King of France. I have a warrant to take her, as well as her husband; both are equally concerned in the conspiracy against the King's rule. I have learned that this woman hath secretly departed from England in a ship, to convey supplies and ammunition to the La Tour stronghold. This is a warrant from the King of France to overhaul any vessel in the waters of New France and make search for the outlawed Lady La Tour."

He proffered a document bearing a huge golden seal. Captain Bailey did not offer to inspect it, but stood in respectful attitude.

D'Aulnay looked savagely about him, and waited a few moments. As neither spoke, he went on: "If this be the ship that bears this traitorous woman, seek not to conceal her from me, for I shall search your craft to its keel; and, by Heaven, I swear to find her if she be aboard!"

Bailey cleared his throat and braced himself to face this glaring and insolent visitor, whom he little relished, but was forced to treat with.

"I have heard of Lady La Tour and her husband, and that he hath rebelled against the authority of the King of France in Acadia," he said, "but neither have I ever seen either of them, nor have I any desire to. As for my vessel, I am on my way to Boston; but, having lost my reckoning, and being driven far by storms, I find myself along these shores, which I know not the name of, or their location. If it pleases you to do so, you may freely search me; I fear nothing."

"Thou art a brave mariner, by my troth," laughed D'Aulnay, in derision. "You have at least hit the continent, for which you may well be thankful. This land you see is Cape Sable, and yon water is the Bay of Fundy." He turned to Williams, whose presence he could not understand, with flashing eyes. "Who are you?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Neither La Tour nor his lady, but an American, a resident of the New England colonies," returned Roger



AN OLD CANADIAN BLOCK-HOUSE

Williams, in a haughty tone, meeting his gaze fearlessly. He knew not whether the Frenchman was informed that he was on the same ship with Lady La Tour, and thought it well to conceal his identity, lest he betray her.

D'Aulnay clutched his sword and snapped his jaws. "You speak boldly to the governor of Acadia, in the waters of New France!" he thundered.

"I speak to you as you have first spoken to me," rejoined Williams, in no wise awed. "I have picked no quarrel with you, sir, nor with France. But, as a passenger on an English ship and a citizen of New England, I warn you that any violence done the person or property of those aboard will not be lightly regarded either by England herself or by her colonies in America." He well knew the desire D'Aulnay had for favor with New England, and built upon it.

D'Aulnay sheathed his sword. "For a passenger, you have much to say concerning this ship," he sneered, his lip curling hatefully.

"I speak not so much for the ship as for New England; the captain is an Englishman; let him speak for England and his vessel."

D'Aulnay perceived that he was outmatched in statesmanship. "I mean no offense to England or America," he said, turning from Williams to Captain Bailey, "but necessity sometimes makes unpleasant business. You have given me permission to search for Lady La Tour?"

"From the keel to the main truck! Come!"

Roger Williams, watching them depart into the hold of the vessel, turned to the rail and looked far out across the heaving waters in the direction of his New England. Except for Lady La Tour, he would be truly glad if the destination of the vessel should prove to be Boston; save for the danger she was in, his happiness at the moment was quite com-

plete. Seven years before Massachusetts had driven him forth an exile, in the midst of winter, cursed and proscribed; now he could return thither in triumph, for he had that in his pocket which raised him above their authority and assured him of honorable treatment at the hands of his former persecutors.

In the seven years since he left he had built up a colony at Providence on Narragansett Bay, dedicated to the principle of religious toleration. Love and esteem had become his portion; he had grown so high in the opinions of his neighbors that he had been sent to England, many months previous, to obtain a charter for the three colonies on the bay, Providence, Portsmouth, and Newport, which had long been segregated and without distinct political life. Before he left, Massachusetts had obtained from the King a grant to all the land about the Bay; it was for the purpose of resisting this aggression, and of forming a better defense against the Indians, that the three colonies had leagued and sent him as their joint agent.

Williams arrived in England at an opportune time for his mission. The attempt of Charles I to arrest the five members of the Long Parliament who stood out against his tyranny precipitated four years of civil war. The King had fled, and the country was ruled by the Long Parliament. Through friendship with Oliver Cromwell, Sir Harry Vane, and the earl of Warwick, governor-in-chief and lord high admiral of the colonies, he succeeded in obtaining a charter for the colonies that ignored the claims of Massachusetts, and a written order from the English government, commanding Massachusetts to permit him to pass unmolested; Massachusetts would not dare lay heavy hand on him as the bearer of such favor from the powers at home.

With this brilliant success achieved, Williams was seeking a means of returning when chance brought him the

opportunity to sail in the vessel that Lady La Tour had chartered and supplied with material for the assistance of her husband. He had heard much of the quarrel between La Tour and D'Aulnay; in his acquaintance with Lady La Tour during the voyage his sympathies and his sense of justice were enlisted on behalf of her husband.

La Tour, who had come to Acadia in boyhood with his father, Claude La Tour, had been commissioned lieutenant-governor in 1632, when Acadia was restored to France by England. Constructively at the head of the province was Isaac de Razilly, a French naval officer. D'Aulnay was akin to Razilly, and came into his estates on the latter's death in 1635. A contest between La Tour and D'Aulnay for the office made vacant by Razilly's death at once sprang up. Each had large colonial grants, and each had a commission as lieutenant-general. La Tour built a fort on his holdings at the mouth of the Saint John River, which chanced to be within the boundaries of the territory commanded by D'Aulnay. On the other hand, D'Aulnay's fort at Port Royal was in the middle of La Tour's territory.

D'Aulnay set about to accomplish the ruin of his rival. Going to France, where he had much influence, being of kin to Richelieu, he preferred charges of treason against La Tour, who was ordered to come to France in 1641, and a ship was sent to bring him. D'Aulnay himself was commissioned to take him by force, should he refuse to comply with the royal orders. La Tour did refuse; fortifying himself more strongly in his fort, he bade defiance to D'Aulnay and to France. New France was thereby plunged into civil war; the two contending factions were evenly matched, and each sought the aid of New England. As time passed it became evident that military aid from France would be necessary to dispossess La Tour. At the present time he was blockaded in his fort by D'Aulnay, and hard pressed.



CHARLES I DEMANDS THE FIVE MEMBERS (*From the painting by Copley in the Boston Public Library*)

Lady La Tour, having gone to France in a vain effort to obtain justice for her husband, was on the way to the fort with ammunition and supplies. She would already have been safe within the walls of her husband's stronghold had not Captain Bailey insisted upon trading in the Saint Lawrence before going to the Saint John. It had been six months since they sailed from England; meanwhile D'Aulnay had heard of her setting forth, and had sailed to the Bay of Fundy to lie in wait for her.

The heart of Roger Williams beat fast when he heard steps ascending from the hold, and the voices of D'Aulnay and Captain Bailey. Without show of anxiety, he turned and looked at the Frenchman. There was a heavy scowl on his face; he was cursing in mingled English and French. Many vessels had he searched in vain; he was sure that Lady La Tour had not reached the fort; her whereabouts were a baffling mystery that caused him fretful anxiety. Nor was he alone anxious; the husband in Fort La Tour and the children of this delicate lady spent many sleepless nights wondering what her fate might be.

"I like not the cargo you carry," D'Aulnay was saying to the captain, as they reached the deck. "Even though you have not Lady La Tour aboard, you have too much gunpowder for these Acadian waters. If I were to follow my inclination, I would seize your vessel and help myself to your warlike supplies. Yet since your ship is bound to Boston, I am persuaded to let you pass."

There was a fierce gleam in his eyes as he added: "But I shall take good care that you do go to Boston. Do not play me false, sir! Should you attempt to enter the Bay of Fundy, I will blow you and your craft into the sky. Good day, sir! I trust I have made myself clear, and that we part in friendly guise, despite the necessities of this visit."

The captain, who had breathed his first easy breath when they came upon deck, was meek enough.

"Most friendly, indeed!" he replied. "You have done



STATUE OF SIR HENRY VANE

D'Aulnay walked past Roger Williams without giving him a glance, and a few minutes later was to be seen climbing up the side of his ship.

Captain Bailey issued an order to the mate; the boatswain's whistle screamed; sailors scurried about; the wind filled the sails, and away they squared for Boston.

only your duty, and I bear no you ill feeling. As for my ever entering the Bay of Fundy, I trust you will not concern yourself. May you blow me as high as yonder sun if you ever see the bow of this vessel pointed in the direction of Fort La Tour. Good day, sir! I wish you the fortune you deserve in the capture of Lord and Lady La Tour."

CHAPTER II

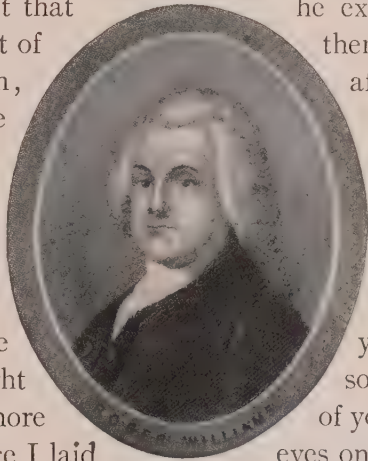
THE KNIGHT ERRANT

MATTHEW STEVENS, Boston's richest merchant, was at prayers with his family, asking a divine blessing upon the food set before them. The circle about the board was small; there was only himself and his wife, and one other, a lad about nineteen years old, bronzed of cheek and hard of muscle. The furtive glances which the young man cast at the pious but prosy Puritan and the lack of devotional spirit that he exhibited showed that he was not of them, but a visitor.

At length, hortation, the bowed head genially upon youth. "So Smith Stevens with a glow of "Right welcome house, and right we see not more many years since I laid almost fancy that I see him again in you, you are so like. He thrives, I hope?"

"Father is well and prosperous," replied the youth. "Perchance 't is not immodest in me to say to you, who are his brother, that he is a man of consequence in Virginia, much looked up to."

"Of that I am certain, for he was ever a brave and stalwart man, and a fit Stevens. We heard of Indian uprisings,



after much examination raised his head and gazed at the face of the youth. "You are John Smith's son!" he said, with pleasure. "You are to our sorrow, for we that are sorry are we that of your father. 'T is eyes on him, but I can

and were greatly concerned for his safety. 'T is indeed a relief to find that he is well."

"I am fain to believe that our troubles with the savages are past," returned the young man. "Opechancanough, who made so much ado for the first settlers, the instigator of the massacre of 1622, is dead. He stirred up strife among the Indians, and would have done much harm, had he not been captured and brought to Jamestown. His spirit abated nothing, for, although he was well-nigh one hundred years old, his hatred of the whites was as fierce and implacable as when John Smith took him by the hair in the midst of his warriors. But it is at rest now; he was slain by one of his guards, a man of his own people, when he was a prisoner at Jamestown."

As they ate, their talk fell to many things concerning the struggles the two colonies had made for existence. In the midst of it, the servant came to announce to Matthew that a stranger was at the door, and would speak with him. Even as the word was spoken, the one announced entered the room.

"Roger Williams!" cried Matthew, in alarmed surprise. "What do you here? Your life is forfeit if you are found!"

"Nay, friend Matthew, have no fear for me," returned Roger Williams, wringing the hand of welcome that Matthew proffered him, "for matters have changed in these seven years. I am quite safe among you now, for I bear with me an order from the English Government to the people of Massachusetts, commanding them not to molest me and to let me pass through."

"Praise God for that!" cried Matthew, fervently. "Come; have bread with us; we are even now in the enjoyment of it."

Williams narrated to them, as he ate, what had befallen in the years since he had been driven away. He was heartily

welcome in the house, for, although he had gone forth from among them proscribed, he had ever had the sympathy and affection of Matthew, whose liberality was increased by the circumstance that his own son Richard was a fugitive from the same persecution that had beset Williams, and even now was a resident of Providence and a friend of the founder of that colony. Matthew Stevens had even given the clergyman secret aid in his work in Rhode Island, helping the struggling colony over more than one crisis, sending aid through Mary Williams, his young wife.

"But what brings you here to Boston now?" asked Matthew again.

"Nay, that is a strange tale," returned Roger Williams, and proceeded to tell them of Lady La Tour.

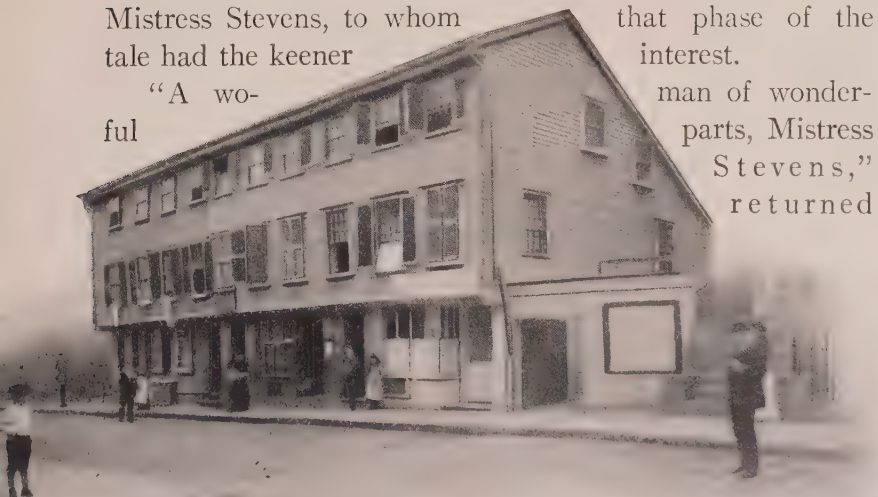
"Lady La Tour is here?" cried Matthew, when he had heard. "Now, may the Lord give her grace, for 't was only yesterday that her husband left our harbor, having been here many days to enlist our aid anew in his contention."

A look of pitying sorrow came into the face of Roger Williams. "Indeed, that is grievous sad," he said, "but she is a brave woman, and strong; she will meet the disappointment as she meets danger and hardship."

"What manner of woman is the Lady La Tour?" asked Mistress Stevens, to whom that phase of the tale had the keener interest.

"A wo-
ful

man of wonder-
parts, Mistress
Stevens,"
returned



WELLS-ADAMS HOUSE, BOSTON, WHERE ROGER WILLIAMS HELD SECRET PRAYER-MEETINGS

Williams, with some enthusiasm, "and a Christian lady, being a Huguenot despite the fact that her husband is a Catholic. Through all of her married life she hath lived in the wilderness where her husband's fort is, in the midst of rough men, of struggle and violence, without the society of other women of her class; yet she is as refined and gentle a lady as one would meet with in the salons of Paris, whence she came, and she hath educated her children in the same mold, surrounding them with luxuries and comforts. She is a brave, true, loyal woman and wife, never complaining of the lack of companionship, for which she must have yearned bitterly through the twoscore years of her voluntary exile, but always faithful to her husband's purpose."

"They are a fitting pair, then," rejoined Matthew, "for Charles La Tour is a true gentleman. Where he got his polished manners I know not, unless they are a product of his blood, but no courtier could excel him in powers of address, which might well win him favors with the King. For my part, I believe that were he to go to France with his own pleas he would soon overturn this swashbuckling, pot-valiant hero, D'Aulnay."

"Nay, friend Matthew, you are wrong there," returned Williams. "La Tour's head would not be long on his shoulders should he show himself at the court; nor, indeed, would Lady La Tour be safe, for D'Aulnay has much sway with the King, being of kin to Richelieu. They fight for their lives; and they fight in vain, I sorely fear, unless New England gives them the help they would have. She must have a vessel to carry herself and her supplies to Fort La Tour, as well as the sanction of the court to make the voyage. Think you she will be favored?"

"'T would be legal, and the court is inclined in her favor," Matthew made answer. "Massachusetts takes much profit from the trade in furs with La Tour, which is



CARDINAL RICHELIEU (*From the portrait by Philippe de Champagne*)

heavy, the country being rich in all fur-bearing animals. A year ago La Tour hired five vessels here in Boston to help him, and took them to Fort La Tour. To be sure, the government did not officially sanction the plan, but nothing was done to oppose it as a private venture."

"And what came of that?" inquired John Stevens, to whom the whole story made a strong appeal.

"The vessels were not intended to take offensive actions against D'Aulnay, but to act only on the defensive; though 't was broadly hoped that they might be given cause to strike. When they arrived, D'Aulnay was blockading his enemy's fort. Seeing the flotilla approach, he fled, and they after him, forgetting they had not come to fight. D'Aulnay was driven ashore, losing his vessels, and was attacked in his mill by some of the crew, whom Captain Hawkins, the commander of the expedition, permitted to land for the purpose. Nothing was accomplished, however, beyond the capture of one of D'Aulnay's pinnaces with eight hundred moose skins, which were divided between La Tour and the New Englanders. Captain Hawkins was cried out upon by some for the part he had played, but the better part of our people approved of his behavior. On the issue John Endicott succeeded in supplanting Governor Winthrop for one year.

"Nevertheless, on La Tour's recent visit here, which terminated, it seems, a day too soon, the recollection of the Hawkins affair was so fresh in the minds of the magistrates, before whom the Frenchman appeared, that they would do nothing for him, fearing lest the colony fall into international difficulties. He obtained only a promise that Massachusetts would address a letter of remonstrance to D'Aulnay."

"If they lose any of their rights in Acadia, it will not be for lack of courage in contending for them," observed Roger Williams. "Had Lady La Tour been in charge of our vessel, instead of Captain Bailey, she would have reached the fort, I make bold to say."

"That Bailey is a coward!" cried John, bristling with indignation. "What manner of man is it who will turn his back upon the needs of a lady in distress?"

"Surely not the manner of man that you are, knight

errant of Virginia," returned Roger Williams, with an indulgent smile. "For my part, had I the blood of youth still coursing through my veins, I should not long wait to champion the cause of this fair lady. And they tell me, too, that she hath a daughter, fairer than herself, who repines in the fort oppressed by this bitter enemy, D'Aulnay. Ah, what a glory of romance is there!"

"Hush, Roger Williams!" cried Mistress Stevens, playfully, but in honest alarm at the same time; "put no wild notions into the boy's head."

"Shall old age put wild fancies into the head of youth?" rejoined Williams, looking upon John with the admiration that he felt for one who was young and straight, and in whose veins red blood ran swiftly.

Indeed, he had no need to put wild fancies into the head of John Stevens. From the first the story had held him fascinated; he had dreamed dreams while they yet talked. Even before Roger Williams had spoken of knight errantry, his dreams had begun to shape themselves. When the reverend man spoke so warmly of the blood of youth and the maiden in duress, his dim purpose leapt into firm determination, from which uncertainty was stripped away. His heart beat fast as his aunt glanced anxiously toward him; he felt the hot blood mount into his cheeks, and knew, from her look of pain, that she saw it there.

If there had been any hope in the breast of Mistress Stevens of withholding him from his purpose, it was smothered in gloom before the meal was done, for her husband, wrought upon by the enthusiasm of Roger Williams, would not be satisfied until he had clapped his hat upon his head and gone with his friend to bring the lady to the house, there to remain until she found means of getting to Acadia. All the shakings of the head and the pursing of lips and the thumping of knees beneath the table, to which the good woman

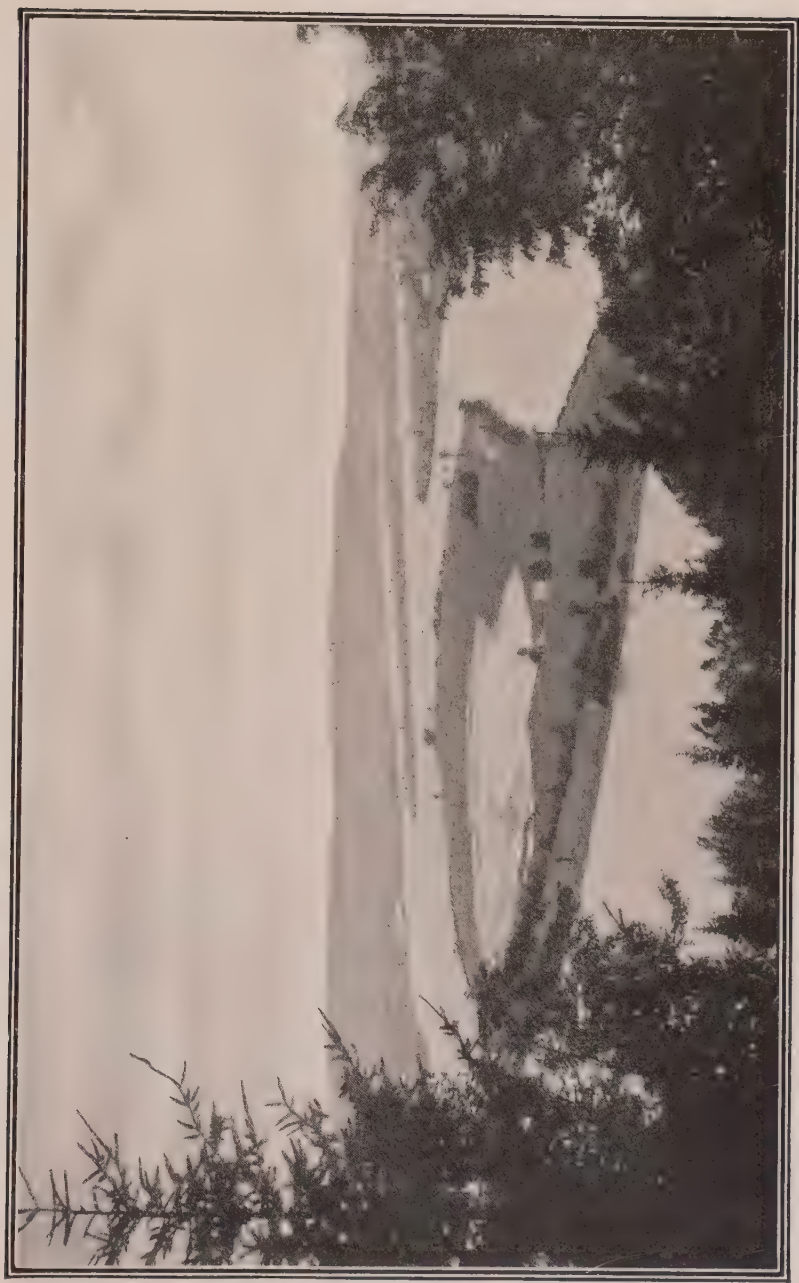
had recourse in her efforts to prevent him from his plans, were of no avail. If he were aware of deterrent attempts, he heeded them not. At last, fearing that Roger Williams might perceive in her an unwillingness to play the hostess to the distressed lady, she desisted, resigning herself to a fight against the enemy from within the walls.

John was not so slow of perception that he did not see what was passing through her mind. From the moment his uncle returned, as he presently did with the beautiful and gracious Lady La Tour on his arm, until the last hour of her stay, he behaved with a delicate finesse worthy of a diplomatist, concealing his admiration for the distressed lady and his zeal in her cause so well that the fears of his aunt were finally set at rest. He did not reveal it even to Lady La Tour, lest she, with the mother-instinct strong within her, betray him to his aunt.

Roger Williams, sojourning in Boston for a brief space, was much stared at. Some there were who were in a fury at him; others secretly rejoiced that he could come once more among them in safety. For some he had scowls; for others a smile of complacent indulgence and forgiveness. At last he went to Providence, where he was received with rejoicing. Not least was the joy he brought to Richard Stevens, in tender messages from his mother and father.

Lady La Tour, bringing action against Captain Bailey for breach of contract, was awarded damages in the sum of £2000; an amount so great that it could only be satisfied by the vessel itself, which she straightway seized. With it as security, she hired three smaller vessels to carry her and her cargo to the fort. Permission to embark she gained from the court by her own eloquent argument. Now that the vessels were laden, and the crews shipped, Lady La Tour came aboard, and the night of the departure had come.

John Stevens, slipping out of his uncle's house in the



ON THE UPPER SAINT JOHN RIVER

dusk of evening, made his way toward the water-front. He had not said good bye, but he had left a note to his aunt, tenderly thanking her for her kindness and solicitude, and begging her forgiveness for his ingratitude in terms that would melt the heart of any woman. Borne along by his determination, he passed through the silent streets and lanes to a small boat that was waiting for him, and so to the vessel that carried Lady La Tour. All this he had arranged beforehand with the master of the vessel; it was needful to be surreptitious lest Lady La Tour, discovering his intentions, send him back to his uncle and aunt, a climax not at all in keeping with his character as her devoted champion.

What mad tales he wove in his imagination as he lay in his bunk, feeling the run of the sea beneath the keel; what dreams he dreamed, should not be told. Those who are young at heart will know; those who are old — ah, well!

He did not reveal himself to the Lady La Tour until the morning. Then, in simple words, he told her what he had done, and why, and begged her to accept his help, such as it might be. He set at rest her fears that his aunt would accuse her of ingratitude in luring him away; she took his hand, with tears in her eyes, thanking him graciously.

“May Heaven recompense you, lad,” she said, “for we can never sufficiently reward you.”

John blushed as he looked into her eyes; perchance, if knight errantry held true, there might be a reward too great to be asked, or given.

It was a long and weary voyage to the Bay of Fundy, but the brave woman who conducted the expedition gave over neither to the dread of D'Aulnay nor the impatient hunger for her own. At last they were there, and Lady La Tour, through boldness and strategy, accomplished what the English captain had refused to attempt. By her manœuvres the tiny fleet outwitted D'Aulnay and sailed for home and happiness.

Great was the joy among those who saw the three vessels cast anchor in the mouth of the river, and beheld their lady enter a small boat to be rowed ashore. Loud cries of welcome rang upon the skies as people came running down.

John Stevens, sitting beside her in the stern of the skiff, looked at the hastening crowd with fear and hope tumultuous in his heart. Now was the moment come; now was the dream to be proved, or to be shattered utterly. "She hath a daughter fairer than herself," the words of Roger Williams rang in his ears; "fairer than herself; fairer than herself."

As he glanced among the faces of the expectant group, half dreading to look, his heart gave a mighty bound; a dimness came before his eyes. For there on the shore, gazing in timid wonder, was a maiden of seventeen, dark of skin, with unfathomable eyes, and a form graceful as a naiad's — altogether lovely, of a beauty far rarer than any he had ever dreamed of.

As he looked, the music of her voice came to his ears, as she cried out in great joy to her mother.



THE NARROWS, NEAR THE MOUTH
OF THE SAINT JOHN RIVER

CHAPTER III

THE COMING OF THE DREAM

ONE bitterness there was in the home-coming; Charles La Tour was away in the interior on some trading business. But Lady La Tour met the disappointment with the fortitude with which she endured everything. The tears in her eyes were more from the joy of being with her children once more, than from grief at failing to find her husband.

In the jubilation of the return, John was forgotten. It was not until Lady La Tour was in her home with her children, that she thought of him, and observed that he had not followed. She sent a servant in haste to bring him.

"Whither did you stray?" she asked, sweetly, when he entered the room. "Why did you not come?"

"I did not know—" he faltered, feeling the eyes of the daughter upon him. "I thought perhaps you wished to be alone; you have so much to say to each other."

"Nothing that we have not to say to you, for you are indeed one of us now," she returned, taking his hand. "See, Dorothy," she cried, merrily, "here is one who hath come to fight for us; a bold knight, yclept Sir John, without fear and without reproach. With a few such as he, we might bid defiance to the haughty D'Aulnay for aye."

The girl, in some confusion, came forward, held out her hand to John, and raised her eyes. As he looked down into their depths he grew dizzy, and could find no words. She was silent too, for a moment. At last she spoke, tremulously; her words and the tone of her voice set his soul adrift among the stars.

"You are very brave," she said. "There are many dangers here; perhaps you will be sorry you came."

"If you are not afraid, surely I should not be. I will never be sorry I came." It was all he could say; the thousand speeches that came into his mind that night as he lay upon his pillow dived into the bottom of his brain.

"I am glad you came," faltered the girl, equally at a loss for words. She withdrew her hand, which he had awkwardly held, unable to make an opportunity to relinquish it.

"I have heard about your troubles; I have heard about you," he observed, presently, amazed at his boldness when he had said it.

"About me?" Her

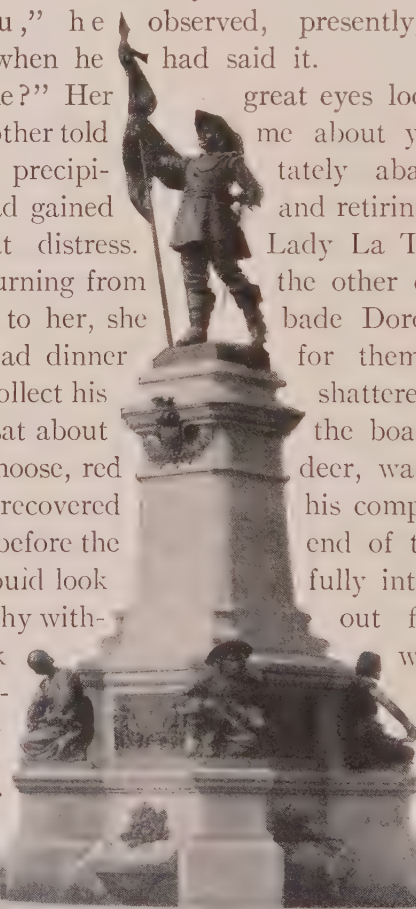
"Your mother told me about you," he hastened to say, precipitately abandoning the ground he had gained and retiring within himself in great distress. Turning from the moment. Lady La Tour saved the other children, who were clinging to her, she bade Dorothy have the servants spread dinner for them, and John was able to collect his shattered thoughts.

As they sat about the board, laden with the meat of moose, red deer, water-fowl, and fish, John recovered his composure to such a degree that before the end of the meal was reached he could look fully into the glorious eyes of Dorothy without flinching, and could speak with some semblance of continuity and meaning. He talked of Virginia; of the salubrious climate; of the tobacco-

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STATUE OF MAISONNEUVE, BY LOUIS PHILIPPE HÉBERT, AT MONTREAL.

fields of his father; of the society that had already sprung up there among men and women of quality. As he spoke, the eyes of the girl kindled and glowed; he saw that she was hungry for such scenes, and his heart fluttered.

When the meal was finished and they withdrew to another room Dorothy still endeavored to have him tell her more of the great world without; for to her Virginia, primitive and sparsely settled as it was, seemed a center of life and fashion.

"Are there many women there?" she asked, resting on the window-seat near which he was standing, waiting until the ladies should be seated. "Are there many young girls? I long for girls; I should so like to see some one like myself, with whom I could talk and laugh."

John flushed hotly; he had been on the edge of saying that she would never find one like herself. He told her again of the sights he had seen in his old home, describing some of the festivities that had taken place in his father's mansion beside the James River. When she asked him, seriously, what the women wore, he laughed, and could not answer; but for the most part he so satisfied her desire to hear these things that they soon became at ease.

The hour for retiring had come; the children were already in bed, leaving only Dorothy with her mother and their guest, when a servant came to report that an officer of the fort desired immediate conference with Lady La Tour. John would have excused himself and left when she sent word to have the man admitted, but she urged the youth to stay, flattering him by saying that she might need his aid. Dorothy, too, with a look, asked him to remain.

The servant returned with the officer, who was in a state of the highest excitement. "There is treason in our midst, Lady La Tour!" he cried, catching himself abruptly at sight of John.

"No! No! It cannot be!" exclaimed Lady La Tour,

her hand flying to her face in the first gesture of uncertainty that John had ever seen her make. "Do not mind him," she went on, with a nod of her head toward John; for she perceived the soldier's reticence. "He is a friend. Who is it? What do they plan?"

"By your leave," and he whispered in her ear two names.

"Speak out, sir!" she said, sharply, swept by her vexation.

"I know not the names; tell me who and what they are."

"They have made pretense of being friars, but they are in truth spies in D'Aulnay's pay."

"Oh, my husband, will this never cease?" moaned the unhappy woman. "Are we to be hounded to our graves by these cruel foes?" For a moment she seemed to despair; in the next she recovered herself completely. "Are you sure, sir?" she demanded, firmly. "'T is a grave charge!"

"My lady, I am too sure," replied the officer. "Only this day I heard them plotting, when they thought they were secure; one of the garrison heard them last night and reported them to me; this day I watched and heard with my own ears that they are traitors and spies, worthy to die."

"He tells me that we have with us two who are in D'Aulnay's pay, and would betray us to him," explained Lady La Tour to John, realizing that he could not fully understand French. "Seize them!" she cried, turning again to the officer of the garrison.

"'T will be done at once; they die to-night!" returned the soldier.

The woman looked at him aghast. "Die!" she muttered. "Need they die?"

"My lady knows they are spies, fit only to be hanged."

"No, no, I cannot let them be hanged!" moaned the woman, pacing the floor. "I cannot do that! I cannot have them hanged! Oh, if my husband were here! This is more than I can do!"

John, who understood fragments of what they said, learned from her expression and tone what distressed her. "They should surely die!" he ventured, as she paused in her walk. "Have you no orders for me?"

Dorothy looked at him with a shudder, but with trust and approval; it needed to be done; he was a man, and might do it. She moved toward her mother, her eyes fixed on John, whose breast swelled with joy, for he understood.

"No! no! I cannot have them hanged," her mother was saying, when she reached her side and placed an arm about her waist. "I cannot have them hanged."

Dorothy whispered in her ear, but she shook her head firmly. "It is only for my husband to do," she exclaimed, in English, that John might know what she said. "He is good; he is brave; I thank him; but their blood would still be on my soul. I should never sleep again. I have slain; God help me, I have slain ere this; but it was in the heat of the fight, and not in the cold calm of condemnation. And these men are men of my husband's church; if I, a Huguenot, should slay them, there would be great troubles about our head." She turned to the soldier. "Seize them, and let them go; thrust them out of the fort. If they favor D'Aulnay, let them go to him."



OLD BLOCK HOUSE, ON SAINT HELEN'S ISLAND

"Surely you would not release them!" gasped the officer, astonished. To deal with treason in this fashion was against every instinct and tradition of the soldier.

"Conduct them from the fort."

"But they would be a grave danger to us," pleaded the officer. "They know all our secrets; they will betray our weaknesses to our enemy. It is a great risk, my lady; and, besides, they deserve to die."

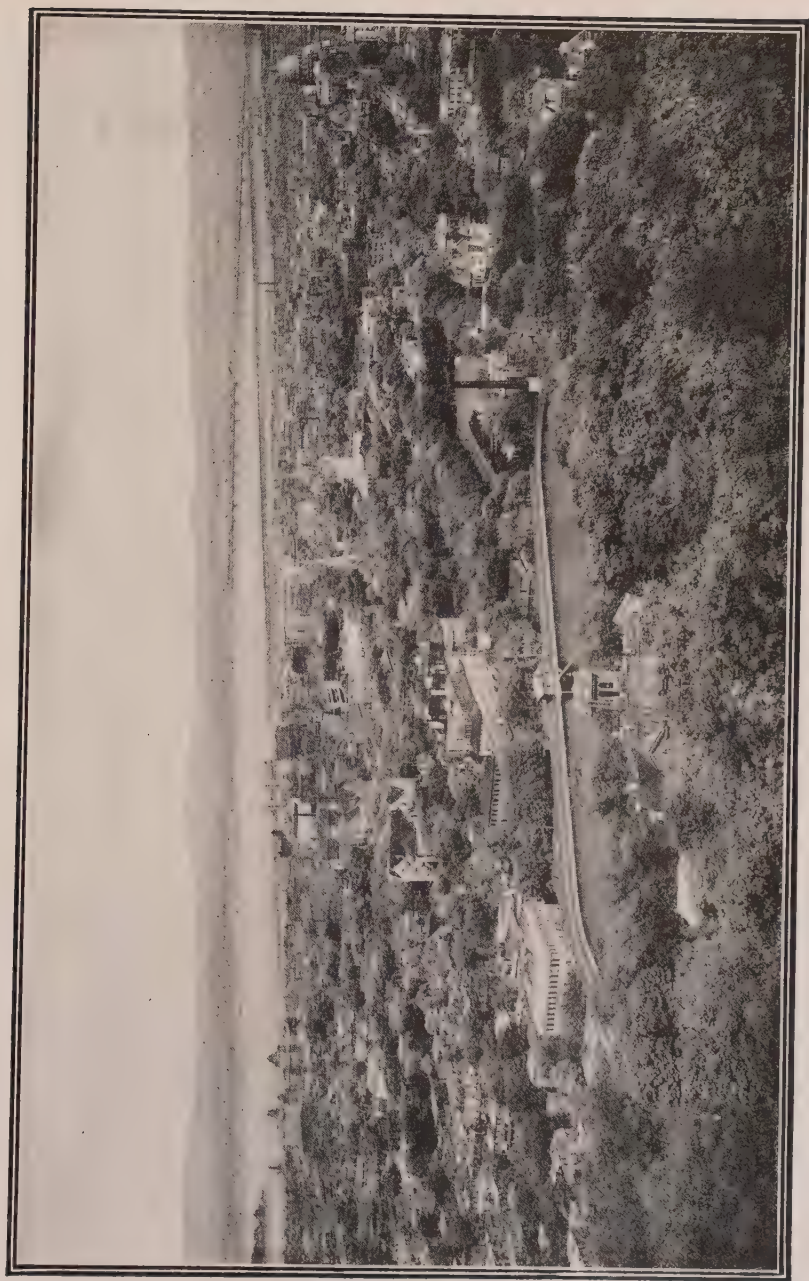
"I tell you I cannot do it," returned the woman.

"At least we may keep them under guard?"

"No. Take them forth; we are safer with them outside. We have no secrets that D'Aulnay could not learn; our chief secret is that we will fight to the death. That he may prove, if he wishes. Have the guards informed and alert. We shall be ready. Report to me when you have done."

When the officer was gone, she took counsel with John, feeling the woman's instinct to turn to man in moments of grave danger. Beyond satisfying that instinct, John was of little help to her, for she herself was better able to confront the emergency than he, having had experience with the foes that threatened them. Dorothy had much of her mother's fortitude; she confronted the knowledge of the treachery and the possibility of an attack with a calmness that fully reassured John, whose fears were not at all for himself.

The officer, presently returning to report that orders had been carried out and that a double guard had been posted, Lady La Tour and her daughter said farewell to their knight, and he was shown to his chamber by a servant, bearing before him a candle in a heavy silver candlestick. As he prepared for bed John was struck with the furnishing of the room, which to him was sumptuously magnificent. It was larger than any he had ever seen; the furniture was of massive French manufacture, the draperies and carpets of a texture that neither Virginia nor Boston could boast.



MONTREAL, FROM MOUNT ROYAL

There were paintings on the walls; candelabra of heavy silver; a great mirror that reflected half the room. The huge bedstead was carved with the skill of a sculptor, and laid with a mattress that reached breast-high as John stood beside it. The linen was like newly fallen snow, and over it all was a coverlet worked in elaborate embroidery.

But his thoughts did not long dwell on this display. Before his mind was a vision of rare loveliness; his heart beat fast as he thought that Dorothy slept beneath the same roof; that she was in danger, and that he was there to fight for her. An enthusiasm took him; he was ready to cry out in his gladness. What mighty battles he fought, what hosts he slew, before sleep

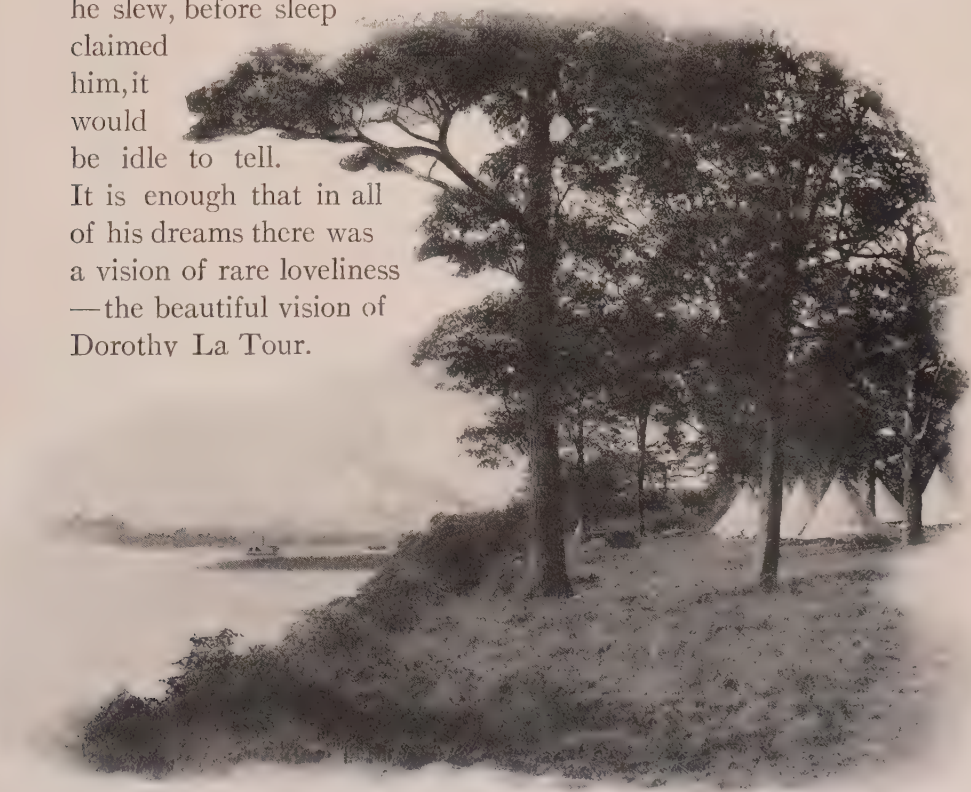
claimed

him, it

would

be idle to tell.

It is enough that in all of his dreams there was a vision of rare loveliness—the beautiful vision of Dorothy La Tour.



ON SAINT HELEN'S ISLAND: NAMED IN HONOR OF CHAMPLAIN'S WIFE, THE FIRST EUROPEAN WOMAN IN CANADA

CHAPTER IV

TONGUE CANNOT TELL

IT was still dark when he awoke, with a start. He had been sound asleep, dreaming that the enemy had gained access to the fort by strategy, and now came dashing through the gate with great cries of triumph, while he, with one arm



OLD CANADIAN TRAPPER

about the half-fainting Dorothy, held a sword aloft with the other and kept at bay D'Aulnay himself.

When he sat up quickly in his bed, he believed at first that his dream had awakened him. But as his senses returned, he distinctly heard cries that he knew were no dream.

In a minute he had clad himself and was dashing through the living quarters when he encountered Lady La Tour. In one hand she carried a lantern, in the other a pistol.

"It is D'Aulnay!" she said, and her tones were tremulous, though pitched quietly.

"Where?" he cried, in a frenzy. "Where is he?"

"Praise God, he is not yet in the fort! The tower sentries were watchful! It was their cries that alarmed the garrison. Come, we have fast work ahead. It may be bloody as well."

Behind Lady La Tour, John now perceived Dorothy, clad in a mantle of snowy fabric that gave her figure the look of marble. Her face was quite as colorless. But his heart leapt at the sight.

"Back, child!" said Lady La Tour, and her voice commingled affection and sharpness; "back to your brothers and sisters! Your work must be to guard them!"

"The work of us all!" exclaimed the young man, as he followed Lady La Tour.

When they reached the enclosure of the palisades the bitter north wind assailed them, and the scurrying snow smote their faces. In the sky they saw the first touches of



dawn. Men were running in wild alarm, some carrying lanterns, some firearms, some empty handed. On every hand rose cries in French:

"D'Aulnay! Charnisay's ships are below! God save the fort! Heaven protect us from the wrath of France!"

Lady La Tour stopped short, her eyes flashing.

"Protect yourselves!" she exclaimed, in a voice that caused the panic-stricken soldiers to silence their cries. "God protects those who fight in a just cause. Cease your lamentations, and get to the guns!"

At that instant there came the dull boom of a cannon from the harbor, and the crash of a shot against the battlements.

"Shame!" Lady La Tour cried, with cutting reproof. "Shame, men, that D'Aulnay should fire the first shot! Lucky it is for you that General La Tour hears not your waverings, else some of you should feel the irons when this skirmish is over. It is only a skirmish, I say! To the guns, and show these presumptuous tools of corruption that the La Tour flag still waves!"

Her words were a tonic to the faltering courage of the garrison. Not many moments later the guns of the fortress opened in terrific cannonade. The dawn had advanced slowly under a leaden sky, but the fort needed no sunrise to make it brilliant with fire. From every embrasure of the earthworks and every porthole of the palisades, there poured forth a stream of pyrotechnics that lighted the harbor in livid glow, and seemed to float D'Aulnay's vessels in blood.

No greater surprise could have befallen this haughty aspirant for Acadian honors. The day previous he had received word that filled him with assurance of easy victory. It had come from the two friars whom Lady La Tour had turned out. These men, hailing D'Aulnay's vessels from

shore, had been taken aboard, where they informed the commandant that La Tour was absent — a fact he had not known before — and the fort in weak condition, with a garrison of only fifty men. They told him, also, that Lady La Tour had eluded him and arrived at the fort.

“To-morrow night,” he cried, black with his anger, “she and those about her shall feel ropes about their necks!”

For months he had hovered about the Bay of Fundy to intercept this elusive enemy, fearing to attack Fort La Tour without reinforcements. Now, on the urgent advice of the friars, he made all sail to the Saint John.

D’Aulnay, however, still underestimated this woman who had long harassed him. He knew her to be a strategist; he was yet to learn that no military commander was ever more heroic, or inspired troops to greater courage. Mounting one of the bastions, she assumed personal command of the fort’s defense. There she stood, the shot falling thick about her; her voice keeping the gunners keyed to the battle pitch. There was not one of them but admired and would have died for her.

On the same bastion John Stevens fought, and to him every word of Lady La Tour seemed to come from the lips of Dorothy. Never before had he felt the inspiration of love, and throughout the fight he worked with the girl’s image before him, her words in his ears.

It was not a long battle. Under the rain of death, D’Aulnay’s ships sought for a brief time to batter down the fortress; then, shattered and aflame, and with dead and dying littering their decks, they fled.

D’Aulnay’s own ship, however, was caught in a trap. Adverse winds made the sails useless, and the vanquished commander warped her ashore to keep from sinking. Here, protected from the enemy’s cannon by projecting land, he

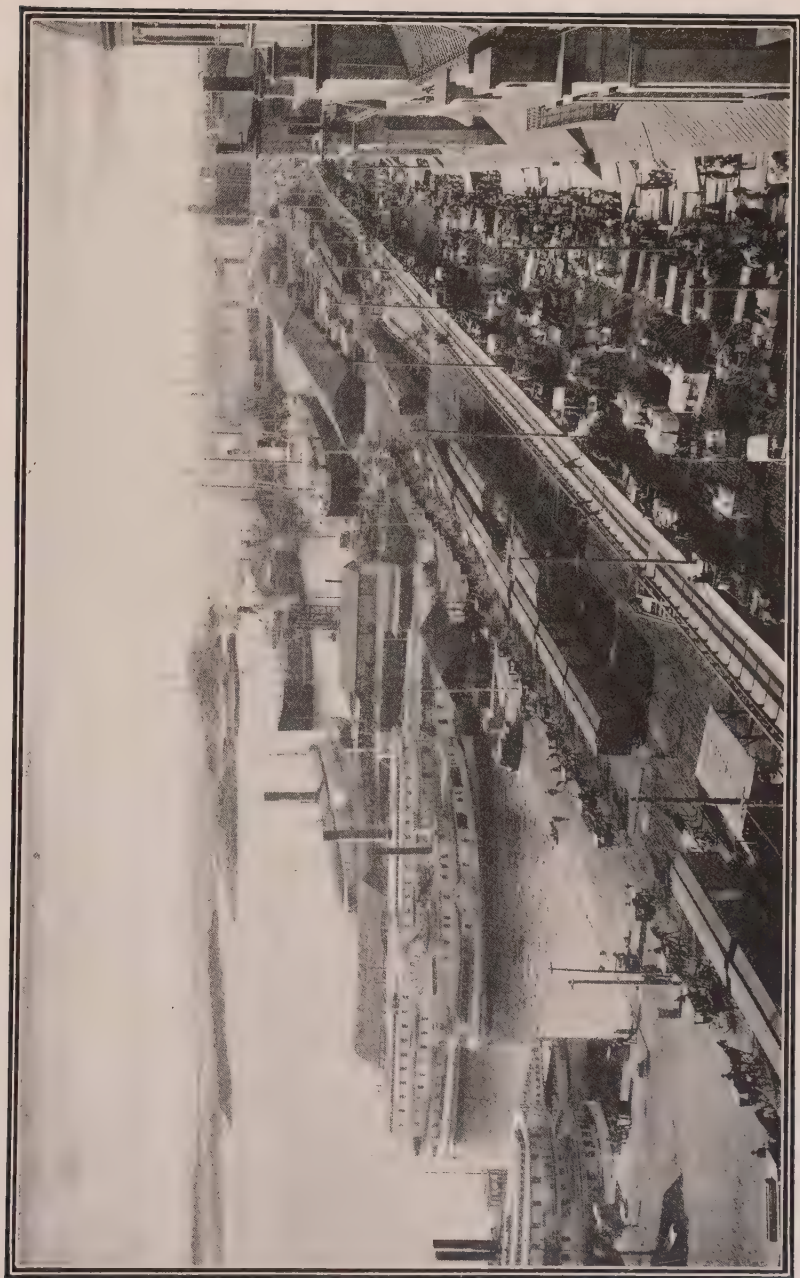
gathered his survivors and fled to another vessel. Twenty of his men lay lifeless, with as many more wounded.

That day a feast was served in Fort La Tour. Not a man of its force had fallen. The deliverance from so powerful an enemy seemed miraculous, and Lady La Tour was almost deified. The cause of D'Aulnay was believed to be broken. Little did those of the fortress know of his cruel nature, and the dark shadows already gathering again over their heads.

The stronghold of Charles La Tour, on the west side of the present harbor of Saint John, was one of much strength and no mean size. It was a structure of four bastions 200 feet square, and was enclosed by double palisades of unusual height and thickness. The fort was built on a point overlooking the harbor to the south and a long stretch of the river to the north. This fortress La Tour had erected on land granted him in earlier years by the King of France. It formed the center of a vast estate.

La Tour ruled this great manor like a feudal baron, though most of his subjects, outside the post itself, were Indians. The country was rich in furs, and the fort was the trading station where the savages came with the spoils of chase. The supply of moose, caribou, and red deer seemed inexhaustible, while the smaller fur-bearing animals were quite as plentiful. Then, too, the waters swarmed with fish. La Tour's fishermen often took such loads that their nets gave way. Water-fowl were ensnared quite as easily.

Before D'Aulnay began his campaign for supremacy, La Tour obtained ample supplies in the ships that came from France to bear away his furs. But since this source was shut off, he had turned to the English colonies, not only for necessities, but for markets. It was not strange that the Boston merchants looked with covetous eyes on this trade of Acadia, for its possibilities seemed limitless. True,



THE HARBOR OF MONTREAL TO-DAY

D'Aulnay himself had a large traffic in furs, but La Tour controlled a trade much greater.

Here, in this lonely and savage country, Lady La Tour had lived all her married life, rearing her family, educating her children, surrounding them with such refinements and luxuries as were possible in a land so distant from civilization. The husband and father had grown rich in his traffic, and was well able to supply his wife and children with comforts, unable though he was to furnish them with that human companionship for which they yearned. Domestics and laborers he brought them in plenty, but his family had grown up with no playmates except themselves. Lady La Tour, herself accustomed in youth to the gayeties of France, had lived two decades for her husband and children, never forgetting that some day her sons and daughters would perhaps find themselves called on to face a strange world.

And yet Charles La Tour and his beautiful wife had not remained all those years in Acadia for riches only. Wealth was only incidental. Ambition, and a genuine purpose of ultimately peopling and ruling the land, inspired them in their long residence there. La Tour saw the possibilities that lay about him - in the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick of to-day. He deserves to rank with the greater American pioneers of civilization. He had long been carrying on a lucrative trade in furs with the Indians of the West when Maisonneuve settled Montreal, the present metropolis of Canada, in 1642. Maisonneuve, be it said in his praise, was the leader and military commander of a religious enterprise to found in America "a veritable Kingdom of God," as the Church understood it. Yet La Tour had planted a European settlement in New Brunswick, ten years before the coming of Ennemond Massé, the Jesuit and first missionary to Canada. And he was loyal to France, and worked to establish a new France in America,

until forced by the machinations of D'Aulnay to defend his life. He was a Catholic, despite his enemy's accusation to the contrary, though he never sought to change his wife's religion. Nor did the difference in their creeds mar their domestic relations. This fact gave D'Aulnay ground to press the charge of nonconformity.

This was the household in which John Stevens found



SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

himself so strangely installed. For a few weeks he lived in the clouds. March storms were raging without, but inside the fort there was warmth and cheer. A new hope had possessed all the garrison, and the gayeties of the post bespoke it. La Tour himself returned and Heaven seemed to smile, indeed, on this lonely home of the north, now all but buried in snow.

The coming of the master, however, put a summary end to the festivities. He was a disciplinarian. With a grave face he listened to the story of D'Aulnay's repulse. Laying

a hand on his daughter's soft tresses, he warned them of the danger that lay in over-confidence.

"Our enemy is not the man to give way under one defeat," he said. "Let not the fact escape us that we are indeed weak, both in men and ammunition. D'Aulnay has France back of him. There is only one thing for us to do. Since we cannot obtain aid from France, we must get it, somehow, in America. It behooves me to make one more effort, and a mighty one, to enlist those at Boston who will forever put down this dog D'Aulnay. I must go secretly to Massachusetts with this purpose."

Always had La Tour believed that New England ultimately would rally to his cause and be the means of ridding Acadia of his enemy. With D'Aulnay annihilated, he was sure he could restore himself to the good graces of France.

Even as he spoke, the attitude of New England on the question was sealed. D'Aulnay and his agents, having themselves failed to enlist the English colonies on their side, had at last negotiated an agreement of neutrality.

While making preparations for this useless journey to Boston, La Tour put his garrison under strict training. There was no ammunition to use in practice, but the men were drilled hour after hour in silent gunnery, and often in the night the alarm was sounded to accustom the soldiers to quick response. In all these grim preparations, John Stevens joined earnestly. La Tour had bestowed upon him the rank of lieutenant, and at his own request, he gave up his splendid guest-chamber and was transferred to the quarters of the men. He had not come to Acadia for luxury, but to fight. His valor in the battle already fought, and his aptitude in drill, had won for him the respect of the garrison.

As the weeks passed there grew up between John and Dorothy a tenderness that was quite unconscious on her part, and wholly unbelievable to him. She fell naturally

into an attitude of trusting devotion in which love was only whispering to her heart. As for him, he was frightened at the little innocent signs she gave of her regard for him, not daring to credit his senses, almost believing that he was mad when there came tokens from her eyes or her lips. So high had this knight errant enshrined his lady!

Although he lodged and messed with the soldiers, neither La Tour nor his lady would permit any distinction to encroach upon their personal relations; he was received every evening about the family hearth, and made one of them. Happy evenings they were, with La Tour engaged upon his documents and tomes; my lady embroidering or reading from the classics; the children tumbling about the floor in their games, and he and Dorothy sitting in a corner, over a book from which she was trying to teach him French.

He had progressed swiftly in his lessons, until a night when Dorothy, in order to obtain more quiet for their studies, had run and brought a candle, which she placed on the little table in the corner. From that time it was established as their custom to read by the single light, all by themselves; and from that time John's credit as a French scholar rapidly diminished. His teacher did not seriously reproach him with his failures; perhaps she thought him stupid at learning, and felt sorry for him; or, perhaps, she was beginning to hear love whispering to her heart, and understood.

At times she gave up in despair at his blunders, and playfully shook her finger at him, reproving him laughingly in round English as she closed the book; at times she teased him by speaking in her own tongue beyond his understanding; telling him, if he expostulated, that if he were a good boy and learned his lesson well she should tell him many things that he could never know until he knew her tongue. "There are things that can be said only in French," she whispered, a merry glance in her eye.

They were sitting thus on a night a few days after La Tour had left for Boston, running D'Aulnay's blockade in safety. John had sent messages to his parents in Virginia and to his aunt and uncle; his thoughts had run to them much, being directed thither by the departure of the vessels; for the first time the pangs of homesickness preyed upon him.



THE FIRST MASS IN MONTREAL

He was more sad than usual this night. Dorothy could do nothing with him.

"Come, you naughty boy," she was beginning, playfully, when she caught sight of his face, and stopped abruptly. Her eyes melted in tenderness; her hand crept timidly into his. "You are unhappy," she whispered.

He smiled, and shook his head. A tear was in his eye.

"I know what it is," she went on, still speaking beneath her voice. "You long for your home, for Virginia. You hear the call of the land of summer; the voices of those you left behind ring in your heart. You will leave us soon." For her life, she would not have had a trace of grief creep into her tone; for her life she could not have kept it out.

John was silent. She withdrew her hand from his; in her eye was a tear. "I shall miss you," she said; "I have grown so accustomed to you; you are like a brother. I knew you would be going some time; there was nothing to keep you here for long, but . . . I shall be sorry."

The children, tumbling about the floor, paid no heed; but the mother, glancing up from her embroidery to see why they were so silent, looked swiftly down again, a tear in her eye as well; for her heart had stayed young.

"I have been thinking of my people and my home to-night," he confessed; "and I am longing for a sight of Virginia. But it is not that that makes me sober, Dorothy. If that were all I could salve it by going. I am made sober and thoughtful because I have learned that now I can never



IN THE INTERIOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK

go back to Virginia; that the happiness I knew there is there no more for me; that for my loneliness there is no cure."

"Why? What have you done?" she asked, in genuine surprise. "Is it something you have never told me?"

"It is something I have never told you; but it is nothing I have done," he answered softly, bowing his head.

"You speak in riddles; tell me what you mean."

"You said there was nothing to keep me here for long"; he made answer. "There is that which will hold my heart here till it crumbles into dust."

Her eyes, tender and sympathetic, had been fixed on him until now; now she hid them beneath her lashes, and a quick blush passed across her cheeks. "I am sorry if . . . that you . . ." She could not finish.

"I have said there was no cure for my loneliness; that I could never find happiness in Virginia again." The words came pouring out in a flood of love. "There is a cure."

Her head fell upon her breast; her hands trembled as she idly turned the leaves of the book. Her mother, rising, made shift to lead the children from the room, and followed them before John proceeded. "I cannot tell you well, not knowing the French tongue," he went on, bending over to whisper it to her, though they were now alone. "If I may take you with me, the happiness I knew will seem like misery, so great would be the new happiness that replaces it; if I may take you with me, the last least ledge of a desert can hold no loneliness for me. Dorothy! Dorothy! My beloved. Lift up your eyes! Speak to me! Whisper in your own tongue! I shall understand!" Tenderly he leaned toward her; softly he stroked her hair.

She raised her lids; the glory of her eyes was full upon him; she stretched out her arms. "There is no tongue that can tell what I would say," she murmured.

CHAPTER V

THE GALLOWS OF PERFIDY

SPRING was come; it was Easter, and great preparations were under way in the fort, for the Frenchmen under La Tour were Catholic, save only some of the immediate household of my lady. The rejoicing on the occasion was the greater because of late D'Aulnay, once more attacking in his ships, had once more been beaten back; those in



SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK (*From an old print*)

the fort believed that his power was broken, and that the fort was impregnable. All its inhabitants were in the chapel, even including Lady La Tour herself, who, though a Huguenot, was free from the intolerance characteristic of the time, — all, save a sentry in the tower, another at the gate, and John and Dorothy.

These two, lured forth by the balm in the air and the

song in their hearts, had climbed a hill not far from the fort, where, seated on an old log among shrubs tipped with the first touch of green, and grass that peeped forth to see what manner of world the snows had left, they watched the waters of the bay and the river. They were happy, these two, as happy as young lovers should be in the spring of the year, when their love is new. She was going to Virginia with him in the summer; her mother was glad, knowing that she would not then live in a barren wilderness as she herself had always done; her father would consent; their youth was, to their minds, rather a reason that they should be wed than that they should not, for life at best was short; so, in the fullness of summer, they would be wed in the chapel in the fort and set out for the land of summer.

Yet John, as he sat with Dorothy close nestled beside him, was uneasy. A vague foreboding oppressed him; a sense that he should be doing something, he knew not what, to forfend a disaster which he could not foresee.

"I like not this Easter observance," he said, presently, with so abrupt a change in the tenor of their talk that Dorothy started upright and looked at him. "I would not make light of religion," he went on, as she nestled against him again, misunderstanding the look she had given him, and thinking he had transgressed against her convictions; "but religion should not dim military vigilance. It will be on such an occasion as this that D'Aulnay will attempt a surprise. When he comes again, mark me, he will come by stealth."

They looked down the shimmering bay, with no evidence of human life upon it save a solitary canoe filled with a party of Indians. They watched it for a time in silence as it drew near the shore.

"And look!" said Dorothy. "There is still another canoe rounding the bend close to the bank."



THE NASHWAAK RIVER, A TRIBUTARY OF THE SAINT JOHN

John stood up. Screening his eyes, he peered long at the little boats and their occupants. In the two canoes were perhaps a dozen men. Their garb betokened them savages, and their boats were laden with furs. Yet the young man paled as he looked.

"They are no Indians!" he exclaimed. "See! They know not how to handle a paddle! No savage in a canoe ever showed such awkwardness!"

Dorothy, too, was on her feet.

"You think of D'Aulnay —?" she asked, and left the question unfinished.

"Yonder men are whites, in Indian dress!" he answered excitedly. "If not D'Aulnay's skulking retainers, who are they? Come!"

They scrambled over the rough hillside, John helping her. They had wandered half a mile from the fort, and they reached it breathless. The solitary sentry opened the gate for them.

"To arms!" the youth cried as they entered. "To arms! the enemy is upon us!"

His loud shouts interrupted the devotions in the chapel. Running and stumbling over each other, the garrison came from their prayers. Lady La Tour was among them. At a porthole she scanned the bay.

"Where?" she demanded, when she came up to the others. "Where? I see no enemy! There are no ships in the harbor."

As she spoke, John sprang forward with a cry. At the top of the palisades, in the rear of the fort, the heads of men had appeared.

"Treachery!" he shouted. "Seize the tower, sentry!"

The whole garrison now saw D'Aulnay's men — for in truth they were his. A carefully laid plot to take the fort by surprise had barely failed. The Scotch sentry, stationed as the lookout, had betrayed his trust. But for John's watchfulness the enemy would have been over the palisades.

Even as it was, the situation was desperate. Once more did Lady La Tour take command. Once more did her tones inspire the garrison.

"To the palisades!" she cried. "Drive back these sneaking dogs who fear to attack us like men! Run them through as fast as they drop over! Cleave them in twain!"

Seizing a sword herself, she led the onslaught. John, ordering Dorothy within the block-house, took command of one side of the enclosure. A dozen of the enemy were already perched on top of the wall; others were fast scaling it. But the reception they encountered took away their triumphant eagerness.

The first man to come over was a huge fellow, still dressed in the Indian garb planned as a disguise. He jumped recklessly to the ground, alighting within reach of John's sword. A second later he lay ghastly and lifeless.

His fate checked the advance, but did not stop it. Here and there D'Aulnay's men found opportunity to get over, but they were allowed no chance to get back again. One by one they lay stretched in their own blood on the ground. And those who still hovered above were picked off with musket and pistol, some falling inside, some without.

The enemy wavered. Below they saw only the flashing of swords stained red; they heard the voice of Lady La Tour, the hoarse shouts of John Stevens, the cries of their comrades who had braved this caldron of death.

D'Aulnay himself, not venturing even to look from the top of the wall, urged his men on for a time, but seeing the desperate nature of the defence, and the fate of those who persisted, he called back his forces and beat a retreat.

There were no more Easter services, but both prayer and thanksgiving abounded. The dead were gathered with reverence, friend and foe alike, for there were many of both. So, too, the wounded were removed without regard for their allegiance, and in the crowded hospital quarters Dorothy and her mother spent the rest of the day and most of the night, assuaging as well as they could the pitiful sufferings. A doleful ending it was to an Easter that had dawned so happily.

Lady La Tour was left aghast at the blood that had been shed and the responsibility that rested on her. The garrison was so weakened and lacking in powder that another assault, she knew, must reduce it. In vain she prayed that her husband might come speedily with reinforcements.

There arrived at the fort, instead, a messenger from D'Aulnay bearing a white flag. He carried a letter proposing terms of capitulation, offering all in the garrison life and liberty if they would yield up the fortification. Failing, he declared he would attack again instantly, and spare neither man nor woman, adult nor child.



ON THE SAINT JOHN RIVER

Lady La Tour, with wet eyes scanning her beloved ones, saw no alternative. To fight without gunpowder would be only butchery in vain. With fingers that trembled she wrote a line to the foe, accepting the terms. As the messenger made his way back to D'Aulnay's ship, the brave woman scanned the distant waters in the hope that a sail might rise out of the sea to save them. She saw only the unruffled bay, with the vessels of her triumphant foe riding at anchor, regardless of the fort's frowning guns. D'Aulnay well knew they were useless now.

History furnishes no story more tragic, or more replete with man's baseness, than that of Fort La Tour's downfall. In the romance of Canada's beginnings there is no episode that stands forth with a setting so melancholy as that of the unhappy Lady La Tour. Brave, as a true soldier is brave; gentle, as a devoted mother and wife is gentle; cultivated, gifted, ambitious for the uplifting and civilizing of Acadia, she was at last called on to face the catastrophe she and her husband had so long and valiantly withstood. And when it came, its horrors exceeded any she had seen in her dreams. The events that followed D'Aulnay's entrance into this grim fort at Saint John will ever make a black chapter in the record of men's deeds.

On the afternoon of the day the fort capitulated a terrifying scene took place within the palisades. Here a rough gallows had been thrown up. Regardless of his promise of pardon, D'Aulnay was no sooner in possession than he sent forth the edict that all the garrison that survived would be hanged.

Ranged in a row before the dangling noose were the victims of this inhuman monster who had placed no value upon his own solemn word. With white faces and eyes turned to Heaven the followers of Lady La Tour awaited their turn, each stepping upon the scaffold at the signal and

taking the plunge to eternity. One wretched Frenchman, whose own life had been spared on that dreadful condition, was made executioner of his comrades.

At one end of the line of condemned prisoners stood John Stevens, and beside him Lady La Tour, both bound, like the others, with their arms behind them. But Lady La Tour bore a mark of distinction not bestowed on the others. About her neck was a noose attached to a long rope that trailed over the ground and was fastened to the cross-beam of the gallows.

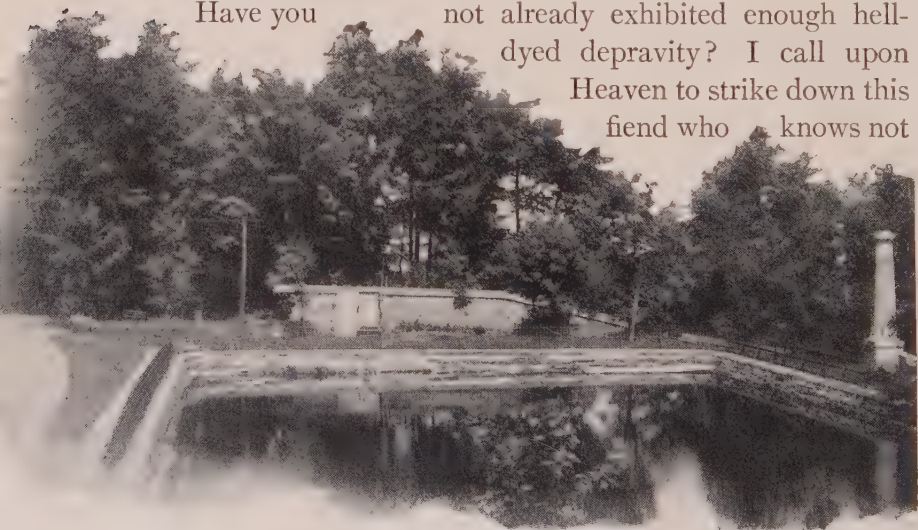
D'Aulnay himself had placed this noose on her shoulders. Approaching from behind, he tossed it deftly over her head, remarking: "This as a sign of special hate for one who has caused France years of trouble! May its strands be like burning brands until they close about your throat!"

The poor woman, surprised by this new horror and these brutal words, staggered. But, her lips moving in prayer, and her face like chalk, she recovered herself and stood silent as before.

To John, however, this incident was the last straw in the series of outrages that had followed fast upon D'Aulnay's coming.

"Foul dog," he cried, his eyes blazing with anger, "remove this rope from the neck of the Lady La Tour!

Have you not already exhibited enough hell-dyed depravity? I call upon Heaven to strike down this fiend who knows not



IN MOUNT ROYAL PARK, MONTREAL

the honor of a soldier or the decency of a man! D'Aulnay, mark the word, this day will end forever your sway in Acadia! A just God will not permit so black a scoundrel to rule so fair a land, nor will New England permit it! Infamous blackguard! Remove the rope from —"

His fierce protest was cut short at a signal from D'Aulnay. Half a dozen guards seized him and thrust a gag in his mouth. While he was struggling impotently against them a woman's cry arose from behind, and the next moment a figure in white dashed across the enclosure and threw itself upon Lady La Tour.

"Dorothy! Dorothy!" spoke the tortured mother; "God help my poor child!"

"They shall not! they shall not!" the girl cried, embracing her mother with frenzied emotion. "I say they shall not! How dare you, sir!"

She released her mother and turned abruptly to face D'Aulnay. He had seen the flaming eyes of the Lady La Tour when aroused; he saw them again in this girl.

"Are you man or devil?" she demanded. "Is there within you no tinge of humanity?"

Instantly descending from her imperious denouncement she stepped forward. With hands clasped under the face of the brute she begged for mercy.

"Save my mother! Oh, sir, forget not that a God watches you! Such a deed as you now plan will haunt you — haunt France! Nay, France will not condone such a crime. Even the King, on whose authority you claim Acadian power, will renounce you in horror when to-day's scenes are revealed to him. Repent while yet you have time! Repent, repent! Save —"

With a quick move D'Aulnay had the girl by the wrist. She cried out in pain. At the same moment four frightened soldiers came running from the block-house.

"You shall pay for suffering this girl to come here!" said D'Aulnay, savagely. "Make no excuses for her escape from the chamber where I commanded you to confine her! I care not how she eluded you. It is inexcusable.* Back with her! Back, I say!"

The men seized the girl, but she broke from their grasp and once more flung herself on her mother, who, unable to bear the strain longer, sank senseless to the ground, Dorothy weeping wildly upon her.

She was dragged from this embrace by rough hands, but once more she tore herself loose. Now, with motions so swift that the soldiers did not divine her purpose until she accomplished it, she drew a knife from her bosom and cut the thongs that held John Steven's arms to his back.

"Save yourself!" she cried. "Here! take this knife!"

The next instant the guards had her again, struggling helplessly in their iron clutches. But John, taking the gag from his mouth, fought desperately. Confronting a dozen soldiers of D'Aulnay, he flourished his knife before him, while the deadly glitter in his eyes told how dearly he was prepared to save himself from the rope.

It was a hopeless struggle. The enemy was overwhelming, escape cut off on every side. Twice he saw D'Aulnay raise his pistol and take deliberate aim at his heart; twice he saw the weapon lowered. Both times he prayed that his foe would shoot. His only hope was that he might fall in this sudden battle. Death now had no horrors for him, if only it came not on the gallows.

D'Aulnay might have thought shooting too easy a death for this desperate abettor of his chief enemy. Signaling to a group of his men to come behind the young daredevil, he made a feint himself with his sword. While thus occupied John was seized from the rear, the knife wrenched from his hand, and he was felled unconscious by a blow on the head.

CHAPTER VI

THE FRIARS TWIN

WHEN consciousness returned, his first sensation was an uncanny prepossession that he had been hanged and buried; for he was lying on cool, damp earth, and in utter darkness. As thought returned more fully he recognized the absurdity of the fancy, and groped about him through the dark, still lying on the ground. He found that he was surrounded by rough, wooden walls, and knew that he was in a dungeon of the fort. D'Aulnay had spared his life, at least.

The bare ground under him was still filled with frost and he was stiffened with cold, yet so weak and sick did he feel that he was content to drop down again. In the jumble of



FRONTIER LIFE IN CANADA (*From the painting by Thomas Faed*)

thoughts in his head Dorothy and Lady La Tour were uppermost. He could not remember whether he had seen Lady La Tour or Dorothy hanged. While he struggled with the horrible recollection he lost his senses again.

He was aroused by some one at the door. There was a fumbling of locks, a streak of faint light, a shadow of something moving. Then, sitting up with an effort, he saw before him the vague outline of a friar, in cowl and hood, lighting his way with a fish-oil lantern.

"Repent!" said a deep voice. "Repent, and seek the Lord."

John had a rough answer on his lips, but restrained it. Instead, he asked quickly: "What have they done with the Lady La Tour and her children?"

"They live! Praise God for it! Repent ye, and turn to the true religion!"

John forgot his weakness. On his feet in an instant, he peered into the half-concealed face of the monk. "They live!" he cried. "God be praised, indeed! What hath D'Aulnay done with them?"

"Nought can I tell you except that their lives are spared. Content yourself with that, and turn to the Saviour. I come here with D'Aulnay's permission, not to inform you concerning his intentions, but to pray with you lest the dread summons find you unredeemed."

"D'Aulnay would still hang me?"



THE MONUMENT TO THE FIRST MISSIONARY,
ENNEMOND MASSÉ, MONTREAL

He asked the question composedly. His own fate mattered little in face of the news the friar had brought.

"I know not," the visitor answered. "I come here only to pray. To save men's souls is my mission; over their bodies I have no disposition. Soon the bones of all men must return to dust, but their spirits must people the endless regions of time. Concern not yourself over your poor mortal frame. Turn your eyes to the light that illumines even the darkest of men's dungeons."

And nothing else could John elicit from the friar, who prayed long and solemnly, and departed. In a few minutes he returned bearing blankets. With a word of fresh exhortation, he was gone again.

For days the friar was John's only visitor save the jailer, who came with bread and water. How many days elapsed John could not know. Only when the door opened could he see a streak of light from the heavens, and more often was there darkness outside when his wretched meal came. He slept at irregular hours, and exercised at times as violently as his narrow confines would allow. To warm his chilled blood was his chief physical occupation; to forget himself was his chief mental task. And now did he look forward eagerly to the visits of the friar — the only link that bound him to the outer world.

Yet, so far as this outer world was concerned, the man of prayer was almost a blank. Beyond his first announcement he was silent. D'Aulnay had granted him the privilege of administering religious consolation. For no other purpose had he been permitted to come. The prisoner must ask no more lest he lose the solace of hearing God's word — lest his soul be damned.

After a time John ceased to ask, and settled down to wait, comforting himself with this holy man's prayers, for at such times consolation is consolation whether one be

Catholic or Protestant. But there were days when it seemed that he must go mad with suspense and the silence.

He was in the midst of painful reflections of this sort one night when he heard familiar sounds at the door. Very welcome they were; he had waited long for them. He rose from his blankets to receive his visitor, who seemed to be having some difficulty with the lock. Then disappointment came over him. Whenever the friar came the jailer opened the door, and John heard their voices. Now there was only one person outside, as he judged by the sounds; that one must needs be the surly jailer.

In a moment, however, he was surprised to see the slight figure of the friar, in its black cowl and close-drawn hood. The door swung quickly back on its hinges, and closed with unusual abruptness as the monk stepped inside.

There was something about the visitor that seemed unaccustomed. John observed this the instant he laid eyes upon the figure. A second later his impression was intensified. Instead of advancing, as usual, the shadow back of the lantern paused and held the light above its head, as if searching the black recess of the prison chamber.

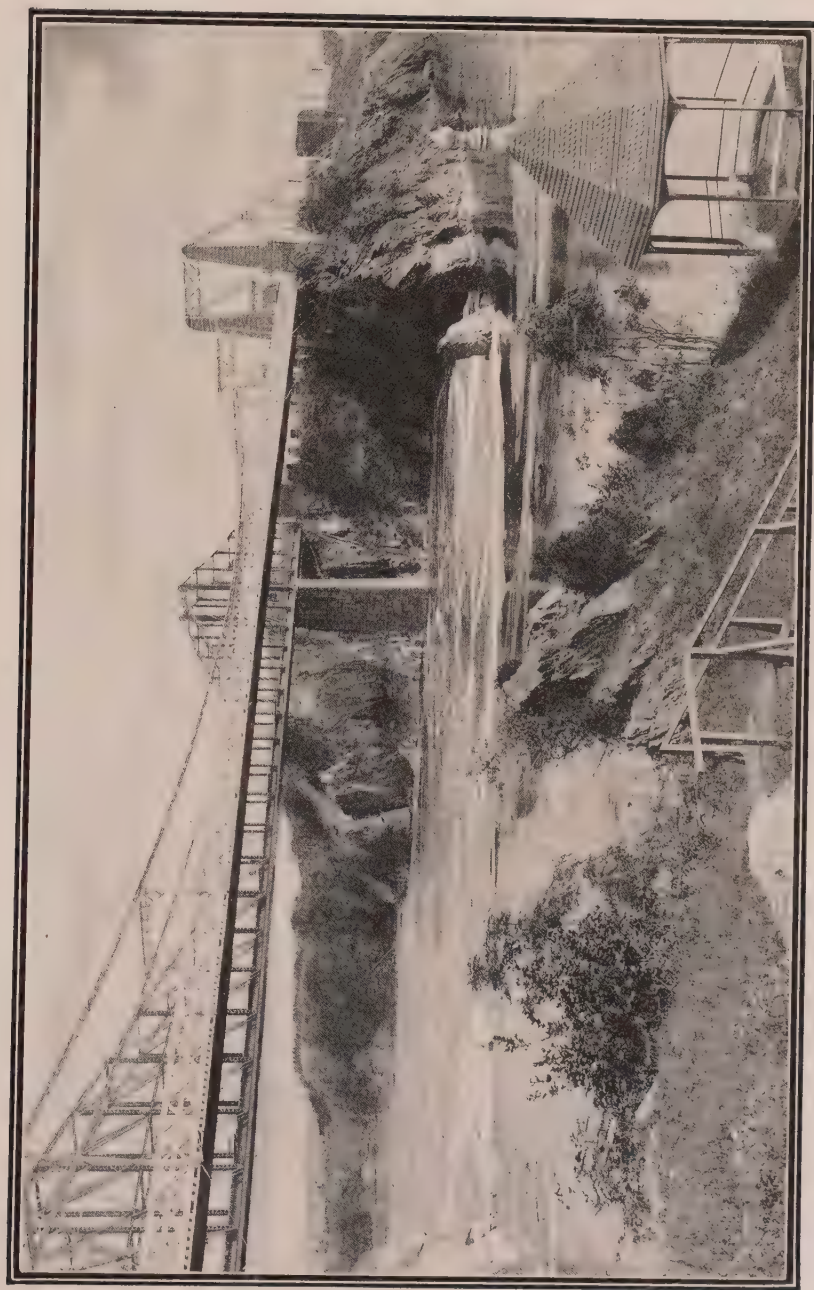
"I am here, reverend father!" John announced, mystified. "Here, in my usual corner!"

His words had an extraordinary effect. The light fell to the ground, as if from startled fingers, and left the place in utter darkness. Then he felt something brush against him, and heard a voice that came near taking his senses away:

"I am no friar, but Dorothy! Quick! slip into this cowl I have brought beneath my own! Oh, John, pray that the desperate chance we take may succeed!"

"Dorothy!" he cried.

"Hush! There is not an instant to spare. At any moment the friars may discover that this habit has been taken, and I know not what instant the jailer may return."



THE REVERSIBLE FALLS OF THE SAINT JOHN RIVER

Already she had drawn the habit from beneath the one she wore. John, having seized it, was putting it on.

"For an hour," the girl whispered, excitedly, "I have waited this chance to use my duplicate key. Quick, let us be gone!"

He was drawing the hood over his head, knowing that this sudden coming of Dorothy La Tour was a mystery he could ask about later.

"Your mother?" he said, fastening the belt.

He heard a quick gasp, as if the girl were choking.

"She is dead! God hath taken her from her griefs and perils. My brothers and sisters are on their way to France, on a ship of D'Aulnay's. We cannot aid them."

"Then come," he answered; "I am ready."

With these words they threw open the door of the dungeon and made their way along a passage and up a ladder, no one barring their egress. The courtyard of the fort was lighted only by lanterns hung here and there, barely sufficient to reveal the outlines of the two counterfeit monks as they passed through. They met a few of the garrison, but D'Aulnay's friars went to and fro as they chose.

"Open for us," said John, in French, as they stood breathless inside the gate. "We would pass out to the ship."

It was the critical moment for which Dorothy, in trembling whispers, had prepared him. If John's French betrayed them they were lost.

The sentries in charge stood back respectfully. The gate swung wide, on slow and complaining hinges. The world was before them; they passed through the portal; they heard the lock grate in its fastenings behind them.

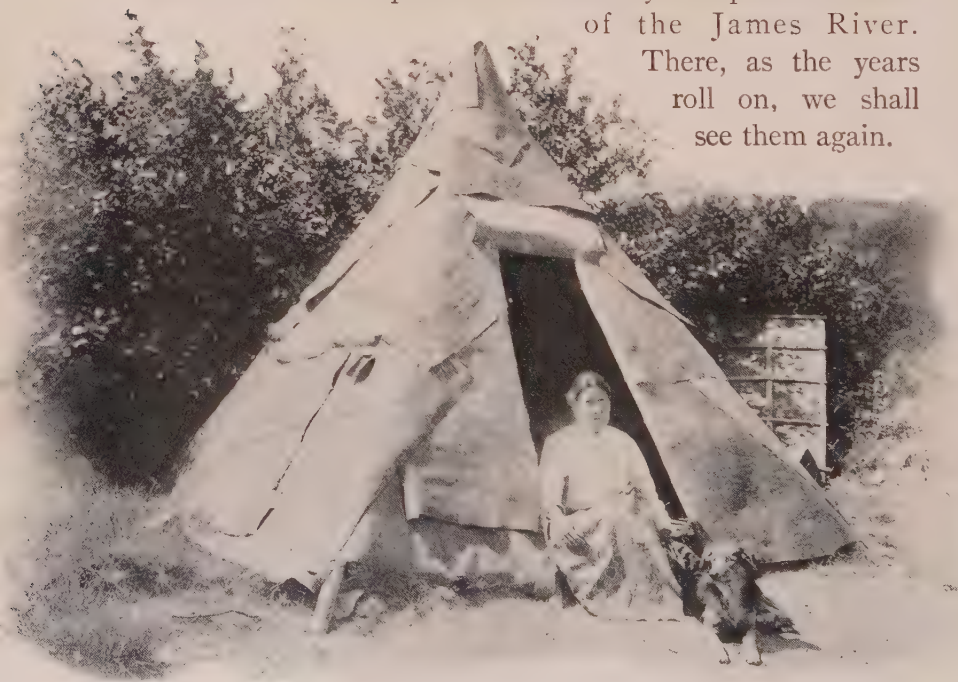
The night was dark; so dark that none might see the towering friar take in his arms the smaller form beside him and press it to his bosom in passionate embrace as they stood without the fort.

A moment later two shadowy figures moved down the steep path stealthily, still silent, still cautious, till, turning away from the traveled descent, they made their way to a cove upon the water.

"The boat is ready, mademoiselle," said a voice in French. Out of the darkness there arose the form of a man, who helped them clamber aboard, and followed them, shoving the craft clear of the bank as he leapt silently upon the deck.

After a long, weary journey, the tiny craft reached the sea, where, by great chance, they fell in with a fishing-vessel bound home from the banks. The Frenchman who procured the boat for them was the one who befriended Dorothy in the fort, bringing her the cowl that the two lovers wore in their escape. John and Dorothy were duly wed at the home of Matthew Stevens, and went to live on a plantation owned by Philip on the bank of the James River.

There, as the years roll on, we shall see them again.



INDIAN CAMP IN NEW BRUNSWICK

CHAPTER VII

THE REGICIDES

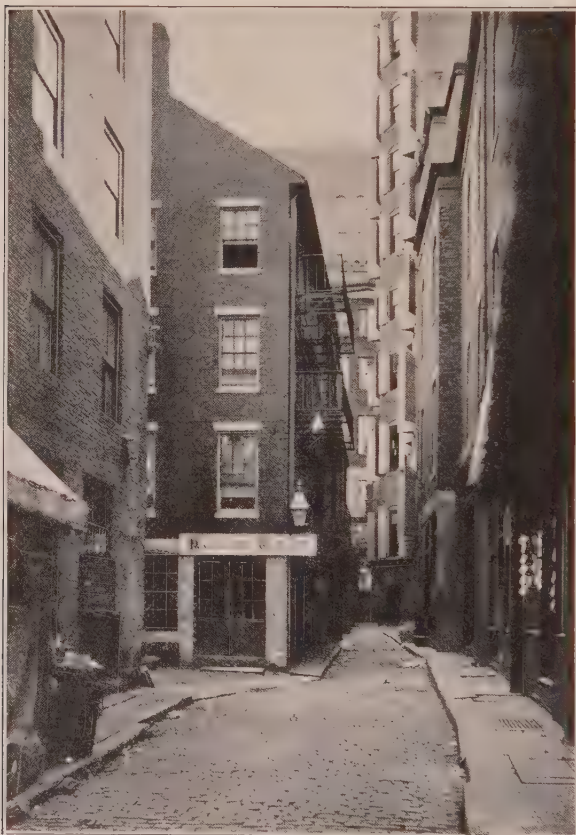
AT the end of a July day, in the year 1660, a group of Boston citizens were gathered in the tap-room of the Greenwood House, in Salutation Street, then one of the finest taverns in town. It was constructed of wood, but so heavily and well that two centuries later it was still standing. Built on an irresponsible plan, because of the turnings of the narrow lane on which it faced, with windows knocked in its walls in perfectly informal fashion, it had an air about it of having nothing in mind but convenience without convention and comfort without conformity. It had a familiar air, a sort of a tap-on-the-shoulder and a wink-of-the-eye demeanor, as though it extended personal invitation to the stranger to enter and be a good fellow.

No stranger who felt the call of the Greenwood House and entered its broad portals ever regretted it; unless, perhaps, some lingering repentance haunted him the next day, for its tap and its table fully bore out its genial countenance. Here were the best of spirits, in every sense, and the heartiest victuals to be found outside of merry England.

But the Greenwood House had other functions beside good cheer and good beer, bed, and board. It was one of the popular forums; one of the centers of discussion, political, religious, moral, and social. All the affairs of State, Church, and family, were brought forward in solemn earnest, and disposed of by those who gathered about the wide hearths in the tap-room, on the long winter evenings, or beneath the open windows when the summer days were hot.

The blazing sun had just left the sky with sullen reluc-

tance; the breeze from the sea, twisting itself along the many turnings of Salutation Street, was coming in through door and window to see what cheer was there; glasses were clinking, mugs thundering on the table, and there was a



THE HANCOCK TAVERN, BOSTON

clatter of many voices.

To-night the talk ran upon the Quakers, as it had for many nights before. It was little more than a month since Mary Dyer, feeling called of God to defy the law of Massachusetts that inflicted the death penalty on Quakers who should return from banishment, had

been hanged on the Common. Once before had she come from banishment, at the time, a year before, when William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson had forfeited their lives. That time she had been released through the intercessions of her son; but now the efforts of her son, and of her husband, the secretary of Rhode Island, had failed

to restrain her from hearkening once more to the call of the Lord, and going again to Massachusetts.

"I tell 'ee," quoth one of the group, a sturdy fellow with a lip that bristled with beard, though it bore evidence of having been shaven that very morning, and with the salt of the sea about him; "I tell 'ee, when it comes to stretchin' up women, 't is high time to stop. A man 's a man, and may hang; but a woman is made in the image of the mother of God and should die in her bed."

"'T is even a grievous thing, Mark Wiggin," returned another; "but if the devil works in a woman, the hand of man should not stay from its duty."

"I don't know whether the hand of the devil worked more in the woman, or in the man that stretched her up," rejoined Mark Wiggin; "but I do know this. I know that apart from her religion, which I will confess I can't abide, it seeming open blasphemy to me — aside from her religion there was never a better woman lived than Mary Dyer, whom I knew well, both as a lass and as a mother."

"It would seem that there must be a distinction raised between the individual and the principle," spoke up a third, who was no other than Matthew Stevens. He had remained silent heretofore; when he raised his voice he was followed with a respectful attention that was eloquent with the esteem in which he was held. "We must regard it impersonally; in no other way have I been able to reconcile myself to what has taken place, for I, too, knew Mary Dyer. It was not Mary Dyer whom we hanged, but a representative of a blasphemous and destructive sect that must be extirpated for the glory of God and the safety of our faith."

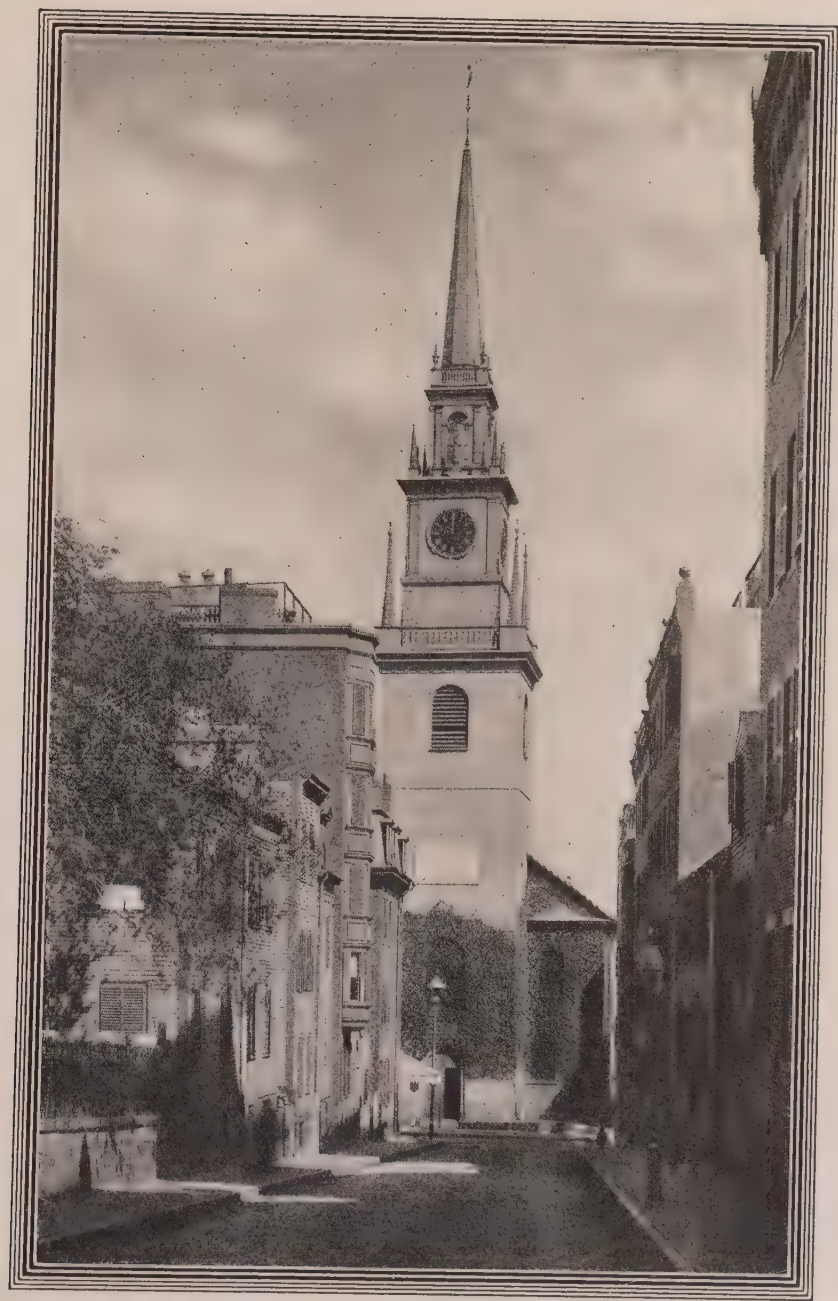
"Small odds the distinction makes to Mary Dyer now," observed Mark Wiggins, grimly; "and for my part, Master Stevens, without intending to dispute with you, I should like to know how it is that you people of Massachusetts figure

out to persecute people who do not believe as you do, when that is just what you came over here to escape."

"Your premise is wrong, Mark," returned Matthew, kindly, paying no heed to the nettled frame of mind in which the other appeared to be. "We did not come here solely to escape persecution, but we came here to found a State where the faith that was dear to us might be freely taught, and where it should be pure and undefiled, untouched by other faiths. We paid heavily for the privilege of worshiping as we see fit; we shall not lightly let the privilege pass from us. We have had trouble with the Quakers from the first," the elderly man went on, becoming more interested in his subject. "From the day, four years ago, when Anne Austin and Mary Fisher came to preach their abominable doctrines among us, they have been contentious and obstinate, causing us vexation. You do not know, being from Rhode Island, and you can scarcely understand. They hoot at the governor, refusing to recognize other authority than God; they bring their knitting into meeting; they wear their hats in the presence of the Lord and in His house; they cry out upon our ministers, the servants of God, disturbing the peace and tranquillity of our worship, and they threaten to disrupt our congregations by stirring up seditious factions against the authority of God."

"I'll allow they are somewhat of a trial," conceded Mark Wiggin; "we've had one on 'em that was bad enough, though he was n't a Quaker, strictly speakin'. Old Sam Gorton was as pernicious a pest as you'll find in a year's cruise with a fair wind, and some o' these Quakers are just as bad; but what I say is, that if the Church can't hold her flock without messing around and taking folks' lives away, she'd better lose some of her sheep!"

"Ah, a woeful example of the debauchery that comes from license of thought!" moaned one who had not before



CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON

spoken; a tight-faced, close-buttoned man with a hot, dry eye. "Behold, here is one who hath fallen under the evil influence of that base infidel Roger Williams! Oh, Lord, how long will the devil be left to his work?"

"As long as you are left hereabouts, I reckon," retorted Mark Wiggin, hotly; "and, as for the influence of Roger Williams, if it had had more to do with the moldin' of me than it has I'd be a better man!"

"But Roger Williams is as bitter against the Quakers as we are," interrupted Matthew Stevens, to prevent any further extension of hostilities. "He has written a stringent book, called 'George Fox Digged from His Burrows,' in which he assails their faith without fear or favor."

"Ay, that he does," rejoined Wiggin; "but he does not assail their lives; and when you wanted Rhode Island to join you in your laws against the Quakers, you mind he would have none of it. But if you only would n't hang the women I should have no quarrel with you," he concluded, leading the talk to the original point of departure, after the fashion of disputants the world around. Whether the discussion would have run the circle again, as most discussions do, cannot be told, for Mark Wiggin himself saved it from such a fate by giving the talk a twist in another direction, and a violent one. "Howsomever," he remarked, casually, "I suppose I need not fret myself. You have had your day with your hangings; for King Charles, our new sovereign, is like to put a stop to the manœuvrings of the Puritans, in whatever direction they may incline."

Instantly there was a wrathful storm about his head, a storm from which he was safe because of the fear in which they all stood of letting fall words that could be construed as treasonable. It mumbled and bellowed in savage repression to his evident relish, without finding other expression

than black looks and indignant pulls at bumpers and glasses, until Matthew Stevens found tongue.

"Whatever resentment Charles II may feel against the Puritans of England, because of the part played in the death



THE EARL OF WARWICK (*From Van Dyke's portrait*)

of his late father, can hardly be borne against us," he said, cautiously; "for 't is well known that we did not acknowledge the rights of the Long Parliament to rule over us, and gave the Cromwell party such scant comfort that when the earl of Warwick seized a loyalist vessel in our harbor, in 1652, our legislature sent a formal protest against the act. As for interfering with our religious affairs, that is a thing which the King will undoubtedly be unwilling to do, recognising the strength of our contention that we are privileged to worship God as we will in the country we have subdued to our needs. New England must rejoice with the King in his return to the throne, and wish him a long and prosperous reign, rather than fear evil at his hand." The company

of his late father, can hardly be borne against us," he said, cautiously; "for 't is well known that we did not acknowledge the rights of the Long Parliament to rule over us, and gave the Cromwell party such scant comfort that when the earl of Warwick seized a loyalist vessel in our harbor, in 1652, our legislature sent a formal protest against the act. As for interfering with our religious

did not subscribe with alacrity to the sentiment; indeed, there was visible an inclination to quarrel openly with it; but such a dangerous incident was forestalled, for, at the moment when Matthew Stevens ceased, the attention of the entire group was diverted by the entrance of three strangers, whose appearance was enough to arouse the liveliest curiosity. Boston, be it remembered, was then a small provincial town, to which the intimate affairs of strangers were fair prey.

Two of the strangers were men above the middle age; the third was a girl, a child of six. The men were bearded and bronzed, showing that their lives were lived beneath the sun and winds; their frames were bulky and strong; their broad shoulders squared in military bearing. Withal their faces were sober and serious, with strong marks upon them of thoughtfulness and responsibility. They were dressed after the English fashion in jacket, small-clothes, long hose and buckled shoes. About the shoulders of their coats fell collars of white linen; the sleeves had cuffs of the same stuff, several inches wide.

Of themselves they would not have excited the intense interest that was bestowed upon them — travelers were not so infrequent as that; but the presence of the child was enough to pique the dullest curiosity. She was slight and spare, showing the hardships of a long voyage; her cheeks were sunken, and her blue eyes faded with weariness. Beneath her bonnet straggled tangled locks of gold; about her dress there were many signs that the hand of a mother had long been withheld from the girl.

The three remained in the room for only a moment, until they could be shown to their rooms. The men, perceiving that they were so curiously observed by the occupants of the room, returned bold glances, in which there was almost a trace of challenge, of defiance, as though their posi-

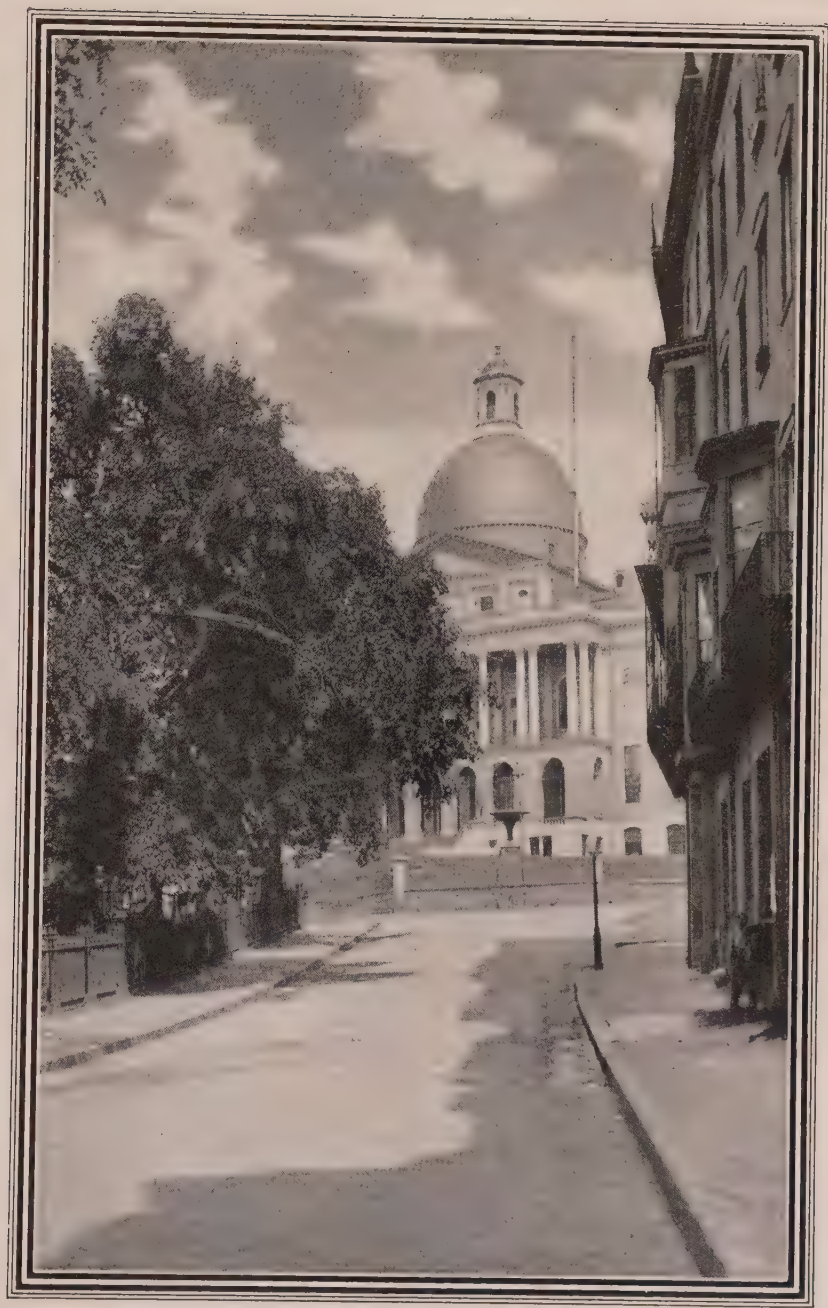
tion was one that needed defence, and they were ready to defend it.

Many tongues fell to wagging when the three were conducted from the room; many wild guesses were hazarded concerning them; he who guessed the wildest had the greatest hearing. Some conjectured that the men were pirates who had spared the life of the child after murdering all others in their prize; some ventured that she was a princess, purloined by two bold marauders and held for ransom.

"Belike I shall tell you somewhat of them," interrupted Mark Wiggin, in some disgust. "As I came past Cape Cod last night there was a big Englishman standing off and on, trying to beat up into the bay; no doubt they are from her. As for the girl, is it so strange among you for a man to have a daughter that you must go to your nightmares to account for her?"

Mark found no favor for placing the mystery on so simple and prosaic a basis. His theory was in danger of being torn to pieces, when the servant who had led them to their room reappeared with an air of much mystery. He was received as he had never been received before; a score of men stood about waiting on his words, clamoring to know what he had to tell.

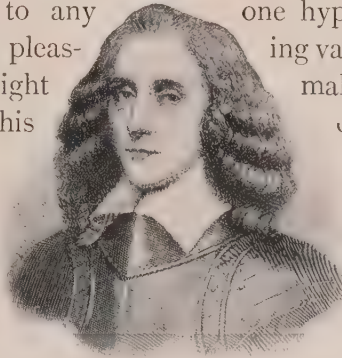
"I know not who they are, nor what they are," quoth the fellow, making the most of his temporary importance, "but 't is no good that brings them here. Do you know what I heard the little girl say to her uncle? 'T was the younger and the bigger one that she called uncle. 'Uncle,' she said, said she, 'uncle, do you think they can find us here?' when he shut her mouth with his fingers. But presently, 'Uncle,' says she, 'uncle, they will leave us alone, now, won't they? They won't follow us any more, will they?' Now, what I want to know," concluded the fellow,



MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, FROM PARK STREET

his arms akimbo, and his head much on one side,—“what I want to know is, who does she mean by ‘they,’ and why are ‘they’ chasing ‘them’?” He made his pronouns more intelligible by the use of his two thumbs to impersonate they and them.

Clearly, what he wanted to know was what they all wanted to know. They pressed him eagerly for his opinion, as one who had seen the strangers face to face, and had heard their voices; he gave his opinions freely, without confining them to any one hypothesis, so that there might be a pleasing variety from which his auditors might make selection. In the height of this discussion the two men reappeared and threw the gathering into utter confusion by demanding to be shown to the residence of Governor Endicott.



WILLIAM GOFFE

(From a drawing by G. N. Gardiner)

It was a weary time until they came back, still accompanied by the servant. His face was a picture of impatience; he was bursting to reveal what he had learned. He could hardly wait until the two men ascended the stairs and were beyond hearing before he dashed triumphantly into the room and shouted: “I have learned their names, at least. I had them from the governor’s servant who announced them, a particular friend of mine, and an honest man never lived, meaning the servant. The younger one, the one the lass called uncle, is William Goffe by name, and the other is Edward Whalley, and they come from England!”

To all the listeners save one the names were empty of meaning; that one, Matthew Stevens, stiffened in his tracks and turned livid as he heard.

"Merciful God!" he muttered. "Whalley and Goffe!"

"What of them?" demanded a dozen, standing by.

"Know you not what of them? They are of the number who judged the late King; they are regicides!"

A whisper of awe swept about the room. The tap of the Greenwood House knew no more mirth that night.

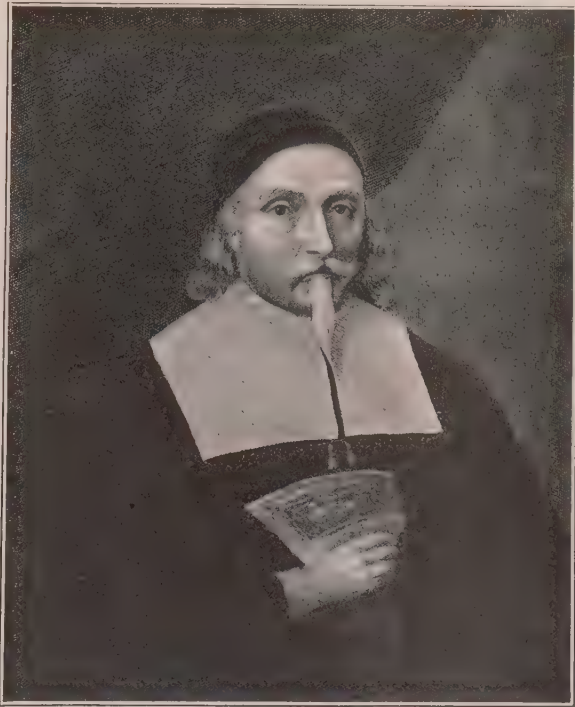


BOSTON PUBLIC GARDEN

CHAPTER VIII

ESTHER GOFFE

IT was awe, rather than antipathy for the regicides, that governed the conduct of the citizens in the tavern on the night of the arrival; a sentiment of wonder mingled with a dread lest they bring with them a blight in fleeing from the wrath of the dead King's son, now come to the throne. By degrees this fear wore off. It did not become known what had taken place in the interview the regicides had had with Governor Endicott, but



JOHN ENDICOTT, FIRST GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS
(From the family portrait at Salem)

the circumstance that they were suffered to remain in Boston was sufficient to give the citizens courage to treat them with consideration and respect.

It had been eleven years since these men, together with

many others, were appointed by Parliament to try King Charles I on charges of high treason against the State. They had found him guilty; they had affixed their signatures to his death-warrant. The memory of that momentous act still lingered in the minds of the people of Massachusetts; to their fortunes it had meant much to have the tyrant removed; their sympathies were with Cromwell and Parliament; although, in the spirit of independence that was waxing stronger among them each day, they had been slow to accede to the new authority.

Now that these two judges were among them they inclined to favor them. They were deterred only by their fear of the consequences; the son of the dead King had come to the throne in May of this same year, and the times were still uncertain. That he would seek his revenge all felt certain; how far the revenge would extend beyond its immediate object they did not dare risk finding out.

Among those most warmly cordial toward them was Matthew Stevens. In spite of the tenor of the words spoken in the tavern on the night of their arrival, at heart he was closely in sympathy with Goffe and Whalley, and had them frequently at his house, together with the child, though never without great precaution, for Matthew Stevens, having been bred a merchant, was a cautious man.

The child appealed to him and his wife with a peculiar strength. Their own daughter was married and gone from their home, and their son, living in Providence, could not venture into Massachusetts, which deprived the lonely couple of the comfort of their grandchildren. But more than their hunger for the company of children was the love that the nature of the child called forth. Esther Goffe was sweet, patient, loving, happy, with a plaintive way of resigning herself to her lot without complaining and without repining. Her father, Colonel Goffe, also a fugitive, had started on

the ship with them, but died and had been buried at sea. Her uncle, William Goffe, all that was left to her, was a fugitive for his life; her situation was peculiarly distressing, and her fortitude under it won the hearts of Matthew and his wife. They would have asked to take the child and care for her had they not been apprehensive of hurting the proud heart of General Goffe.

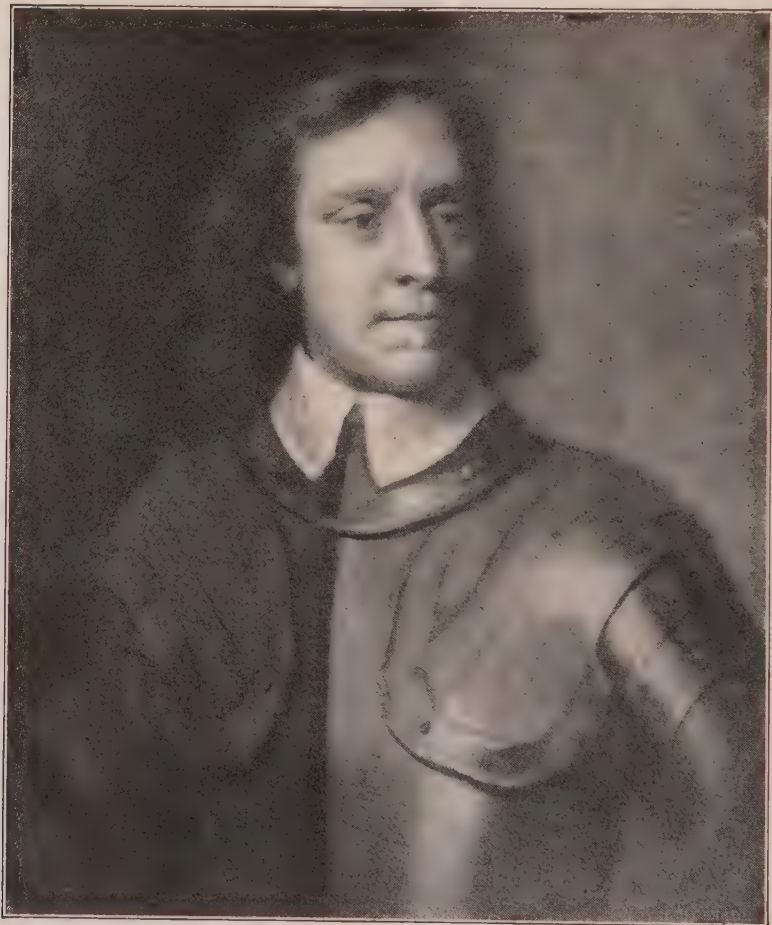
The uncle had been a commander in Cromwell's army; he had thundered over the field of many a battle in that desperate struggle between Roundhead and Cavalier; he had won his spurs well. Cromwell and the people had confidence in his ability and depended upon his strength of brawn and brain. Now that his world had tumbled about his head, he bore himself proudly still, with a show of assurance before which Matthew Stevens did not care to make any overtures reflecting upon his helplessness. Whalley, the other fugitive, was his father-in-law, and a friend of Cromwell himself.

The summer passed; the regicides, who had moved to Cambridge, were waiting, it was said, for the arrival of a proclamation of amnesty which the King had issued, promising indemnity to all but a dozen or so of the judges who had condemned his father. They hoped that they were included among those who had been forgiven; not because they regretted what they had done, not because they feared for their own lives, but for the sake of the girl who had been thrown on their charge.

It was November before the proclamation came; they were among those exempted from forgiveness for their act. The citizens expected them to fly. They remained. Reports came that many of the other regicides were being tried, condemned, and executed, and that vigorous pursuit was being made of all who were not exempted. Still Goffe and Whalley stayed about Boston and Cambridge.

The authorities were at a loss what to do; in the absence of direct orders from England they did nothing, although fearing the consequences of their inaction. The winter came and was fairly gone, and yet the regicides stayed.

In February Governor Endicott considered it unsafe to



OLIVER CROMWELL (*From the National Portrait Gallery*)

delay longer; he must take official cognizance of their presence. Reluctantly, and with much publicity, he called together a court to consult about securing them in custody.

He might have acted on his own initiative, without the court; he preferred to give the fugitives the hint.

Matthew Stevens was returning from the Greenwood House on an evening in February, the day before the court was convoked, revolving in his mind the weighty matters that had taken place in the tap-room. The talk had run to the Quakers again. William Leddra, who had returned during the previous November, in defiance of the laws against those who had been banished, was soon to be hanged. He had obdurately refused to promise that he would leave the colony if released; in fact, he had said that he would not. They had held him in jail for all these weeks, in the hope that his mind would change, but he was adamant.

Clearly, the Quakers were becoming a menace; for how could people be put down who were ready to give up their lives for the faith they held dear; nay, who would thrust themselves into death? The law must have its course, the theocracy of the State must be upheld and vindicated; but it was a sad and serious state of affairs. The people were beginning to revolt against the thought of hanging men for their beliefs; he himself could countenance it only on the highest ethical plane. How long would it be before the Quakers, by the sacrifice of their lives, would break through the barrier and obliterate the lines of doctrinal purity that obtained in New England?

Heavy with these reflections, he was passing into the walk that led through the garden to his doorstep, when he caught sight of two figures skulking on the grass. As his foot crushed the gravel of the walk the figures vanished behind a cedar that adorned his garden. He was alarmed, thinking only of robbers, and was on the point of raising hue and cry, when a low whistle came to him from the direction of the tree, which he recognized as the signal by which General Goffe was wont to make known his presence on

his clandestine visits to Stevens's house. Without making a sign that he saw and heard, beyond answering the whistle in kind, Matthew proceeded leisurely on his way into the house and closed the door after him.

He was no sooner inside than he hastened to extinguish all the lights, scarcely stopping to explain his strange behavior to his wife. Having put out the last candle, he opened the door once more and gave the signal. The two figures crept from behind the cedar tree and entered; Matthew and his wife were surprised to see Esther with General Goffe.

"I was waiting until I made sure that you were alone," said the old soldier, blowing Esther's hands to warm them. "We cannot be too cautious. You have heard the news?" He whispered to Matthew, as Mistress Stevens led Esther to the fire to warm her, for the November night was cold, and the child chilled from standing so long in the garden.

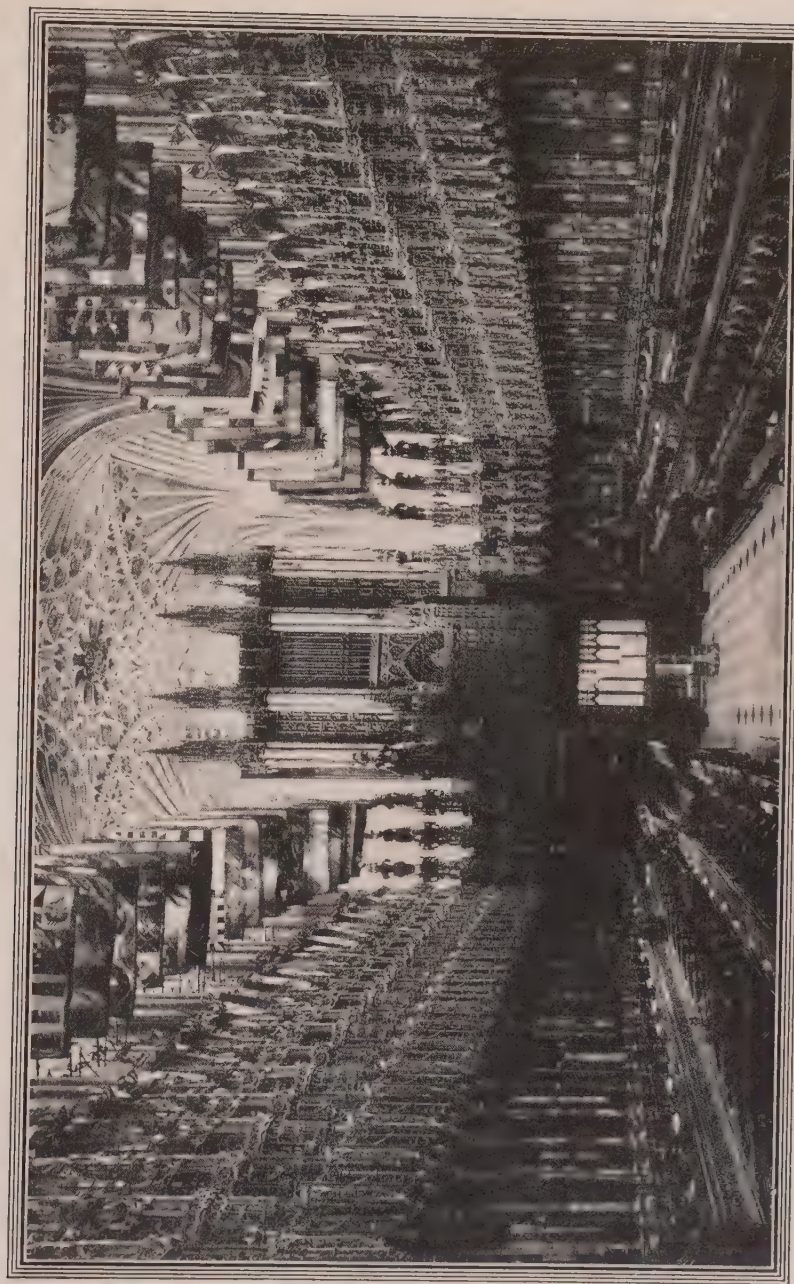
"What news?"

"The governor consults to-morrow concerning an arrest; an order from the King is even now on the way, if it is not already here. We must leave at once." The King's judge said it without a quaver.

"Come with me into this room," said Matthew, leading the way into a small closet beneath the staircase, that had no window or outer door. "We may light a candle here," he went on, when he had closed the door behind him, suiting the action to the word. "I had heard the news; is there no hope that Governor Endicott will give you refuge?"

"There is none; I exhausted that hope even before this news came. Now our case is much worse."

Matthew bowed his head. General Goffe went on. "It is Esther for whom we are in distress," he said. "A matter of this kind is nothing to an old soldier; our lives have hung on threads more slender many a time; but the poor child is indeed in desperate straits. I am a soldier; let me



THE CHOIR OF SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL IN WINDSOR, ENGLAND: IN THE AISLE IS THE OPENING TO THE VAULT IN WHICH
HENRY VIII, QUEEN JANE SEYMOUR, AND CHARLES I ARE BURIED

“I speak like a soldier. I love this child as though she were my own. I loved her father, my brother, when he was no taller than she. I cannot steel my heart to think of her fleeing about this wild country, a fugitive from the King’s officers. I want you to take her; I want to leave her here!”

It was spoken like a soldier, save for the tears that were in the bright, brave eyes as he concluded. Matthew Stevens grasped his hand fervently; tears were in his eyes as well. “Will you leave her with us?” he cried, in unmistakable joy. “Will you? We have wished a thousand times that we might ask you for her, but have forbore lest we should have grieved you. We love her! She shall be our child! We will cherish her for our own! But Esther — have you spoken to her of it? What has the child to say?”

“Her heart is broken, even as mine is broken; but she is brave, and she will be happy. She loves you both; she is not afraid of you. But there may be danger to you in keeping her! I must warn you of that.”

Matthew disposed of the thought with a gesture. “Come; we will go to her,” he said.

They found her by the side of the fire, no other light upon her than that of the warm embers. She had been crying, but she was content now in the arms of Mistress Stevens. She smiled on her uncle, and on her foster-father; her eyes were no longer faded, but were as brightly blue as the blue lakes of the mountains, and her little figure was plump and firm once more, as it should be.

“’T is a glorious sight to see you in a woman’s arms again, sweet girl,” said her uncle, fondly; “you will be very happy here.”

“Happy as I could be anywhere without you, uncle,” returned the child, patiently.

“You will soon forget me,” laughed the man, with a choking voice, turning his head away from the firelight;

"you will find Master Stevens here a much better father than a rough old soldier like me."

"Do not say that, uncle," reproached the girl. In a moment she lost her self-control. Leaping to the floor, she ran to the man, threw her arms about his neck, and clung to him as one clings who is drowning. "Oh, do not go and leave me!" she wailed. "Oh, don't make me stay here. I want to go with you! I want to go with you!"

"But I am going far away; I do not know where I am going. You could not go with me if you tried; you would find the way hard."

"But why must you go? Why can't you stay here, where we have stayed all this time?"

He only



KING CHARLES'S TOWER, CHESTER, ENGLAND

shook his head, fearing to trust words to his quavering voice. "I know why it is!" cried the child, drawing back to look him fully in the eyes. "You did not tell me, but I know why you are going! They are trying to capture you; they want to take you to England to cut off your head!"

"There, there, child! you must not make so great a noise," answered her uncle, stroking her hair. "You are right; but they shall never find me, child."

"Now I know why you cannot take me," the child went on calm and contained. "If you had told me that, I should not have cared; I should have been content to be left here."

He raised her in his arms and kissed her; with streaming eyes Matthew and his wife gazed into the fire; this parting was not for the sight of man.

"Good bye," he whispered.

"You will come back to see me some time?"

"I will come back . . . some time."

"Promise?"

"I promise, Esther!"

"Good bye!" For another instant she clung to him. Her arms slipped from the great shoulders; she sank into the tender embrace of Mistress Stevens as the door closed.

Matthew Stevens kindled a candle. They were alone, they three.

CHAPTER IX

THE LETTER WRIT IN RED

TO one passing up the James River of Virginia in the summer of 1663, it must have seemed that the fortunes of John Smith Stevens were complete. On the whole river there was not another plantation such as his; no other tobacco-fields were as glossy green; none rested so picturesquely among the dense forests that surrounded the plantation; no mansion was finer; no slaves were happier than his. From the trim wharf at the shore, where his staunch sloops were moored, to the quarters of the negro slaves and indented whites, at the edge of the forest, there was every



THE ENTRANCE TO CHESAPEAKE BAY (After the painting by Vernet)

evidence of thrift and success.

The plantation-house was no longer the primitive cabin of the first settler. It was built of timber hewed from his own forest

and seasoned by the wind and sun. It was two storied; it had windows of glass, which was a rare luxury; it was painted with paint brought from England; two white fluted columns at each side of the portico gave it a dignity lacking in many plantation-houses. It occupied a slightly spot on

a slope, well back from the river, whence could be had a view of the sweeping James and the plantations that fringed it.

It was an era of plantations. There were no towns. Jamestown was only a straggling village. When the House of Burgesses was in session it swarmed with people; but when there was neither court nor legislature it was an idle place, almost deserted. Commercial centers had no reason to be; all the plantations were next navigable rivers or arms of Chesapeake Bay, and the planters shipped directly into vessels. Tobacco was the only product of the country; there was no complicated system of barter, for the staple product was at the same time the currency of the country. Money there was little or none. The planter bought those things he wished with tobacco; the minister received his pay in tobacco; taxes and tithes were paid in tobacco.

On a day in the summer of 1663 John Smith Stevens was sitting beneath a great tree on the lawn before his house. The appearances of his plantation were truthful; he had prospered in a worldly way. He had prospered in more than a worldly way; for his wife Dorothy was ever a tender, loving, devoted wife, with no thought but for his comfort and happiness; a stalwart son had come to them; and even as he sat on the rustic bench beneath the tree, a little girl of seven or eight leaned against his knee and looked into his face.

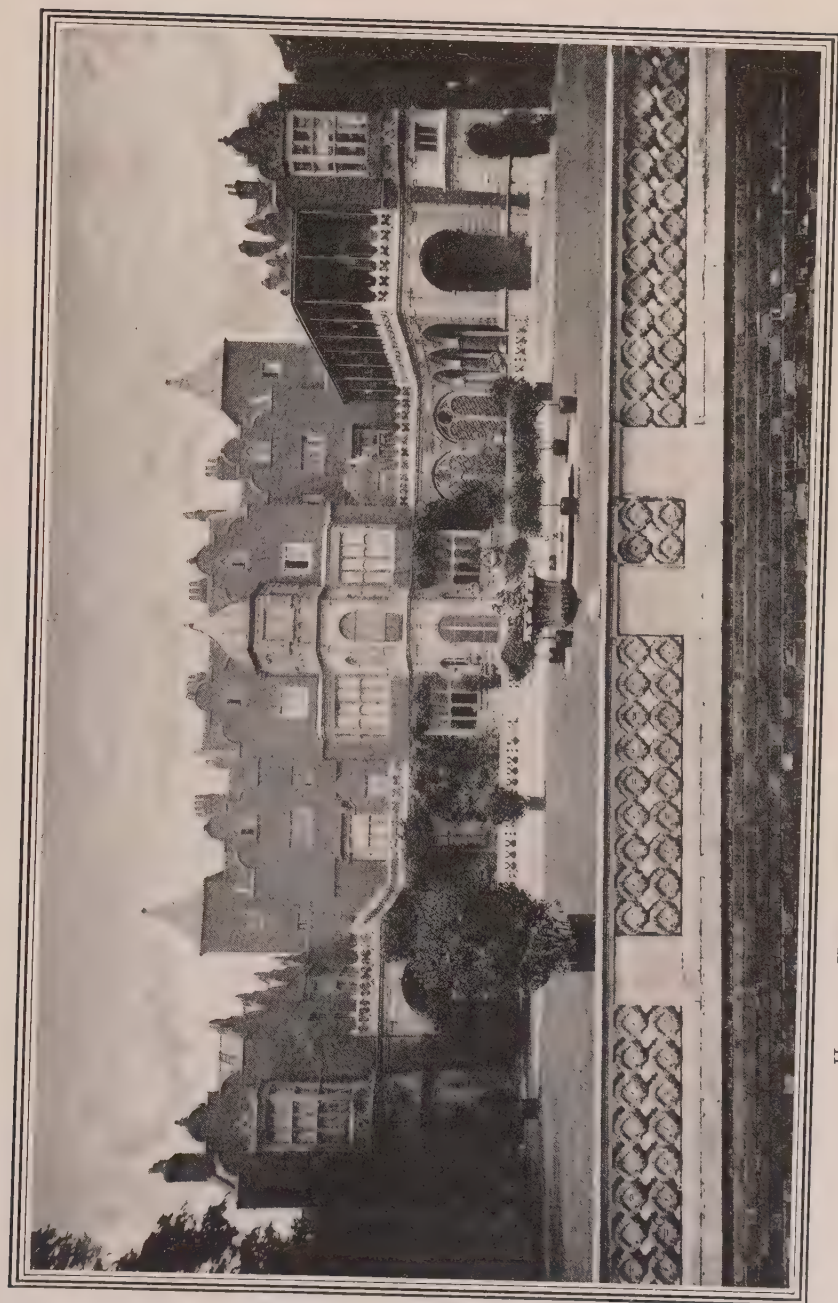
Yet John Stevens was not happy. His face was haggard and tense with a heavy care; he looked gloomily down the slope where the waters of the James swept majestically to the sea. A terrible affliction had fallen upon him and his; his son Robert, in whom lived all his pride and hope, had been haled before Lord Berkeley, charged with treasonable utterances, and thrust into the jail at Jamestown.

The times were critical. Lord Berkeley had returned to govern Virginia at the time of the accession of Charles

II, three years before. When Cromwell overthrew the rule of the first Charles and the Long Parliament took control of the government, Berkeley clung to his seat in Virginia until forced to withdraw by the arrival of a fleet under Captain Robert Dennis. Up to that time he had so hounded Puritans that upward of a thousand of them had left the colony, and others were silent and discreet; now, however, the political complexion was changed, and the Puritans obtained the ascendancy in the House of Burgesses. Richard Bennet was made governor and William Claiborne secretary of state for the colony.

But it was not to last. As soon as Berkeley heard of the fall of Charles I, he sent an invitation to England to the Cavaliers to come to Virginia; in the first year more than a thousand accepted his hospitable suggestions. Among them were names that were to be identified with the fame of the Old Dominion, and of the nation: Randolph, Pendleton, Madison, Mason, Monroe, Cary, Ludwell, Parke, Robinson, Marshall, and Washington. The Washingtons were staunch loyalists in the fight between the King and Cromwell; it was Colonel Henry Washington who surrendered to Edward Whalley at Worcester in 1646; his cousin John, who came to Virginia in 1657, was great-grandfather to George Washington. And the Lees must not be forgotten.

The Cavalier element grew so prominent that when the House of Burgesses, in 1660, determined to elect a governor to succeed "worthy Captain Matthews," the royalists succeeded in restoring Berkeley. Immediately his avenging hand had been reached out and laid upon those involved in his downfall. To asperse the name of the King, or to propose another form of government, was high treason. Those who talked freedom openly, subjected themselves to grave dangers; those who sought liberty were hanged. Only a short time before four men, charged with complicity



HOLLAND HOUSE: WITHIN ITS CHAMBERS CROMWELL HELD HIS DELIBERATIONS

in a plot called by Berkeley and his satellites the "Oliverian plot," had been hanged, and the shadow of it still hung heavily over those against whom the governor's displeasure was the hottest.

Among these was John Stevens, and his elder brother Duncan, who lived farther up the James River. From the first, John had been distasteful to Berkeley because of his frank love of liberty and his obstinate spirit. He had sought to damage him in all that he could; he had set spies to watch and listen; especially had he striven to bring proof against him since the discovery and overthrow of the Oliverian plot. He had now been recompensed for his trouble; Robert Stevens, the son, had let fall hot words in the very streets of Jamestown, and been clapped into jail without delay.

The news ran through the streets of the town like the sound of a shot, "Robert Stevens is taken for seditious utterances!" "Young Master Stevens is arrested for treason!" The news came up the river, and to the plantation of the father. He had just heard it from the man who had sailed down to Jamestown with his boy that very morning, and came back alone. He was crushed, he was stunned, as he sat upon the bench to collect his thoughts. Bitterly did he reproach himself for fostering in the youth a love of liberty that could not be tempered with moderation in one of his years; for he was only fifteen, and what should a youth of fifteen know of caution? Yet he was glad that the lad had spoken boldly; the blood hummed through his veins as he thought of the brave boy facing down the skulking loyalists with hot words.

Little Rebecca, gazing into his face, saw that something unusual was in the air. "What's the matter, father?" she whispered.

John Stevens laid his hand upon her hair, and smiled. "Nothing, my loved one. Nothing," he said.

"Did n't brother come back with Peter the boatman?" It was a name she had caught from her mother, and clung to.

"He did not come back; he will be back after a while."

The hand of Dorothy was upon his shoulder; he looked into her face; she read the story in the look. "Be of good cheer, husband," she said, trembling in the struggle with her grief. "They can find nought against our boy; 't is only the angry impulse of the tyrant."

"Dorothy, Dorothy, I wish it might prove so," returned her husband, giving way to his distress; "but you know the anger the governor bears against me; and you know that he does not stop for proof when hate drives him. I have a deadly fear at my heart."

"He would not dare!" exclaimed his wife. "It would plunge Virginia into civil war if he laid hand on the son of John Stevens. Come, my husband; 't is not your wont to sit by and repine. . . . Who comes yonder?" Two men were ascending from the wharf, where they had just moored their sloop.

"William Drummond and Richard Lawrence!" cried John, gazing at them for a moment. "Perchance they bring news."

Drummond and Lawrence were the most prominent citizens of Jamestown: Drummond, a Scotchman, stood well with Berkeley; Lawrence, who was a lawyer, has been called by a contemporary historian "thoughtful Mr. Lawrence."

"If they bring it not, let them go away with it," observed Dorothy, significantly. "Come, Rebecca, come with your mother. Your father is busy with these gentlemen." She led the child into the house as the two men approached her husband.

There was no word of salutation between them; silently, with common impulse, each laid a hand on a shoulder of the

unhappy man and grasped a hand. "What is the word?" asked John, when he could speak.

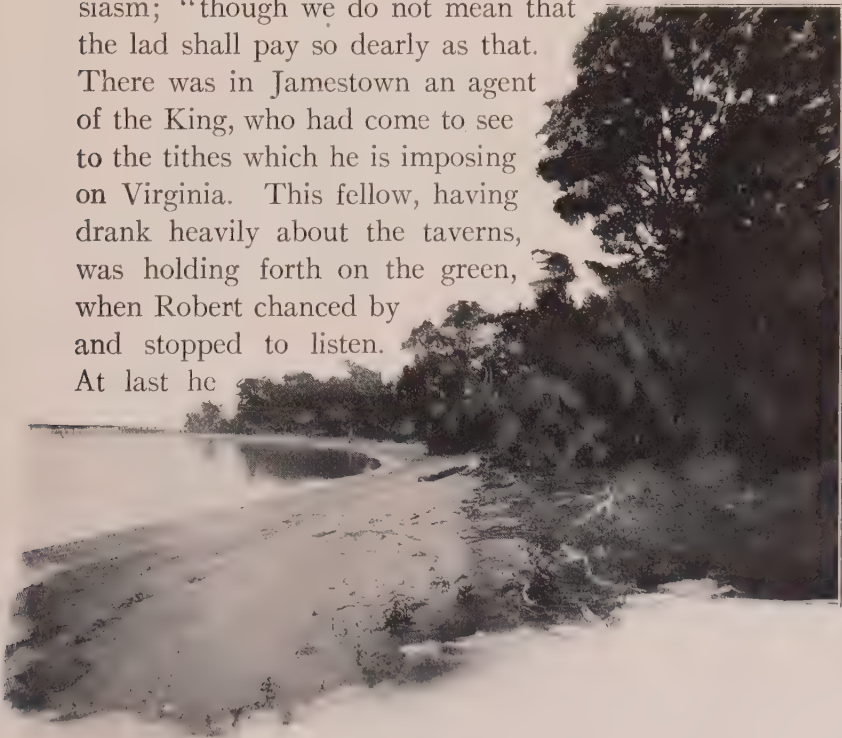
There was silence for a moment; each of the visitors looked at the other as though reluctant to be the spokesman. "'T is evil enough, friend Stevens," quoth Drummond at last. "There is no need to mince words with a strong man like yourself; the word is evil enough."

"Is there any proof?" asked John, gaining fortitude each moment, now that the shock of the first blow had passed off.

"You know how lightly our governor regards such a small matter as proof," returned thoughtful Mr. Lawrence with fine irony; "but even if he stayed for proof, I fear he would find sufficient here."

"Why? What is the proof?"

The eyes of the two friends lighted as Lawrence made answer. "Words fit to die for!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm; "though we do not mean that the lad shall pay so dearly as that. There was in Jamestown an agent of the King, who had come to see to the tithes which he is imposing on Virginia. This fellow, having drank heavily about the taverns, was holding forth on the green, when Robert chanced by and stopped to listen. At last he



could endure the fellow's pratings no more. 'You do well to roar about our masters,' he cried, flaming out. 'Belike they are yours, and worthy of you, but they shall never be ours!' 'Ha! said the fellow, looking about him in astonishment. 'Wha' say?' ' 'T is I who say it!' cried the boy, thrusting himself forward, despite the efforts of friends to restrain him."

"Were you there?" interrupted John.

"Nay, I was not there till later; I came when all was done. Well, he thrust himself forward, as I have told you. ' 'T is I,' he cried. 'Belike your master will find that 't is easier for the King to impose unjust taxes than it is for you to take them from us. We have had overmuch of masters here in Virginia; we who have subdued the wilderness are beginning to believe that the fruits should be to him who has toiled; that America is for Americans, and not for the King alone!'

" 'Ecad!' roared the fellow, 'Thou young traitor, I 'll have thee by the heels!' He was half laughing in his drunkenness at the sight of the slip of a lad talking sedition. 'You may have me by the head!' retorted Robert, 'but little good will it do you, for you will still have Virginia to reckon with. And 't will be no light reckoning; for our people grow hungry, and a hungry man is no milk-babe. You will not let us send our tobacco to Holland; you make us use British ships, so that the masters may rob us of the profits of our trade; you starve us, and expect us to be mild beneath it!' Never have I seen one in such a fury as he.

" 'Treason!' cried one who stood by; a Cavalier who does nothing but loiter about taverns to hear what may be said about the governor. 'I may talk treason, but I am no traitor to Virginia, the land that gives me a home!' cried Robert, turning to the wretch. 'To jail with him!' cried the spy. An officer who had joined the crowd pressed

through and laid hands on the boy; there was a great coil as though they would have rescued him; but I, happening by, would have no such violence as that, knowing how futile it would be, and having other hopes in mind. So they bore him off to jail; and a magnificent sight he was as he went, followed by a silent, ominous crowd of citizens."

John, who had listened to the account with a glow of pride, made no effort to repress the tears that came to his eyes. "My boy!" he murmured, "my brave boy! My brave, rash,



CHARLES II OF ENGLAND (*From a print of the time*)

noble lad!" His face clouded with the thought of the magnitude of his son's offense against the majesty of the Government; he glanced from one friend to the other. "But what is to be done?" he asked.

"Think you we came only to bring evil report?" returned Drummond. "Not so! Before the sun rises again your boy will be free, I make no doubt. That you must leave to us; as for you, 't would be better were you not to be seen in Jamestown this day."

"That advice I cannot subscribe to," returned the father. "I must see him, and bring him what comfort I can!"

"Comfort!" ejaculated Drummond. "Slight comfort he would get from seeing you; for, mark me well, if you go into Jamestown jail to-day, you go not out again. Berkeley will hardly dare to seize you here, but he would not stop long on ceremony were you to thrust yourself into his hands."

"Friend Drummond is right," urged Lawrence; "it is your duty to the lad to make your own safety secure."

John acquiesced, seeing the wisdom in their words. "But what if the villainous hound should not wait till night?" he cried, with sudden alarm, lifting his face to the sky. "What if he should slay him to-day?"

"There is small danger of that; they have other use for him," returned Drummond, with a significance in his tone that he did not intend. John caught at the meaning clumsily. He was only sure that Drummond had some reason for the remark; Drummond was wont to have reasons, being Scotch.

What the meaning was, was revealed in a startling manner before John had time to press a question upon the man; for a fellow at the moment came running up the trail that led to Jamestown, breathless and staggering. Reaching the group, he drew from his breast a paper. On it was scrawled, "FATHER: Come. They are torturing me. ROBERT."

CHAPTER X

THE RESCUE

WHEN Robert Stevens was thrust, from the heat of his contention with the agent of the King, into the dark dankness of the dungeon at Jamestown, his patriotic ardor underwent a cooling process. Deprived of the sustaining inspiration of the surrounding audience, which he



LIVE OAK GROVE IN HILTON PARK, WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

knew to be mainly in sympathy with what he said; removed from before their admiring eyes; taken out of the heroic setting in which he had played his part—his bold spirits rapidly subsided beneath the sobering influence of prison. He learned the difference between fighting a fight in the glare of public approval and making a solitary struggle for courage behind prison walls. Fear took him, and regret: he upbraided himself for his rashness. In the end, he laid his head against the logs that formed the walls, and wept.

crouching on the floor as he might have crouched at his mother's knee in an hour of trial. For at the last he was only a boy, in spite of the early manhood that was forced in youths of those times by the heroic passions that possessed the people, and the rough lives they were brought to live.

He thought how free he had been only an hour before, and how hopelessly constrained he was now; how completely



SAINT PETER'S CHURCH, NEW KENT COUNTY, VIRGINIA

at the mercy of that merciless tyrant, Governor Berkeley. From his prison his fancy roamed through all the scenes of his boyhood: the forests where he had hunted; the streams where he had fished; the reaches of the river along which he had sailed, care-free and happy; the roads through the vast timber tracts where he had ridden on his horse; the companions of his youth, who might even now be shouting after the hounds or stalking the deer.

From thoughts of freedom he came to thoughts of his home and family. He saw his mother, brave and hopeful,

standing with blanched face in the doorway, her eyes cast toward Jamestown in ever-living faith that he would come home; he thought of his sweet sister, stricken and mournful; of his father, broken-hearted and crushed. He pictured the scene when he should be brought there in his shroud, horrible from the gibbet. His soul shuddered; his body was convulsed with sobs.

Voices resounded outside the door of the cabin that was the jail. He struggled to his feet and dried his eyes on his sleeve as he groped to the air-hole, which was the only channel of light, or air, or sound, from the outside world. He would not let them see him weeping, whoever they were. His sobs, which continued, racked his body, so hard did he struggle against them.

He could make nothing of the sounds as he placed his ear against the opening, save that a number of men approached the jail, talking among themselves in earnest tones. Presently there was the grating of a key in the door, and it was thrown open. The light blinded him at first; he could only see that some half-dozen men entered, and that they brought with them ropes and boards, and something that gleamed like metal. His heart sank; he believed they were about to erect a gibbet in his prison and hang him at once; if he had known what was before him, he would have asked God to let it be that.

It was done. Shattered, torn, bleeding, quivering with anguish, barely reviving from what he had undergone, the lad lay on the cold ground of his dungeon in the last despair. In all the gloom that oppressed his mind, there was only one ray of light; but that was a glorious, sustaining ray. He had not told them what they sought to know; nay, though they had led him to the edge of death; though his tongue

had cried out in utter anguish, he had not told them what they wished him to tell!

Once, in the midst of it, he had swooned, and they had left him while they went out into the air. Reviving, he had found the jailer by his side, the sight of whom gave him a shred of hope; for the jailer was one who had been a slave indented to his father, and who, working out his term, had left with a feeling of mutual regard between master and man. The jailer, seeing him open his eyes, whispered in his ear a message of courage. On a bit of paper torn from the wrapping in which the man carried his tobacco, and with a stick sharpened into the semblance of a pen, Robert had written a note to his father, and the jailer had made shift to send it. The ink in which it was writ was the blood that was upon the boy's hand.

But now it was over! Perhaps they would come again; let them come. They had done their utmost, and he had not told. He had cried out; he could not help crying out. He thought of it with shame, and tried to condone it. But if they came again, they should get no sound from him. They had taken him unawares at first; the most he had feared was the gibbet. But let them come again!

Why did not his father seek him out? Had the note miscarried? Had it been intercepted? Why had his father failed him? For some good reason, surely. His father would not desert him; his father would not fear to give him aid. All Virginia would rise if his father offered to lead them to the jail where the tyrant tortured boys.

If he could have seen John Stevens at the moment, bowed by terrible grief, restrained from acts of utter madness by the hands of his friends and those whom they called to their assistance, he would have breathed deep with grateful pride in such a father. If he had heard the words by which they sought to dissuade John from his rash purposes

of rescue; if the lad could have known the dangers that beset his father should he attempt to come to Jamestown,— Robert would have joined his voice to theirs; he would have raised a prayer of thanks when they succeeded at last in pacifying a man so loving and so brave.

His strength revived, and with it a more exquisite sense of pain; with it, too, a return of courage. He could die, if need be, like a man. If he was never to see his father or his mother or his sister again, there should at least be nothing in his memory that could bring shame to their cheeks, die on the gibbet though he might. If he were to perish for the words he had spoken in heat, the words would not perish, but would spring to more vigorous life from the blood shed for them. If his life were to close now, it would be a sacrifice to the liberty of Virginia, and he was content.

Content at last, he fell into a sleep that was half the delirium of pain and half the exhaustion of nature. Distorted visions filled the night; sometimes they drove him out of his stupor into vivid realization of where he was; sometimes he cried out in his dreams, and woke to find



FIRST STONE HOUSE BUILT IN SHENANDOAH VALLEY

himself clutching his mouth lest he cry out again and reward his tormentors.

At last he awakened fully. He had no knowledge of the time; he only guessed that it was still night, because the air vent was black and not to be distinguished from the wall, save by the cold, damp breath that came through it from the river mists without. The pain had died away; his hurts were not as deep as they had seemed when new upon him; he was only pitifully lame and sore, with a feverish throbbing in his head. He arose from the floor with great labor, to rest himself, groping his way toward the vent for a breath of fresh air. An oppressive sense of his utter loneliness came over him as he reached the slender opening beyond which was the wide world; he pressed his cheek against the current that came through, yearning bitterly for his fellows, and half frightened by the solitude.

There was a soft, stealthy step outside the wall! A sweat stood upon his brow; if only they would not come by night he could stand their torture; but the nameless dread that darkness brings to many, made him weak. The step came to the door; a key grated in the lock; slowly, noiselessly, almost imperceptibly, the door swung open and a man stood outlined against the dull grey of the starlight sky.

"Who comes?" the boy asked, hoarsely.

"Hush!" came the whispered answer, in friendly tone. "Softly!"

Robert, astonished and mystified by this friendly tone, forgot some of his fears.

"Who are you?" he whispered back.

"The night sentinel in this part of the fortress. Ask no more questions. Hist! if you exclaim aloud you may ruin all."

The visitor had felt his way to the spot where the youth was standing, and now, with his hand on the boy's arm,

was speaking close to his ear. It was their former indented servant, Simon by name. Robert, not yet realizing the situation, was in a daze.

"You are, indeed, one of Heaven's favored," Simon went on rapidly. "There are those in this structure to-night who will not leave it until they enter on the march that leads to the gibbet."

He paused, breathing heavily in his excitement. Then he resumed, in staccato whispers. "Listen! time presses! You are to escape!"

Robert could have cried out at the suddenness of this announcement, but he checked the impulse. The guard was clutching his coat.

"Make no sound! Ask no questions. I have opened the door for you, but you have great dangers to pass. A company of militia is camped within gunshot. You must get by the sentries."

The boy's heart sank. His head was in a maze.

"If you do as I say," the man went on, "you stand good chance of succeeding. As you pass from the door, sink to your knees. The darkness favors you. You understand me?"

"Yes, yes! I am to crawl on hands and knees around the prison!"

"Without haste! Move slowly. You must use the skill of a savage."

"Yes, like a savage! And then — "

"Once at the rear of the prison, you may take to your feet, but still with great caution. You must — hist! I hear a sentry now!"

They listened. From the front of the prison came the tread of a man. It came nearer, turned, and faded into silence.

"Once at a fair distance," the guard resumed, "you will

make greater speed. I do not need to tell you the way to the rising land that borders the James."

"The knoll! I know it!"

"Then hear me! Following the brink of the river, sixty paces after reaching the knoll, you will come to a cluster of willows. Among them you will find a small boat, fitted with sail and provisions, and with a gun and ammunition. Having found them, God must be your guide."

Robert was still unable to grasp this strange deliverance. It seemed a miracle too wonderful for reality. Then, in a flash, there came over him the remembrance of the Acadian story. His mother, alone, had planned that deliverance; his father and mother, together, had planned this. Yet he was not clear. He found his voice with difficulty:

"And you? what of yourself, Simon? You will suffer?"

"I will tell you. Just before the night ends, while the darkness is yet impenetrable, I will pretend that I am called to your prison den by your moanings — as if in great physical anguish. I find you on the floor, writhing. Believing you have in some manner secured poison, I bend over you with my lamp, when you suddenly spring up, seize my pistol, strike me over the head with it, and shoot me in the shoulder."

Robert caught his breath in astonishment.

"You intend to inflict these injuries on yourself in my behalf!"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "You have lost precious moments," he said. "The uproar I shall make just before the dawn will alarm the prison and the soldiers, but you will have a greater start than the hounds will imagine."

The boy, overcome with the sacrifice the man proposed to make, was speechless. In this daring plot to aid him he saw the handiwork of powerful friends. He had not dared to dream that such a thing as this was possible.

In silence he pressed the hand of his deliverer. Follow



THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF WASHINGTON, SULGRAVE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, ENGLAND

ing the guard cautiously down a steep flight of stairs, the boy stood at the prison door. Ahead of him stretched the night, and within the night lay liberty.

It was perhaps an hour later when he groped his way, sick and fainting, into the clump of willows, and, crawling again on hands and knees, lest he stumble into the river, laid hold upon the gunwale of a boat. As he did so there was a rustle in the darkness, and a voice whispered his name. He drew back in a convulsion of fear and terror; in the next instant his heart bounded with great joy; for the voice that had whispered his name was the voice of his father.

"My boy! My brave lad!" sobbed the man, drawing Robert to his breast. "Did you suffer greatly? If there is justice before God's throne, they shall pay for this!" he went on, feeling the maimed hands and the hot, pulsating bruises.

"Mother! Where is she?" asked the lad.

"She is waiting at home to learn of your escape; she would have come, but I forbade her. My boy! I would have come to you to-day through fire and steel, but they showed me a better way to succor you. You have Drummond and Lawrence to thank for the plans that led to this. Good God! That I might have been allowed to suffer the torture instead of this frail flesh!" Tears streamed down his cheeks; he held the lad closer in his embrace.

"'Tis nothing now, father," returned Robert, stoutly; "What am I to do now?"

"You must fly; Virginia is no longer safe. Keep to the river until daylight, and then strike southward for Carolina. There you will find refuge. Many have gone before you. Come! We must not delay. Farewell, my boy! my brave boy!"

"Tell mother they did not hurt me much," whispered Robert. "I should not have sent that note. They shall

never take me alive, father. I shall strike a blow for Virginia against these tyrants yet. Good bye."

Without noise, he crept into the boat; the father shoved it into the stream. There was the faint creaking of the muffled oars, and the splash of water whispering about the prow of the little craft. The man on the bank waited until the river mists obscured the dark floating object, until the tinkling splash of the oars died out in the distance.

Raising his hands in silent prayer, he turned and retraced his steps toward his plantation.



A TRIBUTARY OF THE SHENANDOAH RIVER

CHAPTER XI

EMIGRANTS

THE escape of Robert Stevens from prison created a wild sensation in Virginia. The notorious enmity of the governor for the boy's father; the popularity of the Stevens family among the planters, even those whose Cavalier predilections enlisted their sympathy on the side of Berkeley; the prisoner's youth, the brutal torture by which the governor's agents sought to force him to give information concerning things of which it was well known he knew nothing; his fortitude in refusing to tell his inquisitors what they sought; the romantic manner of his escape — for the story of the guard was credited — combined to give the affair a prominence that was not likely to die soon from memory.

Suspicion fell upon John and members of his household. The father was harried by the vindictive governor, spies were put upon him, his servants were bribed and corrupted; but no proof of his complicity was obtained. Drummond and Lawrence came in for their share of suspicion, but were able to throw it off by circumspect conduct. No trace was found of the escaped prisoner; at the last Berkeley gave up direct search, satisfying himself with putting a price upon the lad's head and issuing a proclamation against any who should shelter him.

His family, meanwhile, had no word from him. They could only hope that he had made his way to Carolina, where a number of fugitives from the tyranny of Berkeley had already fled, led by Roger Green. Beset by many fears for his safety, anxiety at their hearts, they composed

themselves as best they might to the new order, waiting for tidings without knowing that they would ever come.

Matters in Virginia were by no means mending. When Berkeley first came as governor in 1642, there were many who were won by his gracious and courtly manners; they did not see that behind his polish lay the Cavalier. It was



THE REMARKABLE TRIPLE PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I
(From the painting by Van Dyke)

not long before his arrogance and narrowness began to reveal themselves; he was heartily disliked, even by the Cavaliers who favored his system of despotism, long before the time came when he was deposed by the Long Parliament, three years after the fall of Charles I.

One of the most striking things Berkeley had done was to stamp out dissenters. His treatment of Puritans and Quakers was brutally severe. By a strange turn of fate he

was succeeded as governor by one whom he had driven into refuge across Chesapeake Bay, Richard Bennet. Associated with Bennet, as secretary of state, was William Claiborne, who had been in difficulties years before over an attempt to take possession of an island in Chesapeake Bay that belonged to Maryland, granted to Cecil Calvert, son of George Calvert, Lord Baltimore. Virginia resented the gift of Maryland to the Calverts, who were setting up a Catholic province there, and at the same time were according religious freedom to Puritans. The Puritans and Catholics at this time were thrown into a sort of tacit alliance by their common necessities, both being persecuted by the Church of England. It was this that later brought about the strange friendship between William Penn and James II, the fatuous and stubborn King of England. Claiborne sought revenge when he came into power, and led the army that was sent against Maryland. Nothing came of the invasion but a stirring up of bad blood.

It was in 1651, the year before Berkeley was set down from office, that the infamous navigation act was passed. This act required that there should be no trade between England or English colonies and foreign countries, and that all trade between England and her colonies should be carried in British bottoms, or ships made in the provinces. It was a blow directed at Dutch commerce, and brought on a war between Holland and England. No serious attempt was made to enforce it in America. On the return of Berkeley to power, however, the law was rigidly enforced, and a more stringent law was passed which gave England a complete monopoly of all trade.

The effects upon Virginia were ruinous. The market for tobacco was restricted as soon as the exports to Holland were cut off; the price of the commodity fell, and with it, of course, the value of their circulating medium. At the

same time the masters of British vessels raised their freight tariffs, still further reducing the profits of the grower and increasing the cost of imported articles.

Other impressive measures were enacted and enforced. In the hope of building towns, it was decreed that no man should ship his tobacco from his plantation, but from certain stipulated centers. Before this the vessels had loaded from the fields, which came down to the rivers; there was scarcely any communication in Virginia other than that by river and bay. Now the long hauls and extra handling ate up profits. Each county was required to build a house in Jamestown for the purpose of making a center of population of it; the houses for the most part remained empty. Onerous taxes were imposed, and systems of fines from which there was scarcely any hope of escape for the unfortunate man who might chance to incur the disfavor of the governor or the local powers. Among the laws were many directed against Quakers and dissenters. The unit of government was the county; the county courts were self-perpetuating, having control of the appointment of successors to vacancies.

The population, meanwhile, was increasing. In 1649 there were 15,000 inhabitants; in 1670 there were double that number. The people lived on plantations; the plantations were joined politically and ecclesiastically into parishes, which extended along the rivers, often for many miles. The houses were as well furnished as houses in England; the women had their finery and their conceits of the toilet; the men on state occasions wore coats as gorgeous and ruffles as preposterous as any in England. There was an elegant society in the Old Dominion, in no wise differing in manners from the corresponding society in England.

Negro slavery was universal, but was not making great progress. The slaves were well treated and happy. At this time, and for long afterward, there were numbers of



THE HOUSE OF LORDS

indented white slaves in Virginia. Some of them were unfortunates who had been kidnaped from the slums of English seaports and sold to settlers to work out a term of service; others were petty criminals sent from British jails; while a number were poor, honest people who sold themselves for a term of years to pay their debts, or to extricate themselves from other forms of financial difficulties.

For half a year John Stevens struggled against the hard times caused by the fall in the value of the crops; he would have come through as well as the rest of the planters had it not been for the persecutions of Berkeley, whose rancor seemed to increase from day to day. He found himself haled before the court, and fined on trivial pretexts with a regularity that was a drain on his slender reserve and a threat against his entire fortune. Sometimes it was for some technical infraction of the law concerning the shipment of tobacco from the plantation; sometimes it was on trumped-up charges involving the non-payment of taxes; once he was heavily mulcted because a party of Quakers, unknown to him, had held a meeting on his plantation, where they were discovered by officers.

At the last John was summoned to Jamestown to make a defence of his title to his land, some flaw having been picked in it. With a heavy heart he answered the summons and appeared before the court. He was able to compound with the man who put forward the claim, who was a lay figure for the governor, by agreeing to pay a heavy annual quit-rent.

As he was passing from the court-room, he encountered his friend Lawrence; together they went to an inn of the town to procure food.

The inn where they found themselves was a commodious one — an outgrowth of the effort to make Jamestown a city. They were late to the midday meal, and they had a

table to themselves. Their conversation, conducted in low voices, was inaudible to others.

"There is no use of longer attempting to combat powers against which I am helpless," Stevens was saying to his friend. "I am a ruined man, persecuted to the utmost, yet facing greater difficulties.

Though still in possession of my home.

I cannot long stay the day when I shall be called upon either to pay an impossible equity, or to vacate.

Worse still, I and my family are in daily danger of seizure and imprisonment at the hands of the implacable Berkeley, who is

ready to grasp the slightest

excuse. For myself, I

might remain and fight, but

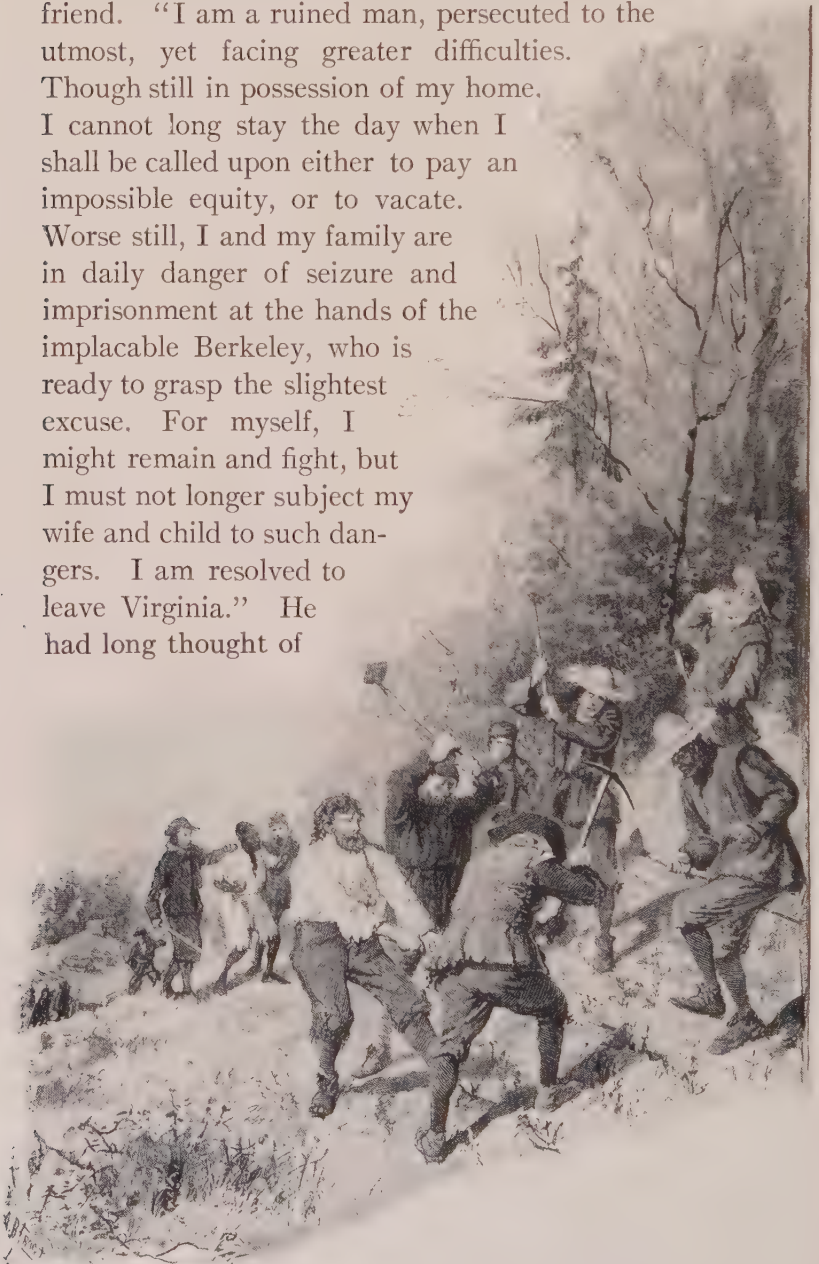
I must not longer subject my

wife and child to such dan-

gers. I am resolved to

leave Virginia." He

had long thought of



TOBACCO PLANT CUTTING IN VIRGINIA (From the drawing by A. B. Frost)

it; indeed, he had seriously discussed it with his wife. The developments of the day determined his doubt.

"A move I have long foreseen inevitable," returned Lawrence. "Unhappy as the necessity is, it is one that does seem best for you, friend Stevens. In my own case, I fear the same situation is approaching. Northern Carolina offers you a field, and Robert, too, is there. He might at times be with you. It is fortunate that your friend Drummond has been named governor of Carolina. You would find the best of auspices in this southern province."

"I have considered northern Carolina," John answered. "True, Robert is there, and my wife and daughter are yearning for his company. We had a secret message from him not long since in which he reported excellent things. We fain would go there. But such destination appears ill-advised. With Berkeley one of the Carolina proprietors, Drummond might not avail us, and we could scarcely hope to hide our identity as Robert has done. Instead, we should expose the boy to fresh dangers."

"Then why do you not go to New Amsterdam?"

"New Amsterdam!" cried John in amazement. "You would not have me go to that land of beer and Dutch courage?"

In Virginia, as well as in New England, there was a tendency to regard the people of New Netherland as comical. Often, indeed, the Dutch were disparaged, both in their wit and in their bravery. This habit of ridicule, unfortunately, has survived three centuries. It did not begin with Washington Irving's "History of New York," by "Diedrich Knickerbocker," as many persons suppose. Its origin seems to have been the fact that New Netherland was totally different in manner, customs, dress, and speech. Dutch ways seemed funny to the English, and no doubt the customs of the English colonies in America might

have been ridiculed with quite as good reason by the Dutch.

But to-day the descendants of those who planted New Netherland have no need of malice toward the early critics of their forefathers. New York — indeed, the nation — has numerous families who proudly trace themselves back to the “Knickerbockers.” To have sprung from these early Dutch in America is conceded almost as a title of nobility.

“Make not light of New Amsterdam,” Lawrence answered. “I hear wonderful things of the town as a place of trade.”

“But would I not lose my identity as an Englishman? Verily, the Pilgrims left Holland to escape such a fate,” asked John, growing serious in his questions. It seemed like a new hope to him. He had never thought of New Amsterdam.

“You would have no need to become a Dutchman,” returned Lawrence. “I have lately talked with one from there, and he tells me that there are as many as eighteen tongues spoken there, with the English next in use to the Dutch itself.”

“But how long will it be before the English take the colony from the Dutch?” John observed, desiring to be further convinced. “English fur-traders are in the Hudson Valley; Connecticut presses against the eastern boundary; even now one, John Scott, lays claim to Long Island, which was granted to Lord Stirling many years ago.”

“Ay, but without right,” rejoined Lawrence; “and this Scott is a knave who will shortly reach the end of his career; I am told as much by this same man, who sails about the coasts much, and seems quick to understand such matters. The Dutch have good right to New Netherland. Henry Hudson, although an Englishman, sailed for Hol-

land when he found the territory. Genoa could claim the whole of North America for her own, on the grounds that John Cabot was a native of that Republic, with as much justice as England can claim New Netherland by reason of Hudson's nativity. And by the principles laid down by Queen Elizabeth, that prescription without possession is of no avail, Holland has a right; for if the principle is true, the converse should be true. Neither is the argument of Augustine Herman to be scoffed at by those who would claim New Netherland by



QUAKERS ON TRIAL (From the drawing by
C. S. Reinhart)

right of priority of discovery; for he maintains that Spain hath a lien upon the whole of North America on that basis, and that Holland, as the conqueror of Spain, has inherited the claim. There is humor in the conten-

tion, but 't is based on a premise that England cannot deny without upsetting her entire claim."

"But should I mend matters much by going from Berkeley to Stuyvesant?" continued John, wishing to examine the problem to the bottom. "Is he not an imperious tyrant as well as —"

He did not finish; a warning frown on the face of Lawrence stopped him.

"He is imperious, I grant you, but he bears no malice against you. You would at least have an equal chance there. Here is the fellow now who told me of New Amsterdam. We will speak with him." He arose, and returned in a moment with a man who had just entered; a bronzed and weather-beaten man with a quick eye and kindly face. "Here is Captain Mark Wiggin, of Boston," said Lawrence, introducing him. "This is John Stevens, Captain Wiggin."

At the name Stevens, Mark Wiggin let fall an exclamation of surprise. "Be ye of kin to Matthew Stevens of Boston?" he asked.

John's identity being soon established, he was raised mightily in the favor of Mark Wiggin, and they fell to talking of New Amsterdam. In the end it was agreed that Wiggin himself would undertake to bring John and his family to that place for a reasonable consideration. The time was set; at midnight on Sunday, when the tide would be right, Wiggin would draw up to the wharf on Stevens's plantation, and they should go down the river with the tide at 2 o'clock in the morning.

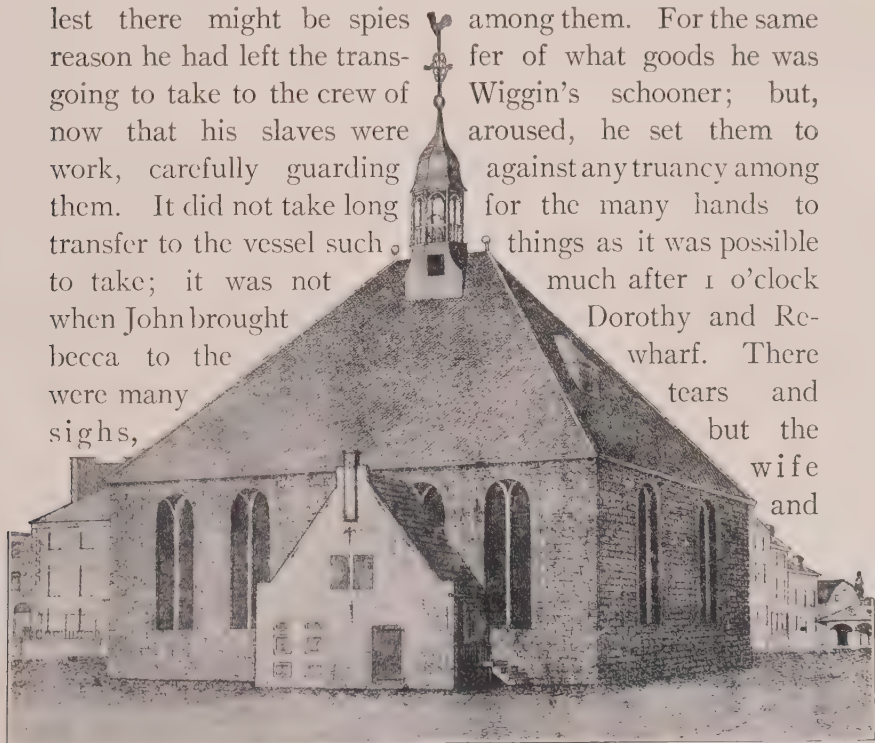
Upon this plan arranged, Wiggin left, and John Stevens shortly turned his face homeward to tell his wife that they were to be emigrants from the land where they had spent so many happy years.

CHAPTER XII

THE DEPARTURE

THE embarkation on the following Sunday night was not made without difficulties. John considered it well to prevent his intentions from becoming known to Berkeley, and therefore desired to make his departure from the house as secret as possible; but the spectacle of a number of men moving under midnight skies between the house and a strange vessel moored to the wharf did not escape the servants, and sent them into such whirlwinds of astonishment and speculation that John feared the excitement would prove contagious and start an alarm.

He had not told his household of his intentions, beyond one or two members of it whom he planned to take, fearing lest there might be spies among them. For the same reason he had left the transfer of what goods he was going to take to the crew of Wiggin's schooner; but, now that his slaves were aroused, he set them to work, carefully guarding against any truancy among them. It did not take long for the many hands to transfer to the vessel such things as it was possible to take; it was not much after 1 o'clock when John brought Rebecca to the wharf. There were many tears and sighs, but the wife and



THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH AT ALBANY, NEW YORK

mother preserved the fortitude that had been so marked in Lady La Tour. What pangs were clutching her heart were hidden from her husband, and she bade their home farewell with cheerfulness on her countenance when they drifted beyond sight of it.

"We shall soon have Robert with us again, John," she whispered, as they had the last glimpse of the house, standing dark on the hillside, barely discernible in the starlight. "That is compensation for more than we are giving up."

For answer he kissed her on the lips, and led her to the cabin where Rebecca already lay sleeping. Returning presently, he joined Mark Wiggin, who was tending the tiller himself, and fell to conversing with him, being too overwrought to think of sleep, and not yet feeling secure that they should be able to leave Virginia without reckoning with Governor Berkeley. It was this that was in his mind when he addressed Wiggin. "Captain," he said, "how does it happen that you can come and go in these waters without question? Do they never suspect you of a design to break the navigation laws?"

"They think they know me, and they don't; that is how it happens," Mark made answer, shortly. "They never suspect me of breaking the navigation laws, because I break them so much and so often, and with so little fuss and feathers, that they never stop to think what I am doing. They have got used to me; that's how it is." He spoke in an indifferent way, keeping his eyes constantly on the shores of the river. John Stevens' spirits rose as he heard the man; there was a ring of self-reliance in his tone and of assurance in his words that relieved him of a load of anxiety.

"You think there is no danger of their trying to stop us to-night?" he asked, presently, perceiving that Wiggin did not intend to resume the conversation.

"There may be danger in their trying it," returned the mariner, significantly. John was buoyed up.

"You think it would be best to go to New Amsterdam and then return to northern Carolina for my son, do you?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"I think so," laconically.

"It will take you longer," suggested John, whose impatience to see the boy spoke within him; "we are in no haste."

"That's hardly the point, friend Stevens," said Wiggin. "The point is that these Dutchmen are wanting to smoke and have nothing to do it with. Now, I don't think over-much of Dutchmen, but I do think a whole lot of smoking, and I don't want to see any man, even a Dutchman, suffer for the want of a pipeful." He said it with a whimsical air, watching the banks the while without ceasing.

"There's Jamestown yonder," he said, presently, pointing with the stem of his pipe to the left bank of the stream where a few lights showed the presence of houses. "I had a mind as 't would be a good night to go down, Sabbath day night," he went on, with a chuckle. "My experience and observation in Jamestown has been that the doings inside the houses on Sabbath day night are of such a nature that the doings outside are less likely to be interfered with. In which it is far different from them Puritan places up our way, where you may not so much as smile if a fly gets on your lip on the Lord's day without being brought up sharp before the deacons. Know any Dutchmen?" he asked, turning abruptly to John with a frank, inviting, friendly expression in his bright eyes. He was in a mellow mood from his pipe. John shook his head, assuring him that he had yet to experience the sensation of knowing a Dutchman.

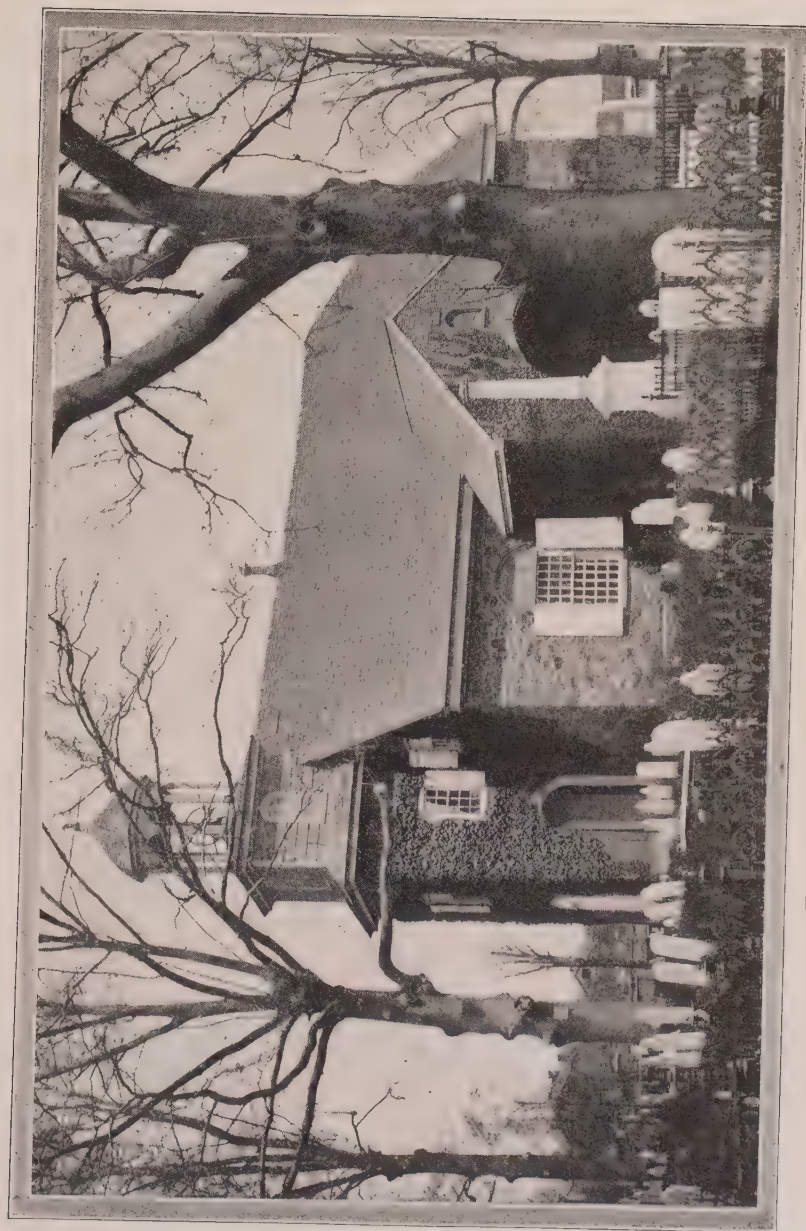
"You'll know one shortly," rejoined Wiggin, whim-

sically. "If old Peter Stuyvesant don't go a long way toward making you think you've found a Dutchman, why, then I'm a Dutchman myself. He's a rare old soul, is Father Wooden-Leg, as the Indians call him. I know him well; we are good friends. You know he lost a leg in a fight at Curaçao and has a peg in place of it; a mighty fine piece of work it is, too, being all carved by hand and bound with silver filigree fixin's. The Dutch call him Silver Leg — when they don't call him something worse.

"Rage? Why, the blastiest nor'easter that ever I rode out was a babe's whisper alongside of that man's speakin' voice when he gets mad. You can hear him forty miles at sea; whereby he is a valuable fixture for a seaport in time of fog. You need never fear that he will fail you in thick weather; he is always roarin' mad.

"He's the most pluperfect specimen of despot that we have in America," went on the mariner, waxing loquacious. "He don't stop for nothin'. If the Nine Men, or the Eight Men, or the any number of men whatsoever, as they call their council, does n't do as he wants them to do, out they go! And they stay out. It's either Stuyvesant or nothin' with them. 'I'll govern you as a father his children,' he said when he arrived in '47; and he does. I can remember my venerable parent's slipper ever time I see Old Peter Peg-Leg governing his children in New Amsterdam.

"You know what his name means, don't you? No? It's Dutch, meanin' 'to stir with sand.' I should n't want to improve on nature so far as his name goes; if he don't stir sand into everything, why, give me sand for grog! One of the first things he did was to fall to quarreling with Kilian Van Rensselaer, who has a big place up river where he carries on a tremendously profitable business with the Indians in the matter of furs. He did n't want Van Rensselaer to sell the redskins any more guns; and when Kilian



THE OLD SWEDISH CHURCH AT WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

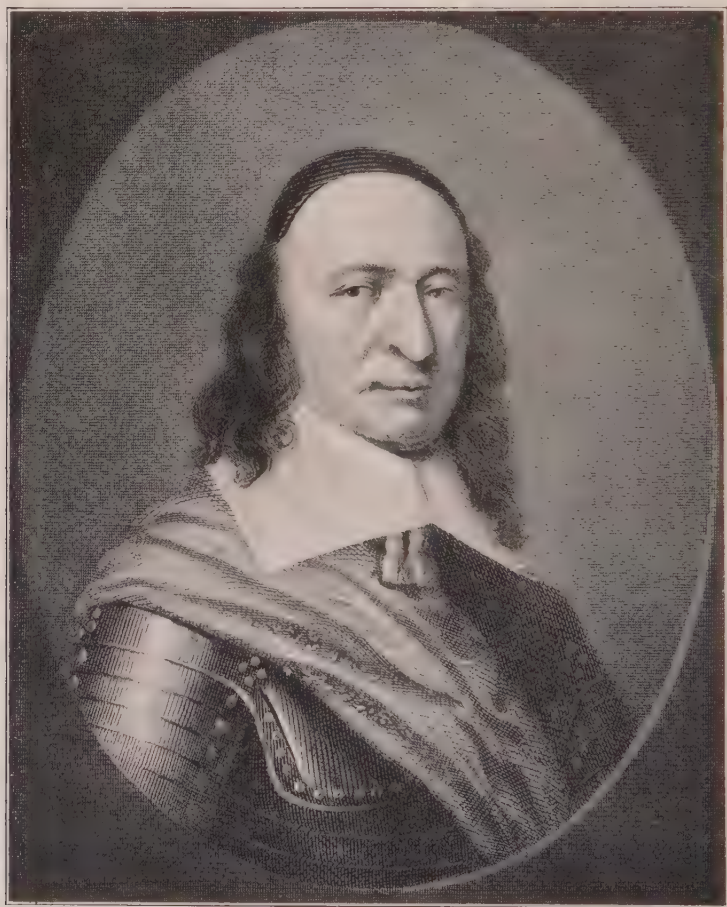
went right ahead furnishing them with firearms, you could have heard old Peter bellow in Boston.

“At the same time, he ’s shrewd, and he ’s honest. The way he came it over the two Dutchman who wanted to overhaul Kieft before the States General is enough to make you believe he knows his nose from a belaying-pin — Kuyter and Melyn, I think their names were, or somethin’ equally unchristian. It was after Kieft had been removed, and Stuyvesant had begun to govern his children. The two were members of the Nine Men, along with Father Allerton, who came over in the *Mayflower* and strayed to New Amsterdam, and your former neighbor Ball, of Virginia; they asked Old Timber-Toes for permission to tell the States General what sort of a Dutchman Kieft was. Do you think he would let them? Not Pete! Somebody might want to go home with tales about him some day! He turned around and brought charges against the two patriotic heroes, accusing them of a number of things most easily proved, and had them banished, one for seven, and one for three years, in addition to a heavy fine. He packed them off to Holland, but discouraged them from saying anything about what had happened when they should get there. ‘If I thought there were any danger of your trying an appeal, I would hang you this minute to the tallest tree in the island,’ he said. On the same point, he observed at another time: ‘If any man tries to appeal from me to the States General, I will make him a foot shorter, pack the pieces off to Holland, and let him appeal in that fashion,’ which would be less disconcerting to a Dutchman than to most, but highly disadvantageous at that.

“But the strange part of it all was that these two Dutchmen went to Holland on the same ship with Kieft, which was wrecked, and they were saved while Kieft was drowned. Old ocean exercises discrimination at times; for if ever there

was a Dutchman, Kieft was the man! He was worse than Stuyvesant, being both fool and thief, as well as a despot. He was the one that got them into all manner of trouble with the Indians when there was no need of it. He thought the way to keep the redskins in good humor was to go out and kill a few now and then; he found they were more partial to the game when at the other end of the killing.

"If it had n't have been for John Underhill, the whole lot of Dutchmen would have been wiped out, chances are.



John Underhill

John showed up in New Amsterdam when things looked the worst for Hans and Gretel. Having nothing to do for the moment, he led an expedition that ate up a whole village of Algonquins. It was as bad as the last fight in the Pequot War where John did much the same thing. Eight of the redskins got away. Seven hundred did not get away.

“John is n’t over particular on which side he fights. Long about 1653, I think it was, about the time that Stuyvesant built the palisades along Wall Street, the story got started that Old Timber-Toes was trying to get the Indians to go on the war-path against the English. There was no bottom to the yarn, but John Underhill, not having had a good lively fight for some time, went about fomenting trouble till he prevailed on Rhode Island to take him seriously.

“Rhode Island responded by issuing to him letters of marque, permitting him to take Dutch vessels. John showed his appreciation of the favor by capturing everything he found in the sound, Dutch or not Dutch, with a beautiful impartiality. He would have had me among ’em, if he had had as much wind in his sails as he had in his talk. He ended up the little affair by storming and capturing a deserted Dutch fort at Good Hope, on the Connecticut River. That seemed to satisfy John; he has n’t been heard from since. I believe he is thinkin’ it over at Oyster Bay.

“The funniest thing about the capture of Fort Good Hope was the fact that New Netherland had definitely abandoned all claim to that strip of territory by a treaty between Stuyvesant and Connecticut in 1650. Some people laugh at him about that treaty, and some cuss at him, but I am inclined to think that he was a little wiser than they guessed. He saw that the English were crowding pretty close along the east line, and that if he tried to hold them too hard they’d break over and swamp him; so he went to

Hartford in '50 to arrange things with John Winthrop. There was a whole lot of long talk; the Dutch claim receding from Cape Cod to Point Judith, during the conversation. In the end it was left to a commission. Stuyvesant appointed his own secretary, who was George Baxter, an Englishman, and Thomas Willet, a merchant of Newport,



FORT CRADIO, ALBANY, NEW YORK

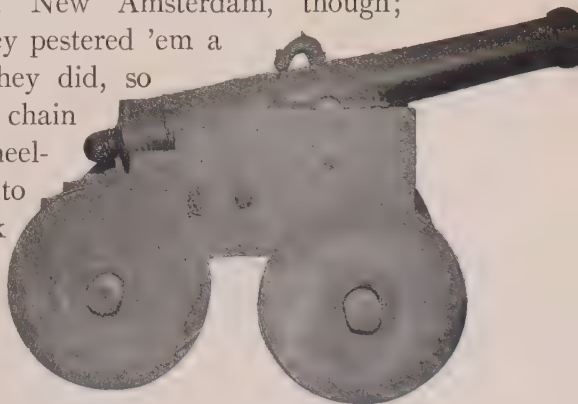
another Englishmen, on the commission. Naturally the English got what they wanted, and Stuyvesant got abused. He made a great noise about it, saying he had been cheated; but it looks to me as though he wanted to get cheated. If the English go out of their way to gobble anything, they are not apt to stop till they have gobbled everything, and Stuyvesant is wise enough to know that.

"I'm not great friends with him for what he did to the Swedes on the Delaware, though. They had a few little

settlements there on land they had bought from the reds. The colony was started by Peter Minuit, a Dutchman who had been turned out of the East India Company. They built forts under John Printz, another German, but were not in danger of doing anybody any particular harm; but Silver-Sole went down there and took possession in the name of the Dutch. I suppose it's good politics, but it's not polite. It's bad enough to be a foreigner without being robbed into the bargain.

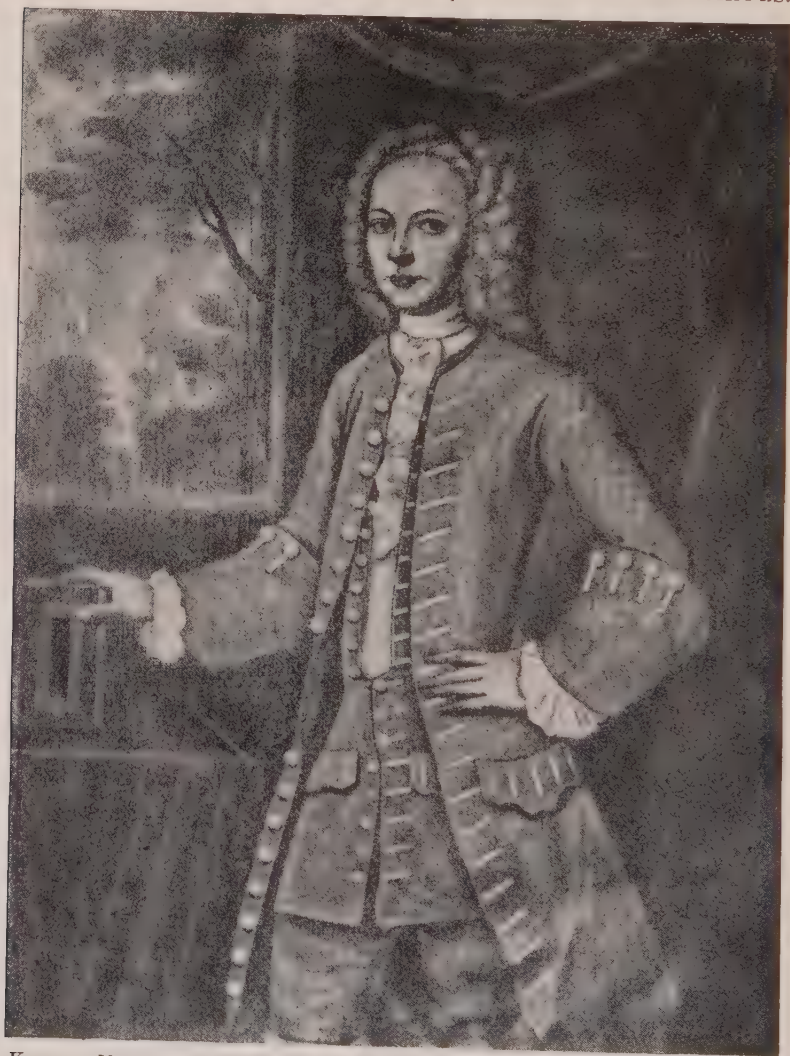
"But the one thing I shall never forgive old Peter is his treatment of the Quakers. I am no Quaker myself, though I am like to be if they get much more abuse; but I can't abide persecution of them. I was in Boston in the spring of '61 when Leddra was hanged; I was in court the day old Wenlock Christison came back from banishment and defied their law against his sect. Nobody knew he was back; the court-room was crowded; it was the last examination of Leddra. Christison made straight for the town-house, strode into the court-room, with his finger raised, and said in a voice like the day of judgment: 'I am come here to warn you that you shed no more innocent blood.' That put a stop to the hangings there. They stretched Leddra all right; but the people were sick and tired of it, and when it came to doing the same by Christison, — well, it was n't done, though he was convicted and condemned.

"'T wa'n't so bad in New Amsterdam, though; 't wa'n't nigh so bad. They pestered 'em a whole lot, but the worst they did, so far as I know, was to chain Robert Hodstone to a wheelbarrow and beat him nigh onto death for refusing to work out a sentence. They meddled some with the Baptists



CANNON OF RENSSELAERWYCK,
MADE IN HOLLAND IN 1630

as well, but nothin' serious. For the most part, a man is safe there with whatever kind of a God he chooses; he don't even have to learn to talk Dutch. There are Huguenot refugees from France and German refugees from Waldensee, living side by side, peaceful and harmonious.



KILIAN VAN RENSSELAER (*From the portrait in the possession of Doctor Howard Van Rensselaer, Albany*)

On the whole, friend Stevens, I think you will like the Dutch, including Old Peter Peg-Leg himself. It's an acquired taste, but I think you'll manage all right."

He ceased speaking, having much work to do with the ship, for they were passing a bend in the river where it rounded a point and turned back upon itself. There was the pulling of ropes, the scuffling of feet, the cries of the crew, the spinning of the wheel. The sails jibbed and filled; the schooner heeled before the wind, which now came abeam; the waves sang at the bow, and she spun down the stretch of wide river that lay before them.

"Well, I guess everything is all snug now, Jerry," quoth the captain to the mate, casting his eye aloft in critical inspection. "You take your trick, and I'll take a turn below. Better turn in, friend Stevens," he added, speaking to John. "There's nothing for it now but a run of sea; it's only a matter of time till those Dutchmen get tobacco to smoke."

He disappeared down the companion-way. John Stevens, drawing a deep sigh of relief as he saw the break of dawn in the east, followed.



PATROON VAN RENSSELAER'S OFFICE: HERE TENANTS PAID THEIR RENTS TO THE WEALTHY LANDLORD

CHAPTER XIII

OLD PETER PEG-LEG

THE good craft *Despair* made short work of the voyage to New Amsterdam. Long, low, keen, and rakish, with a cloud of canvas, she sped swiftly on her way under the perfect seamanship of Mark Wiggin, who knew how to



SMITH'S VLY, NOW THE FOOT OF MAIDEN LANE (From an early drawing)

make each puff of wind and crest of wave help her on her course. It was a day in May, 1664, when they landed at the foot of a narrow street called Smith's Vly, which is now Pearl Street.

Entering New Amsterdam through a gate in its palisades, the refugees gazed with curious eyes on the strange scenes. It was like visiting a foreign land. All they looked upon had the impress of the Dutch, though everywhere were English-speaking persons — immigrants from the other American colonies. Most of them had a smattering of the Dutch

tongue. Then, too, there were Frenchmen, Swedes, Germans, and natives of many other climes.

Within the palisades stood Fort Amsterdam, on a hill that descended on the south to the present Pearl Street, and on the north to the site of the modern grassy circle now called Bowling Green. This fort, made up of block-houses, was 300 feet long and 250 wide, with port-holes for cannon. There were three gates, the main one opening from Pearl Street.

The palisades encompassed the town, its northern limits being the Wall Street of to-day. In building the palisades, the Dutch used red-cedar logs, fourteen feet long and ten inches in diameter, set upright. Loopholes were cut for guns. Along the East River extended three moon-shaped fortifications, called *rondeels*, while the Hudson shores were flanked with redoubts.

The city, as it was proudly called, was laid out like Boston, without much regard for right-angles, the streets and lanes being largely accidental. It is this that accounts for the crooked thoroughfares of lower New York to-day. Pearl Street, then called "Smith's Vly," is the oldest street. This lane was then the eastern water line, while, on the west, houses facing Broadway had their back yards on the Hudson River.

The open plot in the center of the town — to-day's Bowling Green — was the market-place, called "*markveldt*," or market-field. Leading to it was "*Markveldt Stiege*," or Marketfield Lane. The eastern part of this thoroughfare still exists as Whitehall Street. The Dutch church was in Broad Street.

The governor's mansion, a substantial, two-story structure, was one of the finest buildings in New Amsterdam. Stuyvesant also had a farm of a thousand acres, extending from the present Bowery to the East River. He paid an

equivalent of \$2500 for this estate, on which he had a good house and barn, two horses, six cows, and several negroes. Here he was wont to retire at times to enjoy the peace of the country.

The principal inn of New Amsterdam was the *stadt huys*, built in 1642 at the head of Colentics Slip, on the west side of Pearl Street. The business part of the town was along the East River, and this inn was the general gathering place. It was used, too, as a city hall, and here were the whipping-post, pillory, and stocks.

Far to the northward of the settlement, near the line of Canal Street to-day, was a stretch of low land that held a stream of fresh water, fed by a near-by lake. This, called the Kolch, or Collect, was of considerable size, and fifty feet deep. Its shores descended abruptly a hundred feet from the present line of Broadway, and were heavily wooded. The Collect waters ran where subsequently the "Tombs" was built. When New York pushed its way northward, long afterward, the Kolch was filled and built upon.

Adjacent to the "Fresh Water," as the English settlers often called the lake, were farms, isolated and lonely. The whole of Manhattan Island was sprinkled sparsely with these frontier outposts. Where commerce reigns to-day were hunting grounds and Indian camps. Below the Kolch, savages were not allowed to remain, and a heavy fine was imposed on any one who should harbor an Indian in the district between this body of water and the fort. The palisades were intended chiefly as a protection against the natives. The Manhattans, however, who had lived on the island, had been treated kindly by the Dutch.

Mark Wiggin accompanied them ashore and led them to the *stadt huys*, where John made arrangements to lodge his family until he could find quarters for a home. He had with him some furniture, and a sufficient sum of money,

after recompensing Mark Wiggin, to keep them from want until John could establish himself in some kind of trade. Wiggin, as soon as he received his pay, turned around and urged John to take all he might need of it, but the offer was refused.

In the afternoon, John expressed a desire to pay his respects to Stuyvesant, and Mark conducted him to the director's mansion, though not without many warnings and admonitions. "I'll take you in to see him, but, mind you, I won't be liable for the consequences," he warned. "If he breaks his wooden leg over your head, you'll have to get him another one yourself; I won't do it."



THE WRATH OF PETER STUYVESANT (After the painting by A. B. Durand)

Thus prepared, John was ushered into the presence, accompanied by Mark, after they had been kept waiting for the better part of an hour. John saw a man seated at a table; a dark, alert, fiery-eyed man, of some seventy years, with plenty of nose and an ominous twist to the ends of his mouth.

"Well!" ejaculated the man, with eyes flashing and popping out of his head as John stood looking at him. "Well, you Yankee skipper!" he added, turning to Mark.

By that the visitor knew that the man was Governor Stuyvesant.

"Master John Stevens, lately of Virginia, desiring to make his home in New Amsterdam, wished to come and pay his respects, governor," said Mark Wiggin, easily, and without trepidation, hoping to forestall any outburst.

"Let him come; let him come!" bellowed Stuyvesant. "Can't he come without troubling me with his respects? I don't care whether he comes or not!" His speech was accompanied and punctuated by the tapping of his wooden leg against the floor — a fashion he had when agitated.

John stared at him, at a loss to know what had occasioned the outburst. Mark Wiggin, with a whimsical glance at John, took upon himself to answer. "Master Stevens, being in the habit of truckin' with gentlefolk, considered it courtly to pay his respects to you, bein' newly arrived in your city," he said, in an off-hand way, as though the whole affair was trivial. "I did my best to dissuade him, but he would come. Howsomever, I feel free to say that he is not like to bother you again."

Stuyvesant was in a fury. "You Yankee skipper!" he cried, shaking his fist at Mark Wiggin, to the manifest enjoyment of the mariner, "you Yankee skipper! What is it you say about gentlemen? By Heaven, I 'll have you flogged for that! I 'll have you flogged for that!"

"That would n't do, governor," suggested Mark. "That is n't the way to prove gentility. . . . You see he is about as I described him, including the silver work," observed the seafaring man to John, as he stood surveying the irate governor with a critical eye. "I 've got tobacco in my ship," he announced, abruptly, to Stuyvesant, perceiving that he was about to burst forth again.

"I don't care if you have pearls and gold; I 'll have you flogged!" retorted the governor.

"Right good tobacco this crop, too," pursued Mark Wiggin. "Have some."

He held out his pouch, at the same time producing his pipe, as though with a mind to smoke. Stuyvesant scowled at the tobacco, scowled at Wiggin, scowled at John; looked at the tobacco again, with a clearing face, looked at Wiggin, and turned to John with a grin. "He is the devil!" he chuckled, jerking his head toward Mark, at the same time reaching for the tobacco pouch. "He calls me Timber-Toes to my face, and Old Peter Peg-Leg!" Whereupon the testy governor burst into a roar of laughter, which did not abate until he had filled his pipe and lighted it.

"How are your loyal subjects?" queried Mark, when they were comfortably seated about the table, at an invitation of Stuyvesant, extended with an elegant bow and a wave of the arm worthy a courtier.

Stuyvesant was a volcano of rage immediately. "There never were such a lot of pig-headed obstinacies in the whole world!" he thundered, thumping his peg leg against the floor and his fist against the table at the same time.

"As who?" interposed Mark, for the benefit of John, depending for his personal safety upon Peter's obtuseness.

"All of them!" shouted Peter; "On der Donck, who tells tales in Holland about me; De Vries, who does what he pleases at home; and the whole pack of them. You know what they say, these people? They say that the law of nature authorizes them to meet together and tell me what should be done! Bah! But I fix them! They met; and after they had been talking, talking, talking for four days, I told them something! 'We derive our authority from God and the company,' I said, 'and not from a few ignorant subjects, and we alone can call the inhabitants together!' That is what I told them; and with that I threw them out of the door, so; poof!" Peter illustrated his manner of

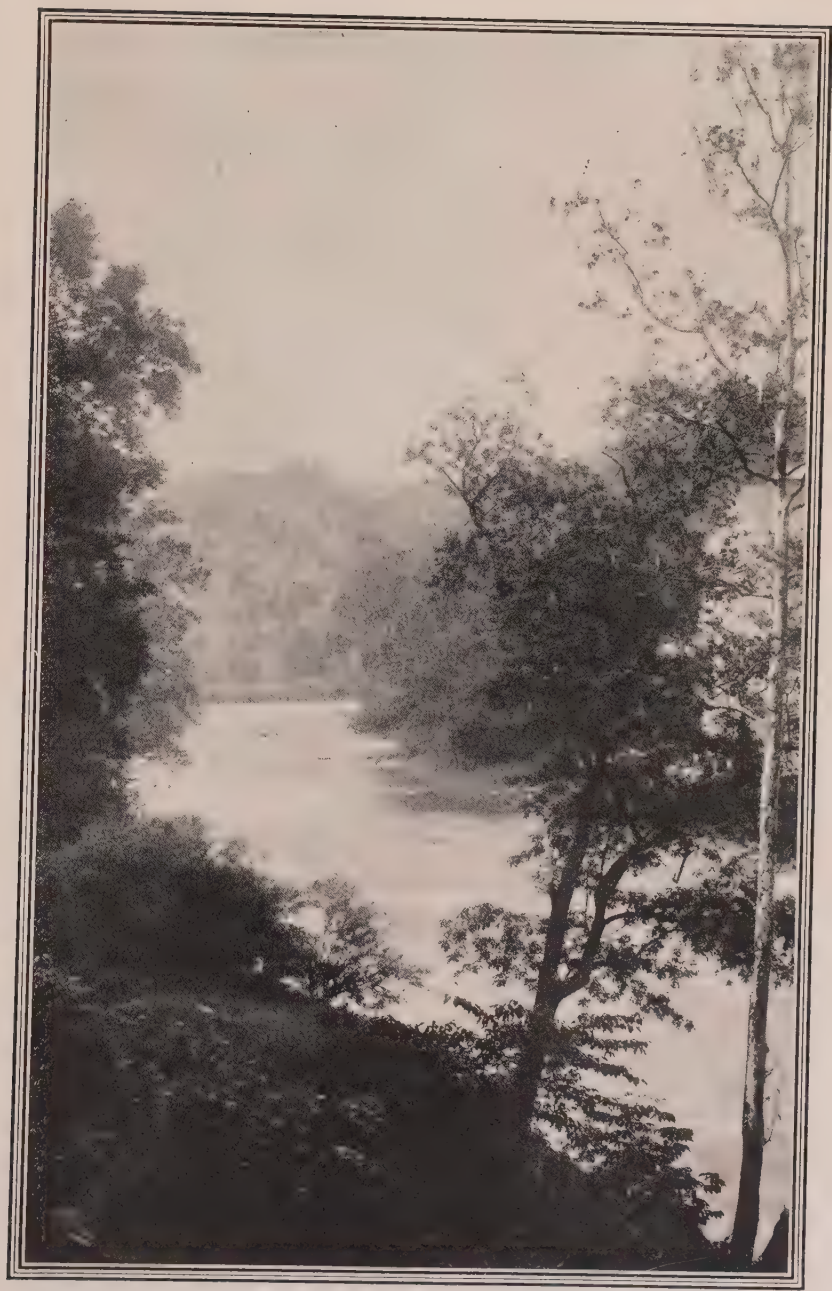
closing the assembly by puffing a huge cloud of smoke from his mouth.

"Hermann! Hermann!" cried the governor, at this point, to a secretary in a corner of the room. "Bring us some schnapps; we will have some schnapps, yes?" to his guests. "But I come even with them," he resumed, chuckling. "George Baxter, who was my secretary, I made so that he was nothing at all, and put him in jail; so I did James Hubbard, when the two of them proclaimed Oliver Cromwell and waved the English flag at Gravesend. For all of which I got the thanks of the company, which is all that I ask from any man. Come, we will drink a schnapps," he added, pouring out glasses of the gin which the secretary brought, and handing one to Mark and another to John. "To your good health, you rascal, and yours, Mynheer Stevens," lifting his glass to Mark and John in turn. The toast was drunk, and Peter went on; clearly his heart was warm toward the Yankee mariner who bearded him in his den.

"But now there are more troubles," he said. "Always troubles to bother me! These English; you are English, Mynheer Stevens?" stopping himself abruptly.

"I am an American!" returned John, with more vehemence than would have been understood by one who did not know the cause of his being in New Amsterdam.

"Good! Good!" shouted Peter, slapping his hand thunderously upon the table and beating a lively tattoo with his wooden leg; for that useful appendage served him in a multitude of moods. "These English, they lay claim to the whole world! They give away Long Island to Tom, Dick, and Harry, as you English say." He unconsciously made a distinction between those whom he addressed and the English people overseas; a distinction that grew subtly out of a gradual divergence that was leading the colonies further



UP BRANDYWINE CREEK, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE



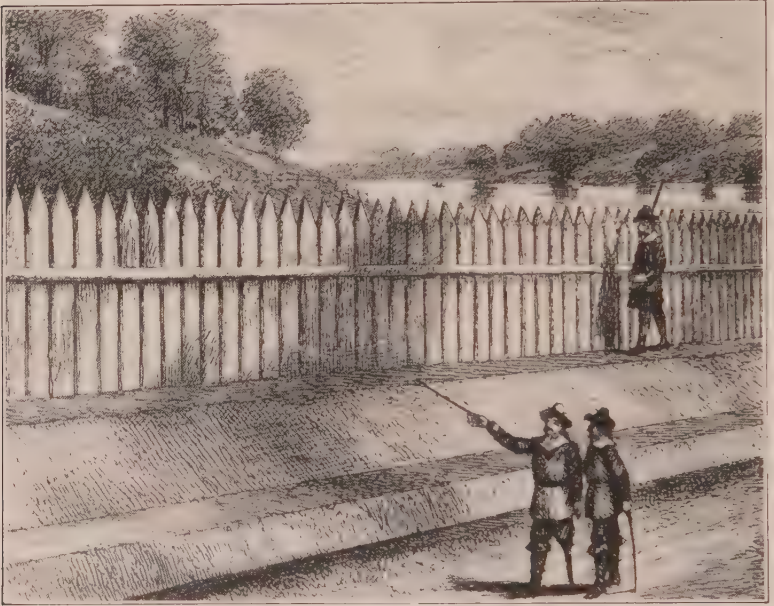
and further from the mother country. "They give away great parcels of New Netherland, which are not theirs to give. Why, what did this Governor Winthrop do two years ago but go over to England and get a charter for Connecticut to all the land from where they are now to the Pacific Ocean, wherever that is; right straight across the Dutch possessions? And this was after I had arranged a nice little treaty with him, whereby all such matters as boundaries were adjusted to our mutual satisfaction! And now they say that the treaty does not mean anything! Heavens! such a people are the English!"

"What is your good friend Scott doing in Long Island?" queried Mark, observing that Peter was inclined to stop talking.

The question was productive of an immediate explosion. "Bah!" bellowed the governor, taking a turn or two on his wooden leg to save himself from flying to pieces; "Such a jackanapes as that Scott never was! He is a knave, a gooseherd, a swine, a dog! He is a turncoat, a traitor, a . . .!" Words failed the doughty governor; he paced the floor, striking his wooden leg with full force against the polished wood, leaving a little scar at each step; he puffed out his cheeks and rolled his eyes until John Stevens became alarmed; he muttered guttural Dutch curses of such potency that John, though he understood none of them, was constrained to look away. At last Stuyvesant was reduced to a state in which it was safe for him to attempt to express himself in intelligible language.

"You know him, that Scott?" he cried. "You know what he is? I will tell you. In the first place, he is a soldier in King Charles the First's army, but they throw him out because he is a sinner; too great a sinner for an army, even! Only think of that! And then he is a soldier with Cromwell, where sinners were so lonesome that they forgot

all about sinning. And then he is a sly dog with Charles the Second. And do you know who is with him? Charles Baxter, who used to be my secretary! And Maverick! Yes! The dogs! The swine!



NEW YORK CITY WALL IN 1700

“I will tell you the whole story . . . those English! Connecticut,” he thumped his wooden leg against the floor and scowled viciously, when he spoke of that province; “Connecticut claimed all of Long Island west of Oyster Bay, and the whole of Westchester County, and she claimed everything to the Pacific Ocean, right across the Dutch lands, and the Hudson River! Well, I sent envoys to Hartford, and what do you think those English told us? That our charter from the company gave us the right to trade only, and no right at all to the territory! Thunder and lightning! Well, I gave up Westchester, and all the towns west of Oyster Bay. What

else could I do? With Connecticut I could not fight! I have no men, no boats!

"And then this jackanapes, this Scott, comes last December with letters from the King of England to the people of the colonies, telling them how nice a fellow he was! Bah! He said that Long Island was about to be given to the duke of York; Hempstead, Gravesend, Flushing, Oyster Bay, Middleburgh, and Jamaica, which had just proclaimed King Charles, made of themselves a league and chose Scott as president. That is the worst I could wish them!

"But I do not know what is going to happen with us!" went on the old man; there was a trace of genuine care and anxiety in his face that aroused John's sympathy for him. "The English say that the land is theirs; I have no soldiers to tell them that it is not. Last month there was a legislature assembled, but they could do nothing but tell one another that it was too bad! I have sent to the company for men and ships; if they come, good; if they do not, it is wholly out of my power to keep the sinking ship afloat any longer!"

He turned abruptly to them and bade them good day, as though he felt he had talked too much.

"A rum old governor, that!" chuckled Mark, as they left the house, "but he's got a heart in the right place for all that he's a Dutchman."

CHAPTER XIV

MYNHEER SCHNOODENVELDT PROPHESES

ALTHOUGH the interview with the governor had ended auspiciously, and John felt that he himself had profited by the favor in which the testy old Dutchman held Mark Wiggin, he was nevertheless downcast when he rejoined his family at the *stadt huys*. It was the threatened advent of



STADT HUYS, NEW YORK, BUILT 1602, RAZED 1700

English rule that disturbed his peace of mind. Within the last half-hour he had taken a new view of the situation; he saw things in wider prospect now, in deeper perspective. He realized that England would inevitably seize New Netherland; that it would only be a question of time. Such an event was only consistent with the general imperial policy of the British government; but in the case of New Amsterdam there was an immediate incentive. England could not hope to enforce the navigation laws in the colonies while

New Amsterdam was in the hands of the Dutch. As long as the Virginia planters could ship their tobacco to New Amsterdam, and there exchange it for goods imported from Holland, the monopoly of colonial trade could not be effectually maintained by English merchants. And John knew that policies of trade are at the bottom of all national wickedness that does not spring from religious quarrels.

He realized that it was the spirit of envy created by the rising power of Holland in her nearest neighbor that caused the great naval war of 1652-1654. It required several important battles, in which Blake was pitted against such redoubtable sailors as De Ruyter, Van Tromp, Evertsen, and De Witt, to regain for England her supremacy over her strongest naval opponent. Now that she held the upper hand he knew that England would not stop at any trifle like the lack of a just claim to New Netherland. She had too much at stake to be honorable in her processes. To be sure she would spin some fine fabric in which to dress her naked effrontery, but it would be more ingenious than ethical. What points were to be raised by the respective claimants he was soon to learn, for there was a man at the *stadt huys* from Connecticut, who had been in London and had heard all the pros and cons.

Discovery was generally conceded to give priority of possession; by that principle Spain would have had undisputable rights to the entire western hemisphere. But in 1580 Queen Elizabeth laid down the further principle that prescription without occupation was of no avail. According to this principle, Spain would have no rights outside of territory actually held by her. Spain was in no condition to dispute the principle, and it became established between nations on the dictum of the English Queen. It was on precisely that principle that Holland claimed New Netherland; she had established a colony on territory discovered

by Henry Hudson while in the employment of the Dutch East India company; the colony had been established in 1614, before any other nation had made specific claim to that part of the continent; and Holland had maintained her colony there without interruption for fifty years. In the charters given to the Plymouth company for the founding of a colony, in 1620, it was expressly declared that the King granted no land already occupied by "any other Christian prince or estate."

For purposes other than those of state, these facts must have been sufficiently convincing; but England saw fit to deny the application to New Netherland both of the general principles and the specific exceptions in the Plymouth charter; in spite of the fact that in 1661 the House of Commons had reaffirmed the principle established by Elizabeth, and declared that England must be bound by it. England's contention in the matter amused John at the same time that it angered him. James I, they asserted, took possession of the entire coast of America between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth parallels, when he issued the greater charter for the Plymouth and London companies in 1606. Occupation under these charters began in 1607 at Jamestown, and 1620 at Plymouth, and these occupations covered all intervening territory, including the Hudson River country. There had been no Dutch settlement worthy of name before 1623, they assured themselves; the boweries and trading stations and towns that the Dutch had planted, and their show of sovereignty, could only endure on the sufferance of the English King. When he saw fit to take the land, they would have to give him their allegiance. That was the fabric spun by the English to give decency to their conduct.

John could no longer have any doubt that the English would come as soon as they found it convenient. He was

disappointed; he had had enough of English rule. The change would involve him in no acute danger; Berkeley, however wrathful he might be to find that he had left, could not take grounds for carrying his vengeance hither. His greatest care was for his son; if the English occupied New Amsterdam, Robert could live there only at great risk. Nevertheless, after consulting with Dorothy, John decided that the boy had best come to them and remain as long as it might be safe.

At first John intended to establish himself as a fur-trader as soon as he reached New Amsterdam;



ROBERT BLAKE, ENGLAND'S GENERAL OF THE SEAS

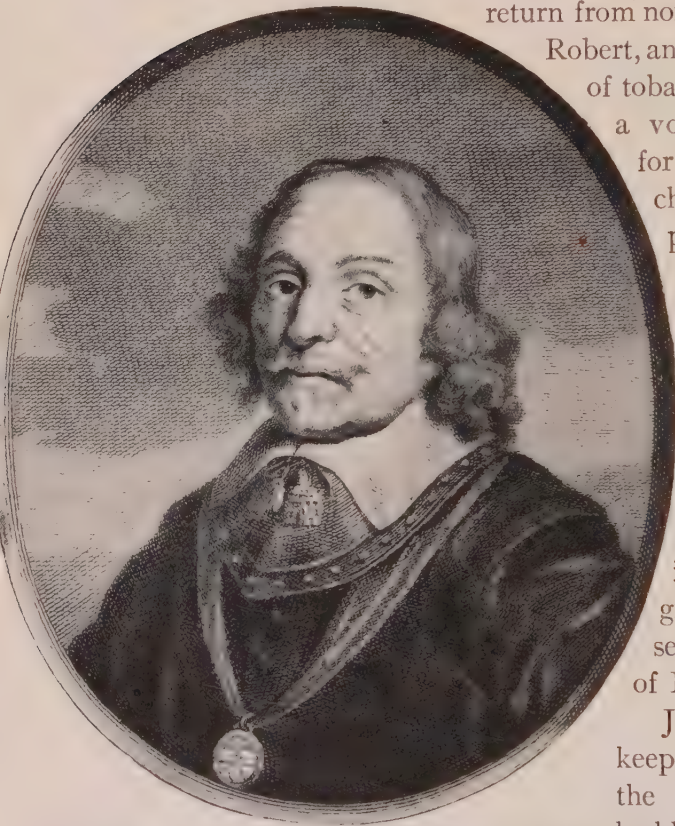
he soon perceived, however, that this occupation was already too crowded, and could be carried on with profit by those only who could trade directly with the Indians, or who could send out their own hunters. He therefore fell in with the suggestion made by Mark Wiggin that he establish a general store, and furnish the inhabitants and traders with necessities.

His first stock, which he set up in a small two-storied building, in the upper part of which the family took their residence, consisted of the tobacco that Wiggìn had brought from Virginia. It was agreed that as soon as Wiggìn should return from northern Carolina with

Robert, and with another cargo of tobacco, he should make a voyage to Holland for a cargo of merchandise, taking his pay in a share of the profits. With this agreement fully understood and on paper — for Mark Wiggìn was a Yankee when it came to business matters, and left nothing to be taken for granted—the *Despair* set sail in the month of May.

John made shift to keep alive on the sale of the tobacco, which he had bought outright from Wiggìn, and did not find

it necessary to encroach upon the slight capital he had left, all of which would be needed for the purchase of goods in Holland. At last Mark came sailing back with Robert in the crew. The young man, refusing to be an expense either to Wiggìn or his father, had insisted upon working his passage. The boy was received with great joy by his



MARTIN HARPERTZOOM VAN TROMP (From the portrait by Lievens, formerly in the possession of the Burgomaster of Delft)

parents and sister Rebecca. He was tall and sturdy, having more the look of a young man of twenty than a lad of sixteen. As a precaution against the shadow of tyranny that dogged him, he used the name he had taken in his flight to Carolina, Richard Smith. He entered his father's shop ostensibly as a clerk, though he lived with the family on terms of intimacy that would have astonished the good burghers, who believed him to be a mere trade apprentice, had they been aware of it.

One there was who, though scarcely a burgher, was both astonished and made miserable by the obvious affection that existed between the young clerk and the daughter of the storekeeper. This was a round-faced, round-eyed, round-bodied Dutch lad, Walter van Guilder by name, whose parents had been murdered by the Indians at Pavonia, and who, as being an available and inexpensive interpreter, found employment with the house of Stevens. This young fellow was not admitted into the secret of Robert's identity. In the beginning it was an oversight; when they remembered that they had not told him, they considered it as well to be on the safe side, and keep up the deceit.

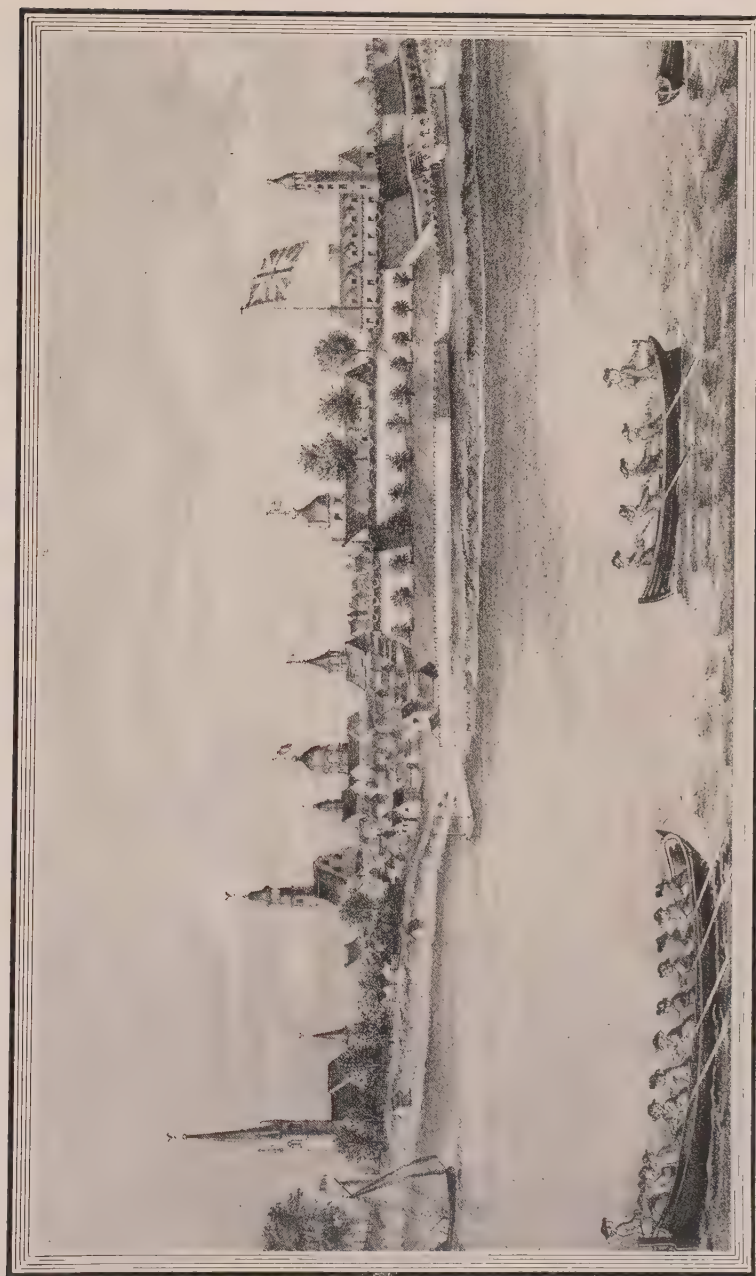
Young Van Guilder was of a romantic turn of mind; he had not been in the store a day before he began to dream dreams in which the daughter of his master was intimately implicated. When the young English clerk arrived and stepped so abruptly into the arms of the object of his own affections, young Walter was horrified and dismayed. He slid at once to the bottom of the slough of despond, and could not be lifted therefrom by the united efforts of the entire family. It was his forlorn and languishing frame of mind that kept him from guessing the secret; his jealous love would never permit him to explain the young man on an hypothesis so consolatory.

The Stevens family fell easily into the customs of the

town. It was a cosmopolitan populace indeed; there were Huguenots from France; Germans from Waldensee; Swedes from the Delaware; Spaniards from the West Indies; Welsh, Irish, and Scotch; negroes and Indians; pagans and Christians; all within the little spot surrounded by the East River, the bay, Hudson River, and the Palisades. They spoke many tongues; but the burden of their tale was business. The planting of the colony by the Dutch company had been an inspiration of business; the spirit of its foundation was infused into those who came there subsequently; it persists to this day, now that New York is one of the great financial and business centers of the world.

John found himself full of commercial zeal. He did not wait for the return of Mark Wiggin with goods from Holland; he bought cargoes from ships that chanced into the harbor, using what little capital remained to him, to the last cent. He made some famous bargains with sea-captains who had brought cargoes there; the rest of the citizens were so preoccupied with the fur trade that few engaged in general merchandising; often the masters of vessels were obliged to stay in the harbor until they could dispose of their wares at retail. It was in such circumstances as these that John made his beginning; one disgusted mariner turned over his entire cargo for barely enough to pay the freight, and took half his pay in a promise.

John and his son Robert learned with remarkable facility to trade in the wampum currency. Used as they were to tobacco as the medium of exchange, it confused them at first to compute in strings of wampum — the white beads made of periwinkle, and the black, which were worth about twice as much, of clam shells. The unit of value was the fathom, a string of shells six feet long. This was almost universal as currency along the Atlantic coast in the seventeenth century.



FORT GEORGE AND THE CITY OF NEW YORK (*From a rare print*)

Throughout the summer, rumors came to Stuyvesant that the English planned to descend upon New Amsterdam and possess it for England. The whispers came from New England. Stuyvesant, alarmed, communicated with Amsterdam. Word came back that dispelled his fears; four English ships had set sail for America, but they were bound for Boston on business of the King of England; New Amsterdam need have no apprehension. By the time he heard from Holland, the four ships were already in Boston, but gave no sign of any intention to come farther. Stuyvesant was wholly reassured.

In the harbor of New Amsterdam were some Dutch war-ships ready to sail to Curaçao; Stuyvesant had detained them as a defence against the English. Now he sent them on their way and went up the river to Rensselaerwyk, where the Indians were burning and scalping. John, with an eye to enlarging his connections, sent Robert with him by special permission; the old governor had shown a marked friendship for the energetic Virginia merchant, who did not neglect to remember him with a choice strand of tobacco now and then, or a flask of Hollands.

One evening, some days after, John stopped to chat for a moment with Mynheer Schnoodenveldt. Mynheer Schnoodenveldt was an ignorant man, without great culture, but with a heart big enough for two men; a circumstance that Walter was facetiously wont to offer as explaining the size of Mynheer Schnoodenveldt's girth, which was remarkable even in New Amsterdam.

Mynheer Schnoodenveldt sat at his doorside enjoying his pipe in the evening air. His good frow busied herself in the little flower garden that adorned the plot before his house; just such a flower garden as adorned the plot before each house in that street, and all the other streets occupied by the Dutch. His numerous family, replicas of himself,



THE LONG WHARF, BOSTON

graduated in size from a youth of ten down to an infant of no distinguishable age, were occupying themselves in their own methods of making a noise, which consisted principally of rolling in and out the door with a large, black, shaggy dog that Mynheer Schnoodenveldt had purchased from a certain piratical sea-captain with whom he had business relations.

"I don't like it!" observed Mynheer Schnoodenveldt, removing his pipe from his placid countenance, after he had stared for five minutes at John, in response to that neighbor's salutation.

John was on the point of making some manner of apology, although he had no means of knowing what was amiss, when Mynheer Schnoodenveldt resolved his doubts and relieved his mind. "First we have the earth shake us like jelly, and then we have the Hudson River running its banks over, and then we have the Indians to get their tomahawks out; and now what?"

John did not know, and made no attempt to guess what was to be expected next, having learned enough of the Dutch by this time to know that they never propounded a question for any other purpose than to answer it themselves. "Why, the English are coming sure!" went on Schnoodenveldt, with great satisfaction in being able to make the enlightening announcement. "What else do we have the earthquake for? or the flood on the river? or the war with the Indians? Just to show us that our Father in Heaven is tired of this Stuyvesant governor we have, and is going to send us Englishmen."

There had been all of these things in New Netherland that year; an earthquake, a flood, and an Indian massacre, but the explanation on political and ethical grounds was new to Stevens. Being desirous of having the matter further expounded, he made emphatic denial of the inferences the Dutchman had drawn from the events. Schnoodenveldt was in the midst of the placid stare with which he invariably prefaced his remarks, when there was an uproar from the *stadt huys* that put an end to further discussion: the shouting of men and boys, the cries of women, and the voice of some one raised in loud announcement.

John made his way thither without waiting for any further communication from Mynheer Schnoodenveldt. He found a tremendous tumult about the *stadt huys*: men running hither and thither in confusion; crying out to each other; hurrying off to different parts of the town, and hurrying back without getting anywhere; in short, every evidence of a sudden panic. It was a long time before John learned what it was all about. Not until a horseman, mounting a steed and flying off toward the Palisades, had disappeared, and the sound of the hoof-beats had passed out of the air, could he get the attention of any one long enough to be enlightened.

At last he found Walter, more round-eyed than ever, and demanded the news of him. "Why, sir," blubbered the boy, "a courier just came from New England and told us that the English have left Boston and are coming here to capture us! And this man," indicating with an inclination of his head the rider who had just disappeared, "is goin' to notify the governor."

"What did I tell you?" came a voice over John's shoulder.

John looked around and saw Mynheer Schnoodenveldt, who had just loitered up to see what it was all about.



PETER STUYVESANT'S TOMB IN THE WALL OF SAINT MARK'S CHURCH
NEW YORK

CHAPTER XV

THE SHADOW OF TYRANNY

FOLLOWING the consternation caused by the first announcement of the coming of the English, there was a feeling of resignation among the citizens of New Amsterdam. There was no vital patriotic sentiment in the town; the colony was founded on no broad principle of liberty for which men would be ready to die; the population was so heterogeneous as to lack cohesiveness; there was a large admixture of English, who might be expected to look with favor on the coming of their kin to rule. Indeed, there were many who rejoiced more or less openly.

On the other hand, those who would have had the Dutch rule continue over the colony did not make any demonstration of their partiality, for the city was doomed from the beginning. The fort was a crazy affair, mounting only twenty guns; the banks of the rivers were wholly without defences; the supply of powder was lamentably short; there were in the entire city not more than 150 trained soldiers, and 250 men capable of bearing arms. The English had 120 guns on their four frigates, and brought with them nearly a thousand men.

It was in this light that Mark Wiggin viewed it when he came walking up the street one day, fresh from his voyage to Holland. "If 't wa'n't for the cargo we've got 'tween decks of the *Despair*, you and I could laugh at this thing," he said to John, whom he found taking down the shutters preparatory to the day's business, without the formality of further greeting than a brief "howdy." "I s'pose old Peter Peg-Leg will fly at these Englishmen like

a cat with kittens; he 'll have somewhat to get mad at now, for sure!"

"Have you a cargo?" asked John, stopping in his work.

"That I have."

"What are we going to do with it?"

"Why, drag it into the shop, I s'pose; 't won't make much difference with business who governs this town, I reckon. Hello! Here comes Richard!" concluded Mark, catching himself on the point of calling him Bob.

John, turning swiftly, saw his son coming along the street with a melancholy expression on his face. "Stuyvesant back?" inquired the father. Robert nodded his head affirmatively. "What is he going to do?" went on the elder Stevens.

"He wants to fight; he has gone down to the fort now to see what he can do to put it in order; but I don't believe anybody is going to fight beside him."

"You 're right, son!" exclaimed Mark. "These burghers will prove a school of jelly-fish when it comes to fighting. Just let business go on without interruption, and they don't care who is governor!" There was an indignant ring in Mark's voice as he uttered the aspersion.

"But I 'll help him, if we two have to fight alone!" cried the lad angrily. "I know what these British are; I 'll die before I let them drive us out of our home here! What right has England here? No right but the right of might! It is an outrage, a crime, for them to come to New Netherland!"

"If you live to be old enough, you will see the folly of dying in a promiscuous manner," observed Mark, in a way that made Robert feel some years younger than he really was. "There 's no particular reason why you should go to spilling your blood over New Amsterdam; if you find you can't live here, you can live somewhere else, can't you?"

"No reason!" cried Robert, feeling the years come back to him on the flood of his passion. "Is n't it reason enough to fight for your home? Is n't it reason enough to fight for your right to live where you wish to? Must I be driven hither and yon by this shadow of tyranny without raising my hand against it?"

"Likely you must; let 's go down to the *stadt huys*," returned Mark, quietly, in the same belittling manner. Mark was far from being out of sympathy with the sentiments so fervently expressed by Robert; he only sought to dampen the boy's ardor and bring it within the control of reason.



THE BLOCK HOUSE AND CITY GATE IN 1674, NOW
THE FOOT OF WALL STREET (From an early drawing)

Robert curbed his angry resentment against England, and accompanied his elders to the *stadt huys*, which was the focus of the town. Stuyvesant was storming about, endeavoring to kindle some zeal in the breasts of his subjects, with little success. They stared at him and shook their heads between puffs, but did not seem greatly concerned. A dozen times that day he harangued the citizens; a dozen times he hastened to the fort to see what progress was being made toward making the place defensible.

"I would rather be carried to my grave than surrender



A BRITISH FRIGATE (*From an old print*)

without a fight!" he muttered to himself, as he passed to and fro.

On the following day the news went through the town that the four frigates were in the lower bay, and that they had seized the block-house on Staten Island. On the morning of Saturday, August 30, Colonel Cartwright came up the bay under a flag of truce, bearing a summons to Stuyvesant to surrender, promising that no harm should be done to life or property. Colonel Nicolls, who commanded the expedition, had forgotten to

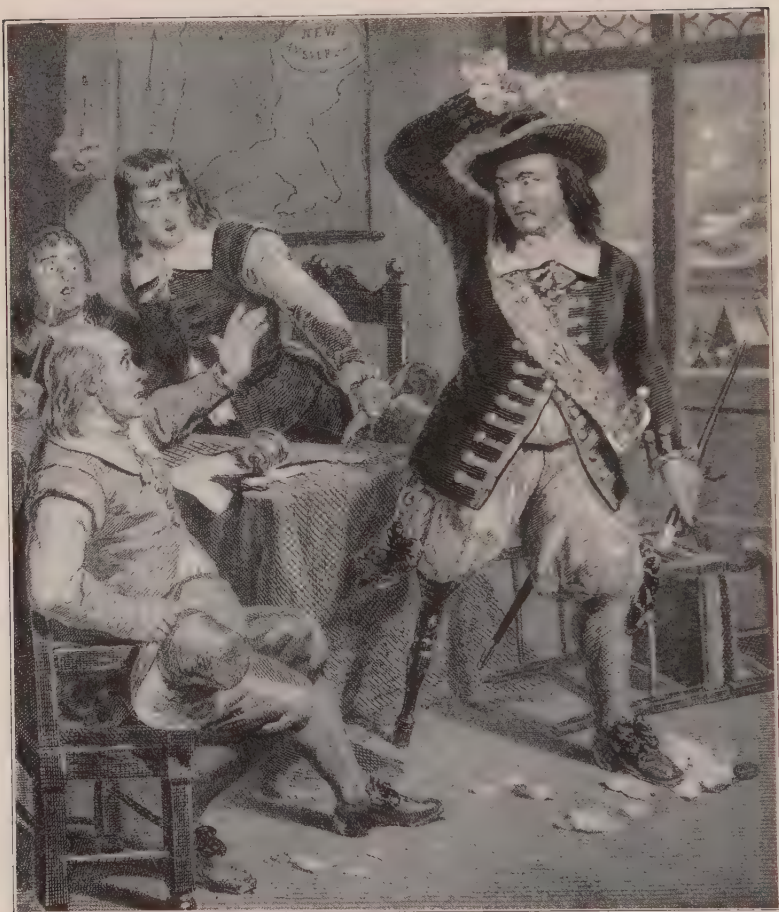
sign the paper. While Colonel Cartwright was gone to get the signature, Stuyvesant consulted the burgomasters and *schepens*. They wished to submit. This he stoutly refused to consider, and kept all hands at work on the fortifications.

On the Tuesday following, John was in his store, which had been a stranger to business since the first news of the coming of the English, arranging the stock which Mark Wiggin had brought from Holland, and which they had made no delay in bringing ashore. Robert was sitting on a bale of goods, dejectedly staring through the open door toward the waters of the East River. He had given up hope that there would be resistance; he felt that he was coming under the weight of Berkeley's hand again; he knew not where to turn or what to do.

"You would have done better to have gone with Mark Wiggin," said his father, bustling about with packages of merchandise. "If you were to stay out of sight for a spell until we can see how matters are going to shape themselves, you might find it safe to stay here." Walter van Guilder, overhearing as he busied himself with the new stock, opened his eyes wider than usual, and made a round mouth. So this fine fellow was afraid of the English, was he?

"It will never be safe for me to stay where the English are," returned the lad gloomily. "There is a price upon my head; I should never feel secure; if I were to be recognized I should be hanged!" Walter van Guilder opened his eyes so wide that he was in danger of losing them, and made a mouth so round that a low whistle came with his breath. He smothered it under a roll of silk, in great consternation, beside himself with the discovery that his hated rival was a fugitive from English justice. Perhaps Robert or his father heard the whistle; perhaps the subject was too painful for further discussion; whatever the reason, silence fell between them. There was no word spoken until Robert, still gazing moodily toward the water of East River, arose with an exclamation. "There is a boat with a flag of truce!" he said.

There was no further work with the new stock; all three



STUYVESANT DESTROYING THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER NEW AMSTERDAM
(From the painting by Powell)

posted off toward the point where the boat had now landed. "Governor Winthrop with messages from Nicolls!" shouted the crowd, informing each other. "He wants Stuyvesant to give up; better do it, too!" Winthrop and Stuyvesant, together with the burgomasters and *schepens*, and those who were with Winthrop, were in a tavern close by; the people gathered about, clamoring for news of what went forward. Presently Winthrop emerged with his following: "He has

left a letter for your governor," said one of those who was with Winthrop, in answer to the eager inquiries of the people.

A hush fell over the crowd, which had now swelled to great proportions. The moment was so tense that there was scarcely a sound among them all when the door of the tavern opened and three or four of the burgomasters emerged. "What of the letter?" cried some in the crowd.

"He tore it up," responded one of the burgomasters.

"He tore it up!" "He tore it up!" "The letter was torn up!" The cries ran through the crowd.

"Why did he tear it up?"

"Because," replied the burgomaster who had already spoken, "it made such decent proposals for surrender that he feared you would not make any defence if you learned what it said! We desired him to read it to you, but he tore it up."

A howl went up from the assembled citizens; the gathering began to take on the aspects of a mob; it surged and jammed about the door of the tavern, calling angrily for the letter. John, who found himself close to one of the burgomasters, asked what opinion was among them. "That we should give up," replied the man, promptly.

The people, gathering more ominously about the door, hooted, hissed, and howled, demanding the letter. John, pressing among them, found a pair of prominent citizens, who he knew had the ear of Stuyvesant. He whispered briefly with them; together the three entered the tavern and made their way to the room where the conference was being held.

Stuyvesant was wrought up to a pitch of anger beyond anything ever before witnessed by those who knew him. He stood confronting the burgomasters, who cowered before him. His distended eyes flashed fire; his jaws were set,

his nostrils were dilate and quivering; his whole frame shook with wrath. At his feet lay the fragments of the letter he had torn up.

"The people would like to see the letter," said Nicholas Bayard, one of the citizens who had come in with John. Stuyvesant turned his eyes upon the intruders; he heard the cries of the multitude, and knew the meaning of it. "Cowards! Puppies! Black curs!" he snarled. Turning his back to them, he pegged out of the room, with an eloquent vehemence in his silver-mounted leg.

Bayard, picking up the pieces of paper, joined them together, made a copy of the letter, and read it to the people. It was a communication from Colonel Nicolls to Governor Winthrop.

"Mr. Winthrop," it read: "As for those particulars you spoke of to me, I do assure you that if the Manhadoes be delivered up to his Majesty, I shall not hinder, but any people from the Netherlands may freely come and plant there or thereabouts; and such vessels of their own country may freely come thither, and any of them may as freely return home, in vessels of their own country; and this and much more is contained in the privilege of his Majesty's English subjects; and this much you may, by what means you please, assure the governor from, Sir, your affectionate servant, Richard Nicolls."

If there had been any spirit of resistance latent in the people of New Amsterdam, there was little left after the reading of the letter. They learned that a change of government would make no change with them; that they would lose neither home nor trade privileges; that it would be Holland that was damaged, and not themselves. And why should they fly to the aid of Holland? Holland had never exhibited any lively concern in their welfare.

Peter Stuyvesant, angry and stubborn, sent a long letter



THE PARK AND CITY HALL, NEW YORK (From an old drawing by W. H. Bartlett)

to Colonel Nicolls, arguing the rights of their respective governments to the possession of New Netherland; Colonel Nicolls replied that he was a soldier under orders; that he could not discuss a question of right; that if his terms were refused he must attack. "On Thursday I shall speak with you at the Mannhattans," he sent word. He was told that he would be welcome if he came as a friend. "I shall come with ships and soldiers," he replied. "Hoist a white flag over your fort and I may consider your proposals."

Thursday came. It was September 4, a clear, calm, beautiful summer day. Burgomasters, citizens, soldiers were gathered in Fort Amsterdam: a poor, frail affair to oppose to his Majesty's frigates.

A shout went up from the wall of the fort, "The frigates are coming!"

Slowly, gently, with white, spreading wings, the vessels moved up the harbor. Two of them dropped anchor off Governor's Island; from them troops were seen landing on Long Island. The others came softly toward the fort, wore off, and passed by, with guns shotted, the gunners standing by, matches in hand.

Stuyvesant, dour and determined, arranged his soldiers; the guns were loaded, matches were alight. About him stood friends, and enemies; even the enemies must have felt some pity for the stout heart that was facing the overwhelming odds, alone and without sympathy.

"Resistance is not soldiership; it is sheer madness," said Vice-Governor de Sille, touching Stuyvesant on the shoulder.

The eyes of the old hero flashed as he turned. "I am governor here!" he cried. "I am here to defend the fort, and I will do it!" There was the old fire, the old roar in his throat. He was Peter Stuyvesant still!

"Of what avail are our poor guns against those broad-

sides of more than sixty guns? It is wrong to shed blood to no purpose!" It was Dominie Megapolensis, who said it, in solemn tone.

The vessels were abreast the fort; on ship and rampart the matches were alight. Still the order was not given.

Men came bearing Stuyvesant a remonstrance signed by ninety-three leading citizens; the name of his own son Balthazar was among them. His lips trembled; his eye was moist.

Women and children came, weeping, beseeching him to spare their homes from the English bombardment. "Well, let it be so!" he said, with a bursting heart. "But I had rather be carried to my grave!" For the moment the old Peter Stuyvesant was vanquished; not one among them all but felt a shadow of sadness at the spectacle.

Robert Stevens, with a sigh that was half a groan, turned and departed from the fort.

Walter van Guylder, watching the British soldiers march into the fort, was wrought to a high pitch; nothing had ever happened in New Amsterdam before to stir within him the instinct of patriotic fervor that is inherent in the human breast. The sight of the uniformed ranks aroused his wildest enthusiasm; without any distinct idea of why he did so, he began to shout for the troops and for all things British. There was infection in his enthusiasm; those about him began to shout and wave their caps; Walter became more frantic in his joy.

Suddenly his mind flew to Robert, and he was obsessed by a conviction that it was his high duty to reveal to these deliverers that there was in the town a fugitive from British justice, with a price put upon his head. Be it said for Walter that in that moment he had no thought that the fugitive was his deadly rival; it was rather hysteria — a distorted sense of duty fostered by the emotions of the hour.

He ran to a petty officer; he told him what he knew; he said that he would lend assistance in the capture; that he would show the officer where the fugitive stayed.

The corporal left the ranks; Walter piloted him through the streets of the town to the house where the Stevens family lived. At the door a sense of the enormity of the thing he did came upon him like a blow; he turned and would have sent the soldier away, but it was too late. Sick at heart, hating himself, he raised the latch and entered. The store was empty. The rooms above were deserted. They had not come home.

His eyes fell upon a piece of paper upon which something was written. He bent above it and read the words:

“DEAR MOTHER: It is best that I go. I only bring myself and you into danger by staying. I will get you word; we shall see each other soon. Your loving son, ROBERT.”

With a ghastly face he handed the note to the soldier and staggered from the room. He had sought to betray her brother into the hands of his enemies.

CHAPTER XVI

A SAILOR OF THE SEAS

ESTHER GOFFE, sitting with her embroidery beside a table in Matthew Stevens's parlor, looked up from her work with a troubled face and gazed long and wistfully on the benign countenance of Matthew. It was an evening in late autumn, 1667; darkness had already come; lighted candles sputtered and fluttered in brass candlesticks on the table.

"Father," she said, at last, for she had come naturally to call him father; "is there no one who can tell me of my uncle? Is he dead? It is seven years since he left. He promised to return; we have not even had word from him. Do you know anything of him?"

"Truly, I know nothing, child," returned Matthew, tenderly, full of compassion for the girl; "but I cannot believe that he is dead. He would not have failed to send a message to you with his last breath; we should surely have heard. Be not downcast; you will see him again. 'T would be too great a risk to be incurred were he to come to Boston now; the King's officers still seek him."

"Was it in search of him that the commissioners were here last year?"

Esther referred to the agents of the King who had been endeavoring for the three years past to bring Massachusetts to a proper appreciation of her duties toward King Charles. They were the men who had been in the fleet of four frigates that had come in 1664 on the way to expel the Dutch from New Netherland for the benefit of the duke of York; Colonel Sir Richard Nicolls, Sir Robert Carr, Colonel George Cart-

wright, and Samuel Maverick. Nicolls had stayed to govern New York; the others had been up and down New England endeavoring to knock the supports from under the high horse that Massachusetts rode.

Charles II was deeply displeased with Massachusetts. She had formed a league with Connecticut, New Haven, and Plymouth, calling it the United Colonies; she had been



INAUGURATION OF THE FIRST ENGLISH GOVERNMENT AT THE NEW YORK
STADT HUYS

coining pine-tree shillings since 1652; she had restricted suffrage to those who belonged to the Puritan persuasion; she had taken the province of Maine under her sovereign protection, ignoring the circumstance that that territory had been given to the Gorges; she had absorbed the four independent towns in New Hampshire; she had made laws that did not defer to the acts of Parliament; and had otherwise conducted herself after the pattern of a sovereign power.

Moreover, she had persecuted Quakers — something that Charles could not permit. If Protestants were to begin



GEORGE MONCK, FIRST DUKE OF ALBEMARLE (*From the portrait by Sir Peter Lely*)

to persecute, they would not stop short of persecuting the Catholics, and that was a thing he could not endure, for his sympathies were warm. Also, she had given refuge to the regicides, Whalley and Goffe. But, above all things,

she had failed to proclaim him King until fifteen months after he ascended the throne, to which insult she had added the further indignity of omitting to reply to a letter he wrote in 1652, in which he complained of all these things, and made certain demands.

The demands were that Massachusetts change the religious qualifications she had imposed on suffrage, that she dispense justice in the name of the King, and that she take an oath of allegiance. It was to enforce these demands that he sent the commissioners, and kept them there after they had finished their work in New Amsterdam. He also instructed them to keep an eye open for the regicides, Whalley and Goffe.

There was much bickering. Massachusetts finally acceded to the demand concerning the exercise of justice, but made a quibble of the others by referring them to a committee, where they were strangely forgotten. The commissioners wrangled until they were out of patience, gaining little beyond an insight into the independent spirit of Massachusetts. In 1665 Sir Robert Carr sailed for England with evidence to be used in *quo warranto* proceedings against Massachusetts, but he was captured by a Dutch vessel. "The people of Massachusetts are all rebels, and I can prove it!" exclaimed Maverick in disgust.

These matters, or such of them as she was not already familiar with, Matthew Stevens explained at length to Esther, concluding with an assurance that while the King's officers would probably give her uncle short shrift if they found him, they had abandoned all active search, and he was safe so long as he did not expose himself. He was in some hiding-place, he told her; he had been secreted a number of times in various towns in New England, that they knew, and had friends wherever he went.

Somewhat comforted, Esther was turning to her work

again when there was a loud knock at the door. Her heart leapt; her thoughts were much upon her uncle; she felt that it was he who had come. Perhaps Matthew was possessed of the same fancy, for his hand trembled as he raised the latch and softly opened the door.

But it was not General Goffe who stood in the candle-light that streamed through the opened door. It was a young man of some twenty years; a sturdy, bronzed, weather-beaten young man with a proud eye well set on an intelligent face. Above the left eye was a scar; instead of disfiguring it added a certain fascination to his expression, as scars often do.

"Now, whose eyes are those that look upon me?" murmured Matthew Stevens, gazing earnestly through the open door upon the stranger.

"Belike they are my mother's," returned the young man, with a smile. "'T is often said that we bear resemblance to each other."

"And who was your mother, young man?" enquired Matthew, eagerly, standing aside to admit him.

"Dorothy La Tour!" cried the youth, closing the door behind him and confronting Matthew in the fuller light of the candle.

"Heaven be praised!" said Matthew, joyfully. "You are the son of John Stevens; your name is Robert, if I mistake not!" He grasped the hand of the young man, laying his other hand upon the broad shoulder.

Robert made him certain of the identification with a laugh and a firm pressure of the hand; a pressure so firm that Matthew winced and nursed his fingers when they were released. Mistress Stevens felt his strength, too, in the embrace with which he returned her greetings.

"But my name has become Richard Smith," he observed, significantly. Matthew understood, and nodded his head.

Robert's eyes falling curiously upon Esther Goffe, his kinsman made them known to each other with brief explanations. There was little that he had to tell Esther concerning the stranger, for the story had often been told, and his fame came before him. Learning that the girl was the niece of the fugitive regicide, Robert cast a more searching glance at her, unmindful of her blushes. She was now fifteen years old, in the first glorious dawn of approaching womanhood. Her hair was soft and golden; her eyes like southern skies; her cheeks — what shall be said of her cheeks? Altogether beautiful she was as she sat blushing beneath his gaze in the light of the candles.

"And where have you been these many years?" asked Matthew, placing a chair for him. "Your father, from whom I hear from time to time, has told us that you went to sea; but he has had no word from you for these twelve months."

"To sea I have been, sir," returned Robert; "fighting the English, in the Dutch navy. I was with Van Tromp and De Ruyter when they sailed up the Medway and blockaded the Thames in revenge for the dastardly capture of New Amsterdam; I have seen Prince Rupert flying before the onslaughts of our guns; I have beheld the sea strewn with shattered wrecks of British frigates; I have heard the cry for quarter from the blood-stained decks of the foe!" He said it with a living pride and joy that set the heart of Esther in a flutter, although she shuddered at the picture he drew.

"Yes, and it was there I won that!" he went on, pointing to the scar upon his forehead, at which Mistress Stevens had unconsciously been staring.

"We had heard that you were with the Dutch," said Matthew. "But was there no regret, no shame at taking arms against those of your own blood?"

"My country is dear, but liberty is dearer still," replied Robert, his eyes kindling. "What a victory was that! England hath not been so humiliated since the days William



JAMES, DUKE OF YORK (*From an engraving in the Boston Athenæum*)

hazard a journey thither within the fortnight, when Mark Wiggin, who brought me from Holland in the good craft *Despair*, makes a voyage to New Amsterdam; for I am now his mate. Meanwhile, I shall let them know of my safety if I can."

the Conquerer marched upon the island! 'T was a fitting vengeance!

"And my parents? And my sister?" inquired Robert, anxiously. "You say you have heard from them? Are they well?"

"Ay, we hear often, and they are well and prospering," answered Matthew. "You will see them soon?"

"I shall

"And make one of us," said Matthew cordially. "But you err in calling it New Amsterdam. 'T is now New York, for the King gave the province to his brother, the duke of York; it was to take possession in his name that the expedition sailed against the Dutch."

"That I know, but it had slipped my mind," returned Robert. "It added to the zest of whipping the English fleet; for the duke of York is commander of the British navy, as you doubtless know. How do matters go there? Can you tell me aught of them?"

"Well — famously well, considering the despotic form of government imposed upon the colony by the duke of York. Governor Richard Nicolls, the same who commanded the expedition, is a worthy man, moderate and just, in whom the powers of despot are exercised mildly, and for the general good of all. Things proceed as they did in matters of business; he interferes with no one, and everybody is content. Stuyvesant, we learn, has returned, and lives privately at his bowery."

"He came this summer from Holland," observed Robert, "where he went to clear himself for the surrender of the town. The directors of the West India company were angry with him at first, but he produced such an abundance of testimony from New York showing that he did more than might have been expected to save the place, that he was restored to favor, and was commiserated with, rather than blamed. He is a good soul, and a brave, though by training and birth a despot. He did the best he could; father and I knew him well, and admired him."

"You found him better than Lord Berkeley, then?" suggested Matthew, half smiling.

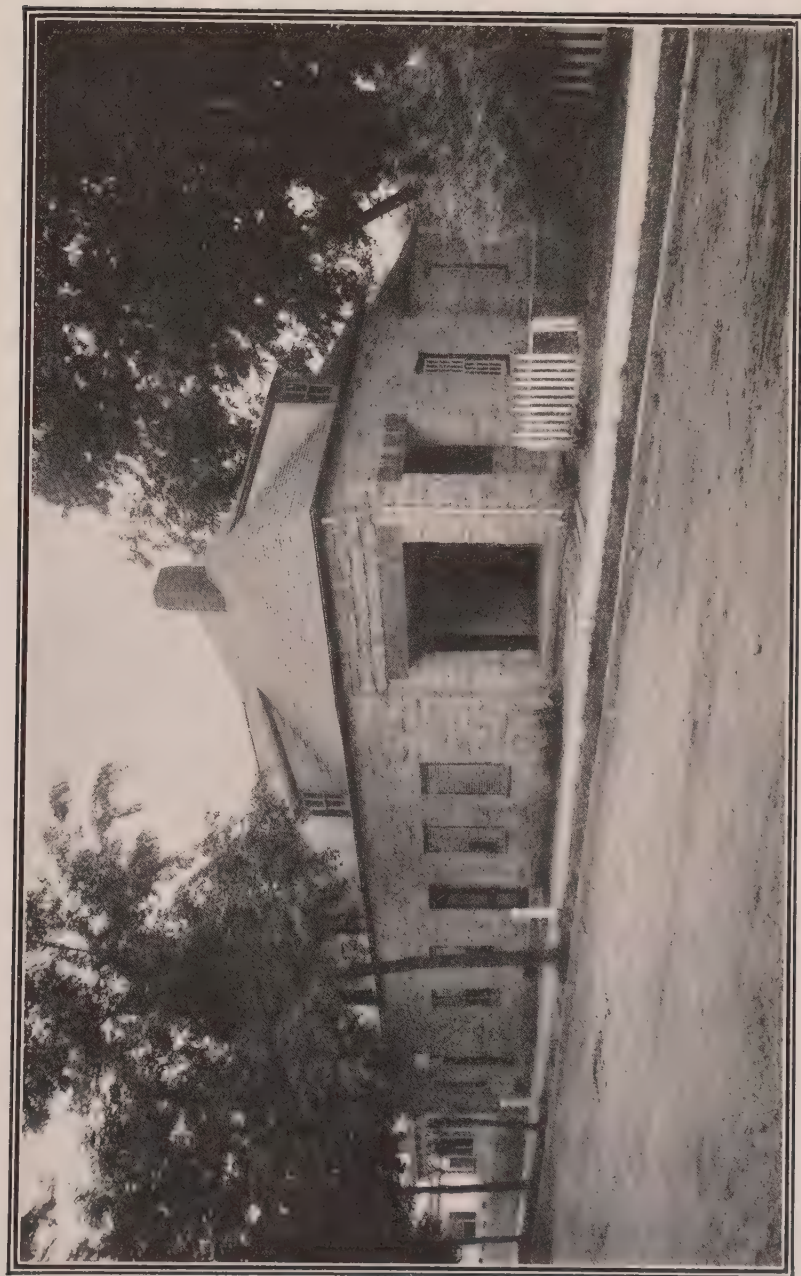
"Berkeley!" ejaculated Robert. He took a turn up and down the room before he ventured to proceed. Confronting his uncle then, with clenched fist in air and his eyes

glistening, he cried: "There is only one thing for which I live! I want to live until this arm can strike a deadly blow at that arch-fiend and tyrant! Then I shall be ready to die!"

Matthew, moved by caution, deemed it wise to abandon the subject. "Your father tells me that you spent some time in the Carolinas before you went to New Amsterdam," he observed, discreetly. "Tell me, what manner of place is Carolina?"

Robert, flattered by the question, as being a tribute to his knowledge and judgment, proceeded to tell him. "The Carolinas, when I took refuge there, made a frontier; a red frontier," replied Robert. "There was no one there save a few who had gone into the country from Virginia with Roger Greene, in 1653, to escape from the oppressive tyrannies of Berkeley, and another company that went with George Durant in 1662. Roger Green's party of a hundred settled in the Chowan precinct; Durant's at Perquimans. They lived in rude log cabins with chimneys made of sticks and mud; their food was the meat of the game they killed; wild turkeys, deer, and bear; their only neighbors were the bloodthirsty Indians.

"But now the colony has grown. In 1663 King Charles made a present of it to some of those favorites of his who had had much to do with regaining his throne for him; George Monck, duke of Albemarle; Edward Hyde, earl of Clarendon; Anthony Ashley Cooper, earl of Shaftesbury; Lord Craven; Lord Berkeley; Sir William Berkeley, our governor of beloved memory"; — Robert's tone was keenly sarcastic here — "Sir George Carteret, and Sir John Colleton. In the same year Sir John Yeamans made a visit to the coast, returning two years later to found the colony on Cape Fear River, now known as Clarendon. In 1664 Governor Berkeley sent William Drummond, the Scotch-



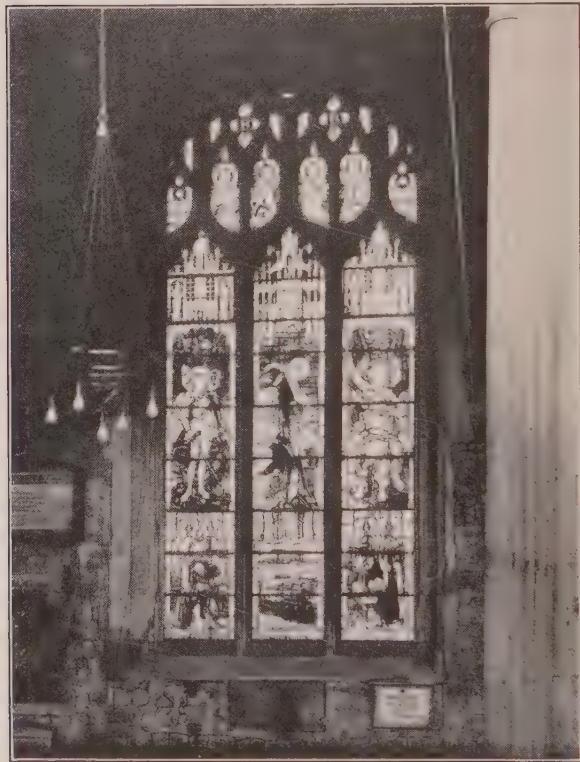
THE OLD SENATE HOUSE AT KINGSTON, NEW YORK

man who helped me to escape, to govern over the Perquimans precinct, which is now called Albemarle, after Monck, the King's favorite. I learn from friend Wiggin, who lately has been there, that they give small heed to him; though their rebellious spirit is more against the man who sent him than against himself, for Master Drummond is a just and humane man with much love of liberty. But what is this that the same fellow Wiggin tells me about the rebellious spirit of Massachusetts?" he added. "It seems that the King's commissioners lately had cold comfort from you."

He listened with glowing eyes to the account Matthew gave him of the bickerings and bargainings. When the other was finished he arose to his feet, in a thrill of excitement, and paced the floor. "The time will shortly come when we shall have to listen no more to the whinings of a silken-haired libertine on the throne of England!" he said, with emotion. "Why should we, who have hazarded our lives and foregone the comforts of existence to wring this red frontier from the hands of the savages, and from the grey, grim hand of starvation, why should we pay homage and allegiance to England? Have we not done the work? Have we not made the waste places fruitful? Have we not cleared the forest to plant the field? Have we not struggled, and suffered, and despaired — and won? And now is the reward not to be ours, but the King's? Who knows but that this league you have here among the colonies for your mutual protection may yet grow into a nation, grand and glorious, built upon the firm principles of personal liberty? Who knows that the end of such as Berkeley may not come from such a beginning as this!" The eyes of Esther were fixed upon him in timid wonder; she had an unnamed dread of this thing that was called England; his words made her fear for him and those who heard him. Yet there was gladness in the frightened look, as well.

Matthew, who had listened with growing apprehension to the burning words of the young dreamer, prevented him from saying more. "They hang for less than that in these days!" he said impressively.

"'T is small odds to me for what they hang," rejoined



THE MEMORIAL WINDOW TO BLAKE IN SAINT
MARGARET'S CHURCH, LONDON

Robert, with a bitter laugh. "I can be hanged but once, and already I have promise of that!"

"Tush, tush, boy!" soothed Matthew; "belike that is forgotten ere this. Surely Berkeley has more to do than bear rancor against mad-cap boys!"

"Be that as it may, I in-

tend to make test of it this summer; for I plan to pay a visit to my Uncle Duncan in Westmoreland, on the Potomac," said Robert, subsiding from his highly-pitched state of mind almost as swiftly as he had been aroused to it.

Good Mistress Stevens, in whom the conversation had produced marked drowsiness, being awakened by the lull

that came at this point, proceeded to make amends. "Bless the boy!" she cried. "He has had nothing to eat! Now, have you, Robert, lad?" Robert replying, after a moment's concentrated reflection, that he had not supped, there ensued much bustle, Matthew going out for another stick for the fire, and his wife stirring about in the kitchen to a great clattering of pots and dishes.

Robert, falling into a reverie before the blazing hearth, oblivious of the pair of blue eyes that were fixed on him in admiring wonder, was presently called to life and to supper by the cheery voice of his grand-aunt. It was late hour before he bade them farewell and repaired to the sailor's tavern where he was staying, firmly declining to accept their pressing invitation to stay beneath their roof. "A sailor of the seas should keep to his kind," he answered them, laughing, as he turned from the outer door and struck down the path at a round rolling gait.

Was it of her uncle that Esther Goffe thought so deeply that she sat at her window, gazing over the chimney-tops and roofs of Boston, and the harbor with its ships, until the last lights had gone from the house and tavern and vessel at anchor? Was it fear for her uncle's safety, or longing for her uncle's presence, that made her eyes moist with tears, and caused the sigh that fluttered from her heart when she turned at last from the window? Or was it because there had come suddenly into her life a new emotion; an emotion that filled her heart to the brim with tremulous hope and joy and fear?

If you had asked Robert Stevens, sleeping at the inn by the waterside, what it was, he would have blinked his eyes in honest confusion, and would have been wholly unable to guess aright.

CHAPTER XVII

WHAT FATE INTENDED

ROBERT did not remain long in Boston. Within a week he set sail in the *Despair* for New York. During his stay he spent his evenings with Matthew Stevens in earnest and serious discussion of the affairs of the several colonies. It was on one of these evenings that he learned that his grandfather, Charles La Tour, who had been a wanderer for several years after the fall of the La Tour stronghold in Acadia, had returned from the wilds in 1653, on the death of D'Aulnay, and had subsequently married the widow of his former rival for power, thus ending the feud for the control of France's colony.

Robert, full of his own affairs, did not perceive the effect of his visits on Esther Goffe; he was blind to the flush that came into her cheeks and the tender, wistful look that lingered in her eyes when he was there. To him she was a child, beautiful and sweet, but nothing more. He gave little heed to her, beyond such slight attentions as his gentility prompted in him. When he left he kissed her lightly on the cheek, as a brother might, and promised to bring her pretty shells from the southern coasts; for his part, that was all there was in the separation.

Arriving in New York, he spent the winter with his parents. They had prospered well. Although it became known to Governor Nicolls that John Stevens had left Virginia because of an enmity borne against him by Sir William Berkeley, and although there were those who started whispers concerning the circumstances of his leaving, Governor Nicolls discreetly refrained from paying any attention to

the past, and treated John with marked consideration and respect.

New York was growing. The influence of the Dutch was still strong, especially up the Hudson River. Van Rensselaerwyk — Esopus, now Kingston, and Fort Orange — now Albany, submitted to George Cartwright, one of the four commissioners, who ascended the river after New Amsterdam was surrendered, yet kept along the even tenor of their way, which was the way of business with the Indians. The fort at New Amstel made resistance to Sir Robert Carr, but the resistance was short-lived.

A new province had arisen to the west of the town of New York. The duke of York, in a spirit of gratitude for past favors, ceded to Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkeley of Stratton approximately that part of the territory given him by the King which is now New Jersey. There was so much confusion of title and boundary that it was not straightened out for a century. Philip Carteret, Sir George's cousin, founded a colony at Elizabethtown in 1665, naming the place after Elizabeth, wife of Sir George. The charter granted the colony provided for popular representation, but the laws



CANAL IN BROAD STREET, NEW YORK

enacted by the assembly were subject to veto by a council and governor appointed by the proprietors.

New Jersey was rapidly settled by people from the original New Haven colony, which was merged into Connecticut by the charter that the younger John Winthrop obtained from Charles II in 1662; the same charter that



THE LOWER MARKET, NEW YORK, IN 1746

aroused the indignation of Peter Stuyvesant by giving Connecticut a strip of territory to the Pacific Ocean, straight across New Netherland, canceling the amicable understanding at which the Dutch governor had arrived with Winthrop in 1650. The inhabitants of New Haven resented being delivered over to Connecticut on account of both pride and politics. New Haven was governed strictly by a religious organization; the seven "pillars of the church" were civil officials; Connecticut, on the other hand, was broadly democratic by comparison. For a time New

Haven made resistance to the charter; finding this vain, many of the inhabitants emigrated to New Jersey.

Robert, still Richard Smith in New York, found so little there to make him fear the shadow of Berkeley that he would have remained permanently with his parents, and left Mark Wiggin to find another mate for the *Despair*, had it not been otherwise ordered by fate. The petty officer whom Walter van Guylder had brought to the Stevens house the day that the British occupied New Amsterdam, and who remained in the city, attached to the garrison, had kept a watch for the return of the fugitive.

As one consequence of his watchfulness, he saw and fancied Rebecca, to whom he paid such court as her parents would permit; a circumstance that added one more pang to the canker of remorse in the breast of Walter Van Guylder. In the course of his visits to the Stevenses', during the winter when Robert was there, he began to suspect the identity of the young stranger. In the end he flatly asked Walter if Richard were not the fugitive. Walter stoutly maintained that he was not, but at the same time became alarmed at the possible consequences and warned Robert, without, however, making explanation.

Robert, highly incensed, would have done some desperate deed if his father's arguments had not prevailed over the impulse. In the end, he quietly went aboard the *Despair* when she was about to set sail for Virginia after wintering in New York harbor, and resumed his duties as her mate. This event had the effect of confirming Barnstable in his suspicions.

Mark Wiggin sailed the *Despair* up the Potomac to the plantation where Duncan Stevens lived with his two sons, Mallory, aged twenty-four, and Anthony, two years his junior. Mallory rejoiced in a wife and a baby girl, whose given name was Barbara, but whom the family called by

a multitude of endearing epithets. Robert's visit here was brief and circumspect, lasting only long enough for the *Despair* to be surreptitiously laden with tobacco destined for the pipes of Holland. Westmoreland was far away from Berkeley, but Virginia society was honeycombed by a system of espionage, and Duncan was looked upon with little favor.

Matters had gone from bad to worse in Virginia; corruption and plundering had increased; the Church had become largely corrupted by vicious clergy sent from England, and Berkeley was running a riotous and ruinous course over the rights of the planters. One of the gravest quarrels they had with him now was his partiality to the Indians, with whom he carried on a heavy trade, and whom he favored against the planters themselves.

From that time Robert fell into a reckless mood and manner of life. He did not depart from the rules of conduct that had been born and bred in him, but he lost definite purpose. He brooded over the injuries he had received at the hands of the Virginia governor, growing more bitter as the months passed over him, and vaguely promising himself that sometime he would strike a blow, an honorable, frank and manly blow, but a heavy one, against the tyrant.

He continued to sail the seas with Mark Wiggin. He made visits to New York, seeing his father always, and sometimes his mother and sister, but spending little time ashore. He went to Virginia frequently, as well, taking a grim pleasure in breaking the navigation laws in that colony, for it seemed to him to be a defiance of Berkeley, and an injury to his government. He went to Boston, also, where he was safer and more free to go ashore. He spent much of his time with Matthew's family, when leisure permitted, with wholesome effect upon himself.

In all his visits he continued blind to the regard in which Esther held him. That she was tender and thoughtful

and full of sympathy he was gratefully aware; that he grew more cheerful and like himself when he was much with her, he knew; that at such times his thoughts began to order themselves, and focus on more definite objects in life, he could not fail to realize.

But it was intended that he should care. Not being able to impress him with the seriousness of life through mild measures, fate took it upon herself to lay him by the heels and bring him up with a round turn, and this is the manner in which fate worked. Robert sailed to Virginia with Mark Wig-



THE EARL OF CLARENDON (*From the portrait in the Bodleian Library*)

gin, in the fall of 1672, with stuff from Matthew Stevens for the planters along the Potomac. He was more than usually dejected when the voyage began; at the mouth of the Potomac, a fever of despondency was upon him.

Mark Wiggin took him ashore at Duncan Stevens's plantation, under cover of the night, and left him there while he went about his own affairs among the other planters. Robert was not desperately ill, but was too weak to undertake the return voyage as mate of the *Despair*. Both his uncle

and Wiggin urging him to spend the winter in Virginia to recuperate, he at last consented to do so.

All the time Robert had been ill his brain had revolved about Esther Goffe. She was the pivot of his delirious fancies and the subject of his lucid reflections. Fate had found it necessary to take his brain out of his personal care to make it realize all that Esther had come to mean to him; he had to lose his head to find his heart.

That is how it came about that Mark Wiggin, returning to Boston, bore a letter from Robert Stevens to Esther Goffe. "Mark Wiggin will tell you that I have been ill of a fever," the letter ran, after a brotherly salutation; "and he will tell you that I am not low, nor have been, which I do hope will bring comfort to you. Without being bold in conceit, I well know that to have one whom you know ill and afar off disturbs the peace of mind of even an indifferent friend. So you will be assured, both by what I say of the matter and by my being able to write, that I am not low in body, of which you will assure my kind great-uncle and aunt.

"If this were all I had to say I should leave it to Mark Wiggin and not trouble you with my missive. But I have much more to write than about only state of my body. I would tell you, who have ever been a sweet comfort to me, of the state of my soul. For six years now have I wandered about the world, with no companion but bitter thoughts, until I am aweary of living.

"Since I have lain ill I have thought much of these things; of how vacant was my life, and how much there might be to be made of it were I to conduct it along better lines. After much weighty deliberation I have come to a determination to mend my life and set some purpose ahead of me beyond and above the revenge I held so sweet; which now seems but the outcrop of a burning, youthful frenzy.

"So I have formed in my mind to settle somewhere and



THE CITY OF NEW YORK AND ENVIRONS (*From a steel engraving*)

begin my life at a proper commencement. Now, the question arises, where shall I make the beginning? My heart ever calls me to Virginia, but I cannot live in the shadow of the tyrant Berkeley; for I have lately learned that the proscription against one Robert Stevens still lives, and that there is a reward of an hundred pounds for the one who shall bring his neck to the noose. New York, where I would fain be with my parents, hath proved to be of danger to me; the shadow of Berkeley is in both Carolina and Maryland; I like not the outposts of Swedes and Dutch along the Delaware; and so whither shall I turn? I might go far along the frontier, to hunt and trap and trade with the Indians, but what would that profit me more?

"No, dear friend and cousin—for I suppose we may be cousins,—I shall neither brave the wrath of Berkeley in Virginia nor rest within his shadow



THE CARTERET BOUNDARY STONE,
ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

in the home of my father, nor chance that my scalp shall wither in some lonely wigwam in the wild frontier, but I shall go to Boston! There is danger there, I know, for the shadow of England is upon land; but in Massachusetts there is the breath of freedom not to be found elsewhere in this continent, and a spirit that bows not readily to the yoke of the tyrant.

"And, sweet cousin, if I may, I shall confess to you that there is more than a taste for the flavor of liberty that leads me thitherward," the letter continued; Robert had not intended to hint of the light that had leapt within him, but

his was an ardent soul and one that rarely let him do as he listed when its fires were kindled. "In all the thoughts I have had of my life your sweet face hath been at the center," he went on; "even was it part of those ravings that came with the first fever, making them not like other deliriums, but like pleasant dreams. It is as though your image led me out of my despond. Until now I have been blind to the sweet comfort that you have ever brought to my breast; until now I have been too engrossed in my petty cares to know how they could be made to dissolve before your smiles; but now many things have come in a flood through my mind.

"And so, Esther, if I may not have my sister Rebecca, perchance I can find another in you, you being willing, who shall at least fully take her place. Now, lest I tire you, I shall close this long epistle, saying only further that I shall return to Boston with the first opportunity in the spring."

The letter was signed Richard Smith, in quotations.

How much more deeply fate wrought in this letter than she intended — which is a failing fate has — and what consequences came of it, will presently appear.



THE HETFIELD HOUSE, ELIZABETH, IN WHICH COUNCILS WERE HELD WITH
THE INDIANS

CHAPTER XVIII

WHAT FATE DID NOT INTEND

IT was a day early in May of the spring following the writing of the letter; a soft, warm day, with the love of living everywhere! And Esther Goffe was sitting in the arbor in the garden in front of Matthew Stevens's house. It stood at a distance from the main walk leading to the front door of the house; but close by was a branch walk passing to the street.

Esther, alone in the arbor, was reading a letter, with radiant face and tear-brimmed eyes. It was the letter Mark Wiggin had brought her; it was worn and torn; it had been read many and many a time. With a smile and a sigh she read from the beginning; with such absorbed joy that she did not hear footsteps in the walk nor see the man who came softly across the grass and the bower.

He was a brilliantly handsome man, of some thirty years, admirably dressed. He was slight and short, but finely molded and graceful. His brows came to a prominence above the nose; there was a subtle effect of hardness to them, as though they served to break a way through the crusts of his fellow-men that the eyes might see what secrets lay beneath. The eyes themselves were far apart, deep-set, and keen; the color of them baffling. The nose was thin and long and prominent, to complement the crushing forehead, and help the eyes in their search for secrets. The mouth was long; the lips thin, and curled into a fixed smile, a complacent smile, in which there was no warmth or joy.

This was the manner of man who looked over the shoulder of Esther Goffe. This was the manner of man

who, having followed her to the last line of the letter, silently withdrew from the bower, passed around it to the walk, and entered with an air of being at home.

"Good morrow, Mistress Goffe," he said, easily, with a shifting light in his eyes. "You tempt summer to come before its time."

Esther started and thrust the letter into her bosom, scrutinizing him as she did so.

"Perchance there is that in your heart that brings you forth where the flowers are springing," he went on, pleasantly.

"Perhaps it is that that prompts your surmise, Master Peram," returned Esther, still eying him keenly, as though she would learn whether he knew aught of the letter. "As for me, I make no doubt that it is an inheritance from England to seek the air in the garden."

"England!" repeated the man, with fine affectation of feeling. "England! Do you know, Mistress Goffe, I would not care to

go back to England now. Ecad, I thought I should perish at first when I arrived here; but now I find much to make my sojourn of interest." Esther looked quickly at him, and away again, ill at ease. "No," he went on, as though weighing his words, "on the whole, I should not like to return to England — yet."



FIRST DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH, KINGSTON,
NEW YORK

For more than a year Lucius Peram had been in Boston, living at the Greenwood House, with no obvious object or occupation. He was hail-fellow-well-met with all who came to the tavern, arriving at intimacy with every casual stranger, crushing his way into secrets, but never revealing himself.

There were many whispers of his errand in Boston; when they came to his ears there was no change in the fixed smile; only a flickering of the colorless eyes. Sometimes he left Boston and was gone for a week, or a month; always he returned and took up his life as though he had merely stepped outside for a moment. That he was there on the King's business was generally believed.

To Esther his presence had a peculiar significance, and one that gave her no little distress. She could not rid herself of a conviction that he had come in search of her uncle.

In his behavior toward her or her foster-parents there was nothing to substantiate the conviction; he was perfectly casual, and a model of genteel deportment; Matthew and his wife accepted him on that basis, without question; but, behind it all, Esther's intuition detected something that filled her with fear.

It was this dread of him that made her glance toward him now with a quick start when he placed so significant an emphasis on the word "yet." "It is undoubtedly satisfying to be nearing the accomplishment of your work here," she observed, attempting to seem unconcerned and casual, but knowing as she spoke that there was too strong a ring of anxiety in her tone.

"It is rather for me to wonder whether I may tell you, Mistress Goffe," returned Peram, a trace of feeling in his voice. "Is it not possible for you to guess?" he went on, speaking with more feeling, yet not with too much. "Is there nothing in the season that suggests to you what I may have found to make Boston a paradise, Mistress Goffe? Is

there nothing in my coming here that tells you what gives me the wish to stay in New England?"

If she had dreaded the man before, Esther Goffe was in terror now. Why did he speak to her thus? He was so mysterious, so secret, so inscrutable!

"You make your meaning so plain that it would be a vanity for me to pretend that I did not understand, Master Peram," she said, her voice trembling in spite of her efforts to control it. "I can only say that I am sorry."

"It is generous of you to set my mind at rest without returning any answer," he rejoined. "I shall not ask you to make answer to-day. I had supposed that my attitude toward you admitted of only one interpretation; I meant that it should."

"But I cannot abandon the subject without assuring you that I shall ask attention to my protestations in the near future, and without placing before you certain considerations. I am unknown to you, a stranger. It is only fair to myself, as well as to you, that you should know something of my family. The Perams of Essex are of some consequence in England; Lord Berkeley is a close kinsman of mine." Perhaps the smile hardened here; perhaps the eyes glinted. "Our estates are large, and while I am not the eldest son, I am supplied with means to give you such a home as you desire. But, above all, we are close to certain of the King's ministers, and have much influence; an advantage not to be lost sight of in these troubled times." His manner, his tone, were entirely usual, save, perhaps, a slight delay between the words of his last sentence, as though he would give them more weight, if he could, without seeming to do so. His brazen assurance and the stealth with which he had placed before her an offer of marriage, aroused her resentment; but when

he referred to the family influence she became angry, construing it as a threat.

"As for my love!" she cried, rising to her feet, "I am ready to answer you now and forever. It is no longer mine to give; if it were I would never find it possible to dispose it



INTERIOR OF THE FIRST DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH AT KINGSTON, NEW YORK

as you wish. And as for your threat against my uncle, sir, and my own unfortunate situation, I can only despise you!"

He arose as she spoke, looking upon her with astonishment, the smile for once relieved from duty. "I am confounded by what you say, Mistress Goffe," he said, making his tones suit his words. "You surely cannot possibly think that I have any enmity toward Master Matthew Stevens?"

A chill ran through her body; she felt that she had betrayed her uncle. Such was the dread she had of the powers of this slight, mysterious man. He, watching her, seemed

at last to catch the significance of her reference; he seemed to understand; he made it appear in his face that a light had burst upon him.

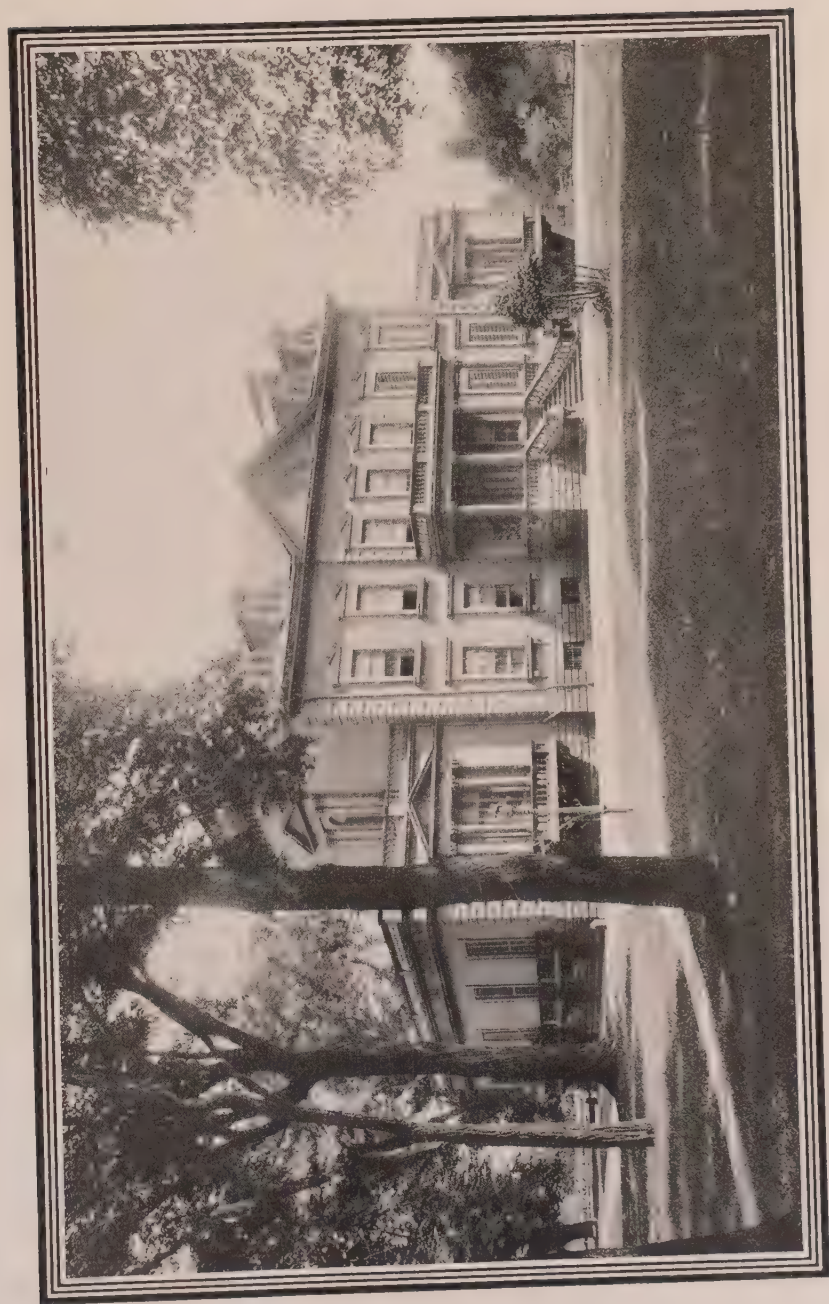
"I perceive that my remarks were unfortunate, Mistress Goffe," he said, bowing his head and resuming his smile. "I had never associated your name with that of the regicide; but I most fervently assure you that the discovery that you are niece to the fugitive general does not affect my regard for you in the least degree, and that I would retract nothing that I have said. The Peram name and influence are open to you; I still beseech you to accept them at my hands."

She swayed, almost believing; she was on the point of asking his forgiveness, when there was a footstep on the floor of the bower. Turning, she beheld Robert Stevens on the threshold.

It was not by design that Robert came. Landing that morning after his voyage from Virginia, he went to the house post-haste, and was there informed where he could find Esther. He did not perceive Peram until he came so close that he heard his last words to her. After that he did not care; before he thought what he did he was standing before the stranger.

Esther steadied herself. "Richard! Richard!" she cried, in a low voice, extending her hands; she had the presence of mind to call him Richard.

Robert looked into her face; in it was the consternation she had felt from betraying her uncle; the doubt whether she had not misunderstood Peram; the dread in which she held him; the relief and joy of seeing Robert. He, seeing these emotions blended, misunderstood, believing the distress to be because he had come, and the gladness to be for the words this man spoke to her. Misunderstanding, he looked blankly from one to the other, his anger subsiding in self-accusation for having been



VAN RENSELAER MANSION, ALBANY, NEW YORK

so slow in knowing the value of the treasure that was gone:

Esther, rapidly regaining possession of herself, turned to present him to Peram. "My cousin, Richard Smith," she said, blushing; "Richard, this is Master Lucius Peram, of England."

"You are from Virginia, are you not, Master Smith?" asked Peram, indifferently, as though he only sought to show civil interest. "I perceive you are a provincial."

Never before had Robert been ashamed of his American birth and breeding. It was not lack of loyalty to his land that made him furious now to be called a provincial; it was this fellow's easy insolence that maddened him.

He was about to retort hotly when Esther forestalled him. "You make strange guesses, Master Peram," she laughed, as easily as she could. "Why do you think my cousin from Virginia?" Robert, perceiving her easy manner with Peram, misunderstood again, more lamentably.

"Is not his name Smith?" returned Peram. "Smith is a name closely identified with Virginia, from its founder, John Smith; perhaps it was from that I drew my inference."

"But Captain Smith had no kin," argued Esther; "You go very wild, Master Peram."

"Ay, that I do," rejoined Peram. "'T is as you say, a usual name; and so is the name that goes with it, Richard. So usual, in fact, that I believe I have met the two together at some time." He referred to Robert as a man of complete insignificance, addressing his remarks wholly to Esther. "I shall bid you adieu for the present, Mistress Goffe, and leave you to enjoy the company of your cousin," he added. "Do not become so engrossed in him as to forget that I shall return this evening. Good morrow, Master Smith," he added, as an afterthought, to Robert, and strode idly up the path.

Only Esther, who knew that he had not before spoken of coming that evening, could have detected any special emphasis in his tones, and she was thrown into a new fear by his warning. She was mystified, too, by his harping on the name by which Robert was called. His correct guess concerning Robert's native colony and his carelessness of manner throughout, left her ignorant whether it was accident or deep design, and added to her dread of him. As for Robert, he read only one meaning into what took place; which, of course, was the wrong one.

Left alone in the bower, a feeling of embarrassment came to both of them. Robert had come to Boston glowing with his newly found love for Esther, and determined to reveal it at the first opportunity. As he journeyed thither, his fancy painted many pictures of the meeting there was to take place between them. He had at last come to believe Esther loved him.



THE CAPITOL OF THE EMPIRE STATE

When he found another making the avowal that he purposed making, believing she loved this man, he was grieved, but only complained against his own blindness and tardiness. Now it was too late; he must hold his peace.

Esther, on the other hand, had also had her dreams, even so late as an hour before when she was reading his letter in the bower. In his letter there was nothing that might not have been written by a brother, or a cousin, or a good friend



A DUTCH MAN-OF-WAR ON THE HUDSON

such as Robert was; yet she believed that love would be in the word with which he would greet her. Believing, she stood with bowed head and blushing cheeks, trembling with expectant longing, as the steps of Peram died from the walk. Robert saw the head bowed and the cheeks suffused, and added one more error to the load. He thought it was for Peram she blushed and hung her head.

Thus it fell out that no word of love was spoken in that meeting to which their hearts had looked forward for half

a year; and that what fate by no means intended, straightway took place.

How much Lucius Peram may have known of their misunderstanding can only be inferred from a general knowledge of the man. When he came that night to see Esther, he treated Robert with the same indifference, paying his addresses so exclusively to Esther that Matthew and Robert presently withdrew, leaving the two with Mistress Stevens, who promptly fell asleep, and slumbered soundly until Esther led her to bed.

Peram said not one word of love that night, nor on subsequent days and nights. His attitude toward Esther underwent a slight change; he behaved toward her as though they were established on a better understanding; but the change was so little that it was not detected by Master and Mistress Stevens; to them Peram seemed the same sociable and casual friend. Only Esther and Robert perceived the indefinable suggestion of an agreement. To Robert it bore the burden of the same false story. As for Esther, she could make no defence against it, wherefore she endured it.

Heavier and deeper than all these was the grief in her



BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS *(From an old print)*

heart because of the love she bore Robert. If there had remained at first any lingering shred of hope that he loved her, it soon was plucked away. Always gentle and considerate, with a merry word and an open look, he treated her indeed like the sister his letter had said he would find in her; and nothing is further from the ways of a lover than the ways of a brother.

Robert lived in the house as Richard Smith, a cousin, and was accepted on that basis by Lucius Peram, who by degrees treated him with less disdain. Robert entered into Matthew Stevens's affairs in a measure, with promise and prospect of a fuller share in them when he had served his apprenticeship as a merchant. His duties were for the most part with the shipping, the lading and discharging of vessels, and such matters. He worked at it without heart or interest, the inspiration to the new life having died beneath his burden of misapprehension; but he had made his choice and would abide by it, the more readily because it would be difficult for him to abandon his plans now without disclosing his secret sorrow.

Thus they lived together under the roof of their benefactor, separated by a tissue that might have been dispelled by a breath, but that had a weight and strength which was crushing and dragging their hearts to pieces.

This was very different from what fate intended.

CHAPTER XIX

A PROMISE KEPT

IT was an evening in June, some six weeks after Robert's return. The family was sitting in the arbor watching the full moon rise over the bay; for the house of Matthew Stevens stood on a commanding site. There was a deep quiet over them all: Matthew and his good wife stilled by the peace of the evening and of the evening of their lives; Robert and Esther made silent by what each kept as a guarded secret. Had some whisper of the soft night air told those secrets, the intentions of fate would speedily have worked out. But they sat silent, gazing across the bay.

Peram, who now rarely missed spending at least a part of each evening with the family, had not come to-night. Robert supposed that to be the cause of Esther's sadness, for she was visibly sad. Being sorry to see her so, and thinking, perhaps, there had been a trifling quarrel that he could adjust, he made up his mind at last to ask her if he might be her friend in the matter. He had never had the fortitude or self-control to speak to her about Peram, and his voice trembled now as he made the attempt. "You seem sad," he said, softly, so that the elders should not hear. "Is there nothing that a brother might do to make you happy again?" He wished to give a deeper meaning to his words; he wished her to understand what was in his mind that she might feel to tell him of her love for Peram if she chose. He was ready to hear it now. He had gathered courage.

She understood, and trembled. She must not let Robert learn that she cared for him; it would ruin him; he could no longer live beneath his uncle's roof if he learned who it

was she loved. "Does the moon never make you sad?" she made response.

"Nay, I cannot say that it does; but perchance I have not that other reason that goes with a full moon to make up sighs and sadness," he said teasingly, to make fuller opportunity for her to tell.

"What mean you, cousin-brother?" She had hit upon that name for him.

"Perchance I have never been in love."

"Do you think me in love, then?" She could scarcely seem surprised that he thought so; it was inevitable that he should from what he had seen of Peram.



CROMWELL'S STATUE BEFORE WESTMINSTER HALL

"Sighs, and the moon, and he not here?" He shook his head at her. "What shall I think, else?"

"You even go so far as to pick a lover out for me!" she laughed. After all, it might be just as well to

let him think this thing; it would keep him further from the truth.

A purpose came to Robert that he thought madness, but he grasped and clutched it as one who drowns clings to anything of substance that chances within his fingers. Why should he give her up without a struggle? What was there that bound him in honor to stand by and let this other man



BOSTON LIGHTHOUSE

have her? It was a fair fight for him to make; it was not yet beyond the time when he might woo; she had told her love to none; he need not respect a betrothal that had not been made known! His head whirled with the thought; his tongue was dry; his voice was hoarse as he whispered, close to her arm as she sat beside him, "If it had been I who had chosen, I might have chosen differently!"

Why do not Esther's lips speak the hope, the joy, that cry out in her fluttering heart? What can his words mean more than the one thing she would have them mean? She

need have no fear of being wrong. Why is she mute? And where is fate?

She is mute because she dares not speak, durst not risk the destruction of the great hope that is raised up in her until she has made herself strong against the possible blow; for the sudden joy that his words have let loose in her soul has made her faint, and has been too much to accept at once.

And fate? Fate stands at the door of the bower; fate in the shape of a man, full of years by his white hair; but tall and stalwart, full-faced, clear-eyed; superb in a rugged strength of soul and body.

He made no sound as he stood there other than a low "hist." Having made the sound, he vanished into the shadows behind the bower where the light of the rising moon found him not. Robert sprang up; his heart had died within him at Esther's silence. He would have dashed through the doorway to see who it was, but his uncle was too swift for him. He was already at the side of the shadow.

Esther Goffe, forgetting all else in the world, forgetting even the great love that had been so near utterance, stood peering into the darkness with a rapt face; for in the glimpse she had had of the strange man in the doorway she had seen a face about which were grouped a thousand tender memories; a face she prayed each night that she might see again; a face that, sleeping, she gazed upon in dreams; the face of her uncle, William Goffe, the regicide, the hunted fugitive! She durst not speak his name for fear of betraying him; she could only wait until the two shadows beside the bower should have done their whispering.

They ceased. One crept stealthily toward the house, passing to the back of the building; the other entered the bower. It was Matthew who came back. With low whispers, making no gestures with hand or head, not even by so much as glancing toward her, he told Esther that it

was her uncle, and that he had gone into the house, whither they would shortly follow him. He had no need to warn her of the grave risk he ran, and of the need for caution.

There was no thought now of the love that had been on the verge of declaration a few minutes before. Esther could scarcely restrain herself from crying out in the joy of seeing her uncle once more, or from crying out again at the danger he was in. Rising presently, she passed into the house. They let her go alone that there might be none at the meeting of these two bruised hearts. When the moon was an hour higher in the sky they followed her.

They made no light in the house, finding him and Esther by the sound of their whispers. Goffe told them the story of his flight from Boston eleven years before. From Boston he and Whalley had gone to New Haven, where the Reverend Mr. Danforth had given them refuge. Kirk and Kelland, the two officers who followed them through the woods of New England, came to Milford, where they called upon Deputy-Governor Leet of Connecticut; he detained them saying that in the morning he would go with them to New Haven to see what could be done to apprehend the refugees. During the night an Indian runner went from Leet to warn the fugitives. When the King's officers arrived in the morning they had to content themselves with rough-handling preacher Danforth; the two they sought had taken refuge in Mrs. Eayer's house.

The officers went there to look for them, and they were in great alarm until their protector, by smooth speeches, had lured the officers away. Coming then from their place of concealment upstairs, the fugitives had hidden under a wooden bridge, over which they presently heard pounding the hoofs of the officers' horses as they rushed about in search of their quarry. Much of the time for two years they spent in a cave near New Haven, which is still called the Judges'



THE JUDGES' CAVE, NEAR NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Cave; the rest of the time they were hurried from house to house to avoid searching parties.

But now they had found a retreat where they were safe. It was far out on the frontier; he did not tell them where, for it might bring harm to them if they knew. He had come to see his niece before he died, having promised that when he left many years before.

"It would not have taken my promise to bring me, I warrant you, had it not been for my fear that my presence would bring trouble to your benefactors," he hastened to say, pinching the cheek of his niece, lest she feel hurt; "for I carry danger with me like a pestilence. It is not for myself that I fear, for my time is not far distant at best; but for those to whom I owe much that can never be repaid."

He told them then how he had come at last to see Esther, shaving his beard and disguising himself as well as he could; how he had come to Boston the night before in a schooner, the master of which he knew and could trust; how he had learned of Robert's being there, and had had no fear when he found him with them in the bower; from which he fell to thanking Matthew Stevens for the kindness that had been shown his niece. Whereupon Matthew, with tears in his eyes, made him cease, laying a hand across his lips; and they all fell into a silence in which there was no sound but the weeping of Esther as she crouched against her uncle's knee.

The talk fell presently upon Charles I and his execution, in which event the old soldier had played so tragic a part.

"In England," he said, with some bitterness, "I am called the murderer of a King." With eyes that flashed he added, "Yet, were the same dread duty to confront me again, I would seize it as I did then. All the years of my exile have not awakened the voice of conscience."

"There is no conscience where only the right is done!"

exclaimed Robert. "Charles I was a base traitor to his own people. It was England that took his life—not the judges."



THE LAST MOMENTS OF CHARLES I (*From a painting by J. Wappers*)

Goffe brushed his hand over his forehead, perhaps reviewing in his mind the events in which the King expiated his crimes in his own blood.

"Yes," he answered, "Charles was a traitor, an un-

scrupulous dissembler, who sought his own ends and stabbed his friends and his people in the back. He cajoled and undermined many, but Oliver Cromwell he could not. Yet Cromwell prayed long, and was beset by dire misgivings, ere he was deaf to the pleadings of the King's friends. Cromwell could not have saved Charles had he tried, but might have lost his own head. He left the King to his fate — a fate that called on men to forget mercy."

"Yet a fate that even the House of Lords hesitated to dispense," said Matthew. "I have oft thought that Parliament showed weakness in refusing to try the King."

"Nay, friend Matthew! To execute a monarch is the gravest act a nation can be called on to do. The King, himself the fountainhead of authority, could scarce have been condemned by Parliament without criticism of injustice and haste. England desired to make the thing a spectacle that Heaven itself would approve. To that end, a revolutionary tribunal was created, and to this special military court God saw fit to summon me, along with others who did their terrible duty unflinching. It was a solemn tribunal, and it prayed God for guidance before it pronounced the King a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, a public enemy. Ay! and a solemn moment it was for these judges when the King's head fell from his shoulders in front of his own palace!"

For a minute Goffe was silent, and those about him felt the awe of the words he had uttered. Robert was thrilled. Never had he been so close to one who had taken so vital a part in the events that changed the world's history.

"It has not been for nought," the old man went on, "notwithstanding the seeming return to power of the wicked Stuart dynasty. In my exile I have heard men bemoan the Restoration as an event that made useless all the blood and suffering of those who overthrew Charles I. As for myself,

I feel not so. For my own compensation, I look not to the present, but to the centuries yet to come. When the head of the King fell beneath the knife, the power of tyranny in Europe was shattered. The people spoke. They said that their own might should not perish from the earth."

"It shall not perish from America!" said Robert. "If need be, the people of the colonies will seek liberty by measures even stronger than Cromwell took."

"I like your spirit, boy, but be not impatient. Freedom comes not like the lightning, but by the anguish of countless men, each of whom gives his mite — albeit his life's blood — to the cause. Look not for the millennium in your generation or the next. Do your duty to-day, and in future ages men will trace back to you their happiness. This is the thought that gives me my only solace in my exile."

Through all the night he sat with Esther at his knees; so short were the hours that grey was in the east before Goffe was aware that the day was coming when he would no longer be safe. Perceiving at last how far the night was spent, he arose to go. It was vain for Esther to cling to him; vain for Matthew and his wife to assure him ample security; vain for Robert to pledge his protection.

"Nay," the aged man insisted; "I have already saddled danger enough on this household. It would give me happiness, indeed, to remain if the risk were mine alone, but I cannot bring you further under the curse of my presence. It would be but an ill return for your generous kindness. I shall go back to my place of hiding; the world will see me no more."

"But you will come again to see me?" sobbed the girl. "You will renew your promise?" She pleaded desperately, as one might plead for very life.

"I shall only say this time that I shall try; I must not commit myself."

"Then tell me where you are!"

General Goffe looked at her doubtfully for an instant. Drawing her close, he whispered in her ear.

"And where is that?" she asked, further.



CROMWELL IN WHITEHALL (*From the painting by J. Schrader*)

Again he whispered something the others could not hear. In another minute he was gone, slipping through the back door and so across the dooryard to a stile hard by a clump of bushes. Robert went with him to show him the beginning of the way. The night was still black, despite the rift that was in the east; he disappeared in a moment.

Returning to the house, Robert passed something lurking in the clump of bushes; something that, had he known then what the years were to teach him, he would have strangled without remorse.

But fate was not yet kind; he neither saw nor knew.

CHAPTER XX

FATE GOES FAR ASTRAY

ROBERT STEVENS slept not at all that night; his mind was too full of thoughts about the brave man who had visited them. If he thought of what had passed in the arbor immediately preceding the arrival of Goffe, it was with regret that he had gone as far as he had, and with thankfulness that he had got no further. To him her silence meant that she had understood him, and had been distressed. He resolved that nothing would ever lead him into another situation so painful, and, with that resolve, dismissed it from his mind to reflect upon the big events that had brought her uncle to his present pass. When the day was still young he arose from the couch on which he had thrown himself and went to his daily duties, stopping only for a bit of porridge that the servant prepared for him.

It was well into the morning before Esther was astir. She had slept only fitfully after the excitement of seeing her uncle; waking or sleeping he had been constantly before her. Fears for his safety preyed upon her mind; she was nervous and half terrified when she crept to the side of Mistress Stevens and asked if anything had been heard of her uncle; if he had been taken; if his visit had become known. Mistress Stevens reassured her as best she could. Presently she was calmer and went out into the bower, for the morning was beautiful.

Thoughts of Robert returned to her as she sat in the place where they had been last night, when the sweet prelude of love was upon his lips. If she had had any doubt of his meaning then, reflection upon what he had said and his

manner of saying it had dispelled it. Now she knew that he loved her; now she knew that it was only for her to let him learn of her love for him and her life would be complete. In the rapture of her discovery, the thought of Peram crossed her mind and made her shudder.

On the instant, the step of Peram came along the walk and passed to the arbor. She knew the sound of it and greeted him without looking up from her work, pretending that something demanded her close application at the moment; for her dread of this man was so compelling that she dared not meet his eyes at once, for fear she should betray the secret of the night.

"My ladylove's eyes are not as bright as the bright blue sea, as is their wont," he said lightly, seating himself on a bench opposite to her. "Perchance she hath not slept as well as usual?" There was nothing in his tone or words to start the deadly fears that coursed through her veins, mak-



VIEW OF THE SOUND AT NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

ing her tremble; it was a most casual remark, made in the most casual way; and still she could not persuade herself that he had no purpose in letting it fall, and that that purpose was to warn and alarm her.

"I regret that you are not more like yourself this morning," he went on, as though she had conceded the accuracy of his observation; "for there are matters of much import



NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, LOOKING ACROSS THE GREEN TO YALE COLLEGE
(From an old print)

that I would bring before you. My word, how you tremble! Shall I fetch you some brandy?"

"It is as you have said," she returned, rising to go. "I slept but poorly; I am ill; you must let me go to the house." As she was moving unsteadily to the doorway of the arbor, he reached forth his hand and took her gently by the wrist. "Think you not that you will be better here where the air is fresh and the breezes cool?" he asked gently. "I would not detain you against your wishes or welfare, but it would be best if you stopped to hear what I have come to say."

She sank into a seat beside him, yielding to his hand.

She was white with apprehension; she durst not meet his gaze, which she felt was fixed searchingly upon her face.

"It has now been many weeks—to me the time has seemed like many years—since I spoke to you of my love for you, and made you offer of marriage," he said, in his usual tone, but with a little more deliberation than was his custom. "Since then I have waited more or less impatiently for your reply. I have not pressed you for it, because I wished it to come of your own free will; I had not intended to renew the discussion, but certain matters have transpired that impel me to do so; matters that make it seem my duty to you, perhaps, and at least my high privilege, to offer you my heart and hand again, and to urge my offer upon your immediate consideration."

"I had not understood that you expected me to renew the subject," she murmured, with great effort, perceiving by his pause that she must say something. "Indeed, I considered that I had already given you my answer."

"I did not look upon it as any manner of response," he returned. "When you spurned me in so lofty a manner, you acted under a misapprehension of the facts. Because of a certain guilty knowledge you possessed, you believed that I was coercing you. So far from resenting your show of anger in the circumstances, I was rather pleased with your independent spirit; I loved you the more for it, if possible. But I by no means took what you said as having any application to the case, based as it was upon error."

"I fear your patience has been wasted if you have been waiting for another answer," she observed, picking at loose threads in her embroidery frame; "for I had dismissed it from my mind, and have given it no thought."

"I should have made myself more explicit; I thought you understood," he rejoined. "It is unfortunate that you have not considered my proposal with a view to ascertaining

your mind, for it would be well if you were ready with an answer this morning."

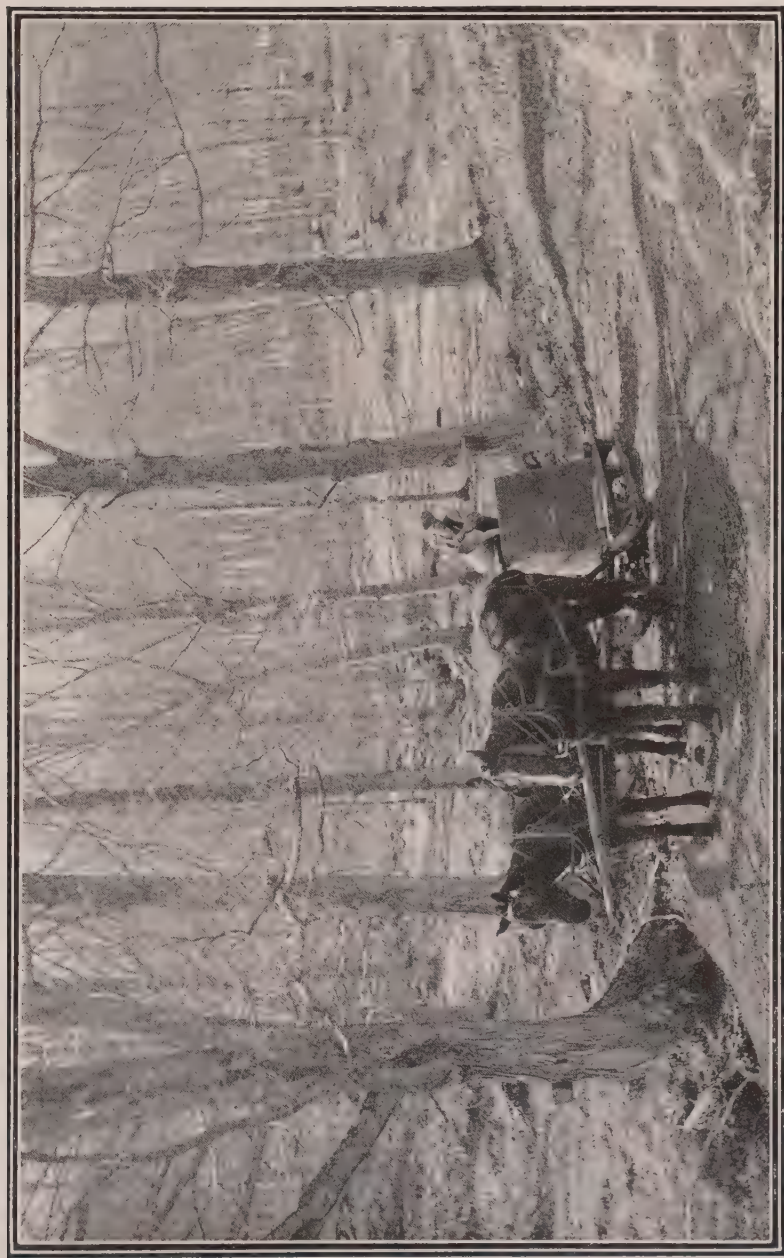
"I still have the same answer!"

He ignored her speech. "When I discovered that you were the niece of Goffe the regicide —"

"Do not call him that, please!" she interrupted, hotly, with tears in her eyes. The memory of the past night was strong upon her.

"Your pardon, Mistress Goffe. When I learned that you were niece to William Goffe I had already made my offer to you, and I immediately repeated it. I reiterate it now. My affection is of such character and force that, while my duties to my sovereign might impose restrictions upon my heart, I am willing to take upon myself the consequences of such an alliance, being sure the prestige of our family is such that not only shall I be readily excused — for which I care nothing — but you yourself will be restored to the society which you would so charmingly grace.

"I hope it will convince you at least of my sincerity and devotion to know that I have come this morning to renew my avowals, and to ask you for your hand in marriage. I am impelled to come by two motives; or, better, by one that has two branches. My primary motive, the motive that now drives my whole life, is my desire that you should be my wife. I confess that as the mainspring of my action; nay, I proudly proclaim it! But there are two immediate reasons for my coming this morning. Loving you, I wish to extend the protection of my name and position in the time of your present pressing danger. The other reason, which I deny is less worthy, springs from the hope that a realization of what impends over you, and the knowledge that I may forfend it, may influence you in my favor; that you may the more readily accept my love when it brings with it refuge for yourself and safety for your friends. That is



SUGAR CAMP IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY

how humble I am in my love for you, Esther! I, who have ever been quickest in honor and hottest in pride, will suffer myself to win you, if I may, through your very misfortunes, and through a price. But only, believe me, only in the conviction that when you are my wife you will learn of a love that will beget love; that I can make you happy and glad that I pressed myself upon you in your hour of need!"

He had risen as he neared the end of his speech, and she had risen too. His words about her own danger had struck like cold steel into her heart; she grew faint and sick. It was clear to her that this man knew the secret of the night. Had he been any other man than the inscrutable, calculating, insinuating tool he was, she would have been deeply affected by his declaration of love coming at such a moment, by the frankness with which he had avowed his motives in coming at such a time. If he had been any other man, or if he were sincere, she would have been at least grateful, thankful; yea, perhaps even ready to yield up her life to him in trust, for her life was no longer of great worth to her.

Almost, she was ready to believe him sincere; indeed, she knew of nothing to make her doubt his honesty; it was only her intuitive dread that made her disbelieve in him. Standing before him now, pale and trembling, she looked into his eyes. They were coals of fire; they told only a story of love.

"Is it known, then?" she whispered, tremulously. There was no need to keep the secret now. She would learn what she could from Peram; she would learn, above all, if her uncle had been taken.

He gave her a quick look of surprise. "Do you not know that it is known, Esther?"

"No!"

"Why, 't is bruited about the taverns and the streets

since early this morning; I thought your danger had already come home to you."

"How much is known?"

"That he arrived last night on a vessel from—some—



THE OLD SOUTH MIDDLE CHURCH, NEW HAVEN, CONNÈCTICUT

where; that he was in Master Stevens's house throughout the night; that he left at early dawn. What more is there to know?"

"Has he escaped?"

"He has not yet been taken."

"Can you save him?"

"He is in grave danger. You all are in grave danger. Your patrons, yourself, your young cousin Smith of Virginia! 'T is an evil thing to harbor one who flies the King's wrath."

"What can be done to them? — to Master and Mistress Stevens?"

"The King's proclamation inflicts severe punishment, proportioned to the magnitude of the offence."

"Do you know where he is? Will he be taken?"

"Is there no significance, Esther, in the fact that he was here, and was seen, and went away again?" returned Peram, with deep meaning. "Is there no significance in the circumstance that he has not yet been taken? Might it not show that he has a friend, or one who is willing to be his friend, where he least expect it?"

The girl's face flushed hotly. "In one breath you applaud my spirit for resenting your intimidation, and in the next you make new threats against me!" she cried. "Is it not a vile thing to get love in this way? Is there any thing viler? Yet would I make the sacrifice if I had any surety that it would avail, that it would save my uncle, or my benefactors! —if I could be certain that you would do no more than cast me upon a dunghill and let death come as it might to me and mine when you had done with me."

"Merciful God!" moaned the man, covering his face with his hands, and shuddering with a fine show of emotion. "to be thus thanked for what I have done!" He turned fiercely toward Esther. "What, girl!" he cried, passionately, "you flout me thus? Is it nothing that I risk the favor of the King in letting your uncle go free — for I am the King's agent; that will I tell you that there may be nothing withheld from you — is it nothing that I thrust my very neck into the noose in place of your uncle's? is it nothing

that I am willing to stand between those whom you love and a just justice? is it nothing that I do all that can be done within honor to prevent the will of my sovereign? Is all this nothing, I say, that you flout me so? Is this your gratitude?"

"I did believe you threatened me," whispered the girl. She was beside herself with fear and grief; her head reeled; the man might be honest; it was possible she had misinterpreted what he did.

"You did me great injury, but I readily forgive it; you are not yourself; you are overwrought," he returned, magnanimously. "It was perhaps natural that you should misunderstand; but let me make you comprehend. Look you, I can stand only between you and justice; I can save you only, perhaps, at risk to myself. That I am willing — nay, more than willing, glad to do."

"But must I be the price of your doing it?" She felt herself helpless; she threw herself upon his mercy.

"How else shall I make my plea with the King?" he rejoined. "And is it cowardly, is it selfish, is it vile in me to ask it of you, when I know by the love that is within me that I shall make you happy?"

"Must you have an answer now?" Her eyes were half closed, as one in great distress.

"I must have it soon."

"To-night?"

"To-night!"

"No! Not on the lips! Not yet! If you love me, not on the lips!"

Robert Stevens, passing hastily up the walk leading from the side gate, in a state of consternation and alarm, and chancing to look within the arbor, witnessed a sight that struck his soul dead, resigned to fate as he believed himself to be. For he beheld Lucius Peram bend tenderly above the bowed head of Esther and kiss her golden hair.

CHAPTER XXI

ESTHER'S BURDEN

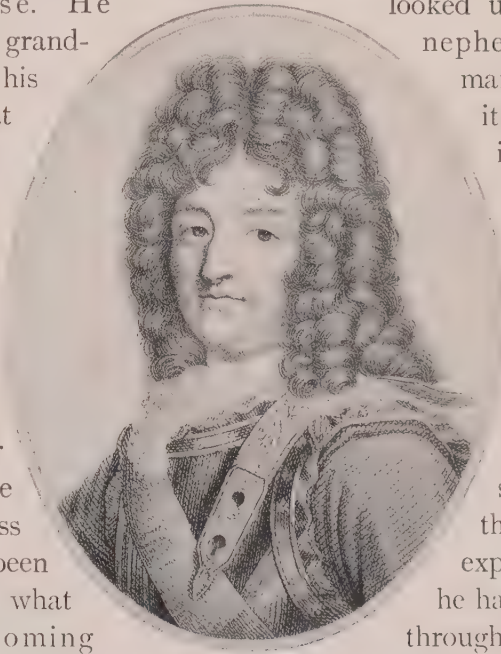
MATTHEW STEVENS, having lain long in bed on the morning following the visit of William Goffe, had recently arisen and was at his breakfast when Robert entered the house. He

looked up quickly at his grand-nephew, per-manner of entering that thing of it was some-thing of import that had taken him from his duties at this time of day. Robert's face was grey, the color of wood-ash; he was visibly re-strained.

"Our secret is out," he said, with a calmness that would not have been expected in him after what he had seen as he was coming through the yard.

"What do you mean?" cried out Matthew, in instant consternation. "Is it known that Goffe was here last night?"

LOUIS XIV OF FRANCE



"It is common talk through the town," returned Robert. "Excitement runs high; I fear the King's men mean some harm to you and to her. The people sympathize, but they can hardly do more."

"The King's men! Do they know?"

"Every one knows."

"But what of Goffe? Has he escaped?"

"We can only guess," replied Robert. "He did not go the way he came, and 't is well that he did not. You know who brought him?"

"Who?"

"Mark Wiggin, in the *Despair*. I have seen Mark. The officers must have learned at once of his arrival and the manner of it, for they kept the *Despair* under strict guard through the night. Goffe made no attempt to return to the vessel; indeed, he told Mark Wiggin when he left the *Despair* that he would go away by land, the better to confuse these hell-hounds!"

"But how did they know of his coming?" pursued the old man. "Where could they have learned of it?"

"Who is this man Peram?" asked Robert, hotly, by way of a reply.

"Peram? Peram?" repeated Matthew, confused for an instant by the abruptness of the question. "Why, he is a worthy young man who has some business here for the King. You know him as well as we do. Why do you ask?"

"Because I think I know him better than you do," returned Robert. "What business of the King's is it that he has here, do you know that?"

"Why, merely to watch the temper of the people, I presume; that is generally supposed to be the case; and he conducts himself with great discretion and propriety. He is quite without offence."

"I am not so sure of that; I do not trust him," rejoined Robert. "I believe he has had a hand in this!"

"Now there must I make a difference with you, Robert," Matthew made reply. "I cannot credit his taking active measures against Goffe. Indeed, I believe that he would

do what he could to assist the man, for, as you must have seen, there is a growing tenderness between him and Esther."

"I have seen," observed Robert, grimly, a hot flush passing swiftly across his face. "In any event, Esther is in trouble, and you are in danger so long as she is under your roof. Is there no place where she can take other refuge?"

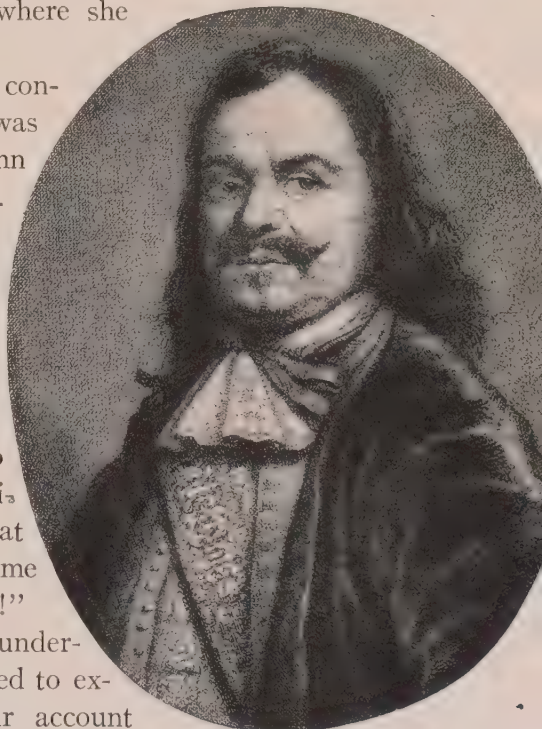
Matthew arose and confronted Robert. His face was severe and his tone solemn when he made answer.

"As long as there is a roof above me, as long as blood runs through my veins, so long shall Esther Goffe have shelter and sanctuary with me, and no danger to me or mine can serve to move me from that determination. I take shame that you should see fit to urge me from my duty and privilege!"

"Nay, uncle, you misunderstand me," Robert hastened to explain. "It is not on your account that I would urge it, but on hers. It would be much better if she were to be

elsewhere for a time; if the King's men do not know where she is they surely cannot molest her, while, if they do, they will endeavor to learn her uncle's whereabouts from her, believing that she knows now where he is concealed; as indeed, she does, for he whispered it to her as he left."

Matthew was silent, seeing the matter in a new light and not knowing how to answer. In the midst of his reflections



MICHAEL ADRIAN-
ZOOM DE RUYTER

Esther entered the room, pale and tense. A quick look passed between her and the two men in turn.

"I perceive that you have heard the horrible truth?" ventured Matthew.

"That my uncle's visit is known? I have," she answered.

"Master Peram has told me even now."

She fixed her gaze upon Matthew as she mentioned the name, not daring to glance toward Robert. For his part, Robert looked neither to the one nor the other, but upon the floor.

"Peram! Master Peram!" exclaimed Matthew.

"Tell me, child, had he aught to do with this, do you think?" Robert's doubts had awakened fellows in Matthew's mind.

"I am quite sure that he has had nothing to do with what has happened," she replied, sincerely; "though he has known of it, being in the King's service."

"And what does he say?"

"That there is grave danger, but that he will do what he may to keep it from our heads." Ah, how little they guessed at what price his services were secured to them!

"There, I knew it!" cried Matthew, relieved. "Robert, I told you so. But did he say how grave your danger was?"

"He was kind enough to say little of that," she replied, "though you and I know that I am in a straitened case." She must take the entire burden of what she did upon her own shoulders; they must believe that it was for herself



CORNELIUS VAN TROMP

that she made the sacrifice; and they must never, never know that it was a sacrifice. Rather would they die than have her give up better than her life for them; if they learned what she intended they would prevent it and ruin themselves instead. That was her burden as she stood before this aged man, and this young man who, she now knew, loved her with his whole life.

"What does he propose to do?" went on Matthew, eagerly. "Has he any plan?"

"Only to stand between me and danger as far as he can; he incurs great risks for my sake." She saw the eyes of Robert upon her; she read in them that she was right; that it had been love that had been upon his lips the night before when her uncle interrupted; that to hear her speak of Peram kindly was to have his heart torn and rended. Bitterly, bitterly, she felt that it was too late; that she must go the way she had chosen, bearing her secret sorrow to the grave; that she must make him believe, now and henceforth, that it was love led her to Lucius Peram, else he would make it impossible for her to save him and this aged man, his uncle. That was the burden on the heart of Esther, when she added deliberately to what she had said, in a tone that she meant should admit of but one inference, "Master Peram will do for me all that a man may do."

"Master Peram is an admirable young man, and commands my respects, Esther," said Matthew, gratefully; "but something more must be done for you than he can do. We must not permit this young man to risk himself in your behalf when it may not be necessary. Robert and I were discussing what had best be done as you came in. He had suggested that you should leave Boston for a time, and upon reflection I am sure that he is right. As for ourselves, any risk we might run in having you here would be as nothing; but, for your part, it would be unwise to have you so

close to the center of the present excitement. And there is your uncle to consider as well; for they will believe now that you know where he is, and who knows but that they might dig the secret out of your breast by some trick?"

"As for that, they shall not come upon my secret; no, not with a dagger!" she made answer, in a moment of lofty emotion; for she had in mind more secrets than one. "But I recognize the wisdom of Robert's advice, and will go gladly." It would give her a shrift; it would give her time to think before Peram could claim the forfeit; in the meantime he would keep his part of the bargain on faith; Matthew and Robert would be safe, and her own fate postponed. "I will go gladly," she repeated; "but whither shall I go?"

"Nay, that is a thought that has just come to me; for I am overwhelmed and at the end of my wits," returned Matthew. "I have thought that you might go to Robert's father in New York?" He looked at Robert, making a question of his words.

"She would find loving hearts and strong hands to receive her," said Robert stiffly. "My parents have often heard of Esther Goffe; I know what her welcome would be."

"And you, Esther?" Matthew turned to the girl. "Will you go to New York for the present? You need have no fear of bringing affliction upon those who might shelter you there; the wrath of the King would not follow so far."

"I will go to New York if it seems best; I must leave that to you two, who are so much wiser than I."

"You must go with her, Robert," said Matthew.

"I will accompany her, sir." Between Esther and himself there was no glance.

"And now, and now, how shall she get there?" Matthew went on, turning with a new problem to Robert.

"Mark Wiggin lies in the harbor; he will undertake it," replied Robert. "We can easily arrange it with him."



ALBANY ON THE HUDSON

"But it must be done circumspectly!" insisted Matthew. "They must not learn of it, the King's men!"

"Have no fear for that," Robert reassured him. "We shall take care of that!"

"But how?" Matthew was worn down to a state of uncertain timidity by the magnitude of the events that had crowded upon his household since the evening before.

It was soon arranged. Robert would procure horses and ride with Esther to Salem, to Jonathan Stevens's house; Matthew would arrange with Mark to go to Salem in the *Despair* and meet them.

"My child, my sweet child!" cried Matthew Stevens, turning to Esther when the last detail was planned, "you will come back soon."

"I have no fear of that, father," she returned, dry-eyed and hollow-voiced. "You have only to send for me. Father," she added, as he turned away. Robert was still in the room; she spoke so loudly that there would be no doubt of his hearing what she said. "Father, Master Peram will come to-night. I will leave a letter with you to be given to him when he comes."

"It would be better if you said nothing of this to Master Peram," said Matthew, coming back to her and laying a hand on her shoulder. Robert stood with bowed head waiting for his uncle, who had made a sign that he wished to speak further with him. "I will see Master Peram and tell him after you are gone. It would be better for him, and us, if he knew nothing of it yet."

"He will not read my note until I am gone, father," replied the girl. "Can you not trust me to do nothing that will bring more trouble upon you, or me?"

"I will give him the letter, Esther." And the two men left the room.

This is the letter that Esther wrote:

“DEAR MASTER PERAM: You are to come to-night for your answer; I am ready to give it to you; but it has seemed best to my foster-father and my cousin that I should leave Boston for a time, so I may not tell you to-night, as I had hoped to do. They deem it best that I should not see you before I go; they point out that it would only embarrass



THE RECEPTION OF THE GREAT CONDÉ BY LOUIS XIV

you, and that your duty might require you to prevent my going; therefore I leave without more ado, or adieu.

“You will find, at the home of Master John Stevens, in New York, your answer. ESTHER GOFFE.”

Heavy, heavy was the burden as she sealed her letter; weary, weary was the weight upon her heart when she mounted a horse, half an hour later, and rode away by the side of her beloved, whom no man might ever know to be her lover. Heavy and weary were they both as they rode away, loving each other so tenderly, yet severed by a chasm that they knew not how to bridge.

CHAPTER XXII

MARK WIGGIN MAKES A SUGGESTION

BOWLED over before a spanking northeast breeze, with her crowded canvas full and hard, and her lee scuppers slashing beneath the water, the good schooner *Despair* rounded Marblehead that night, and put to sea, laying a course that would give her plenty of sea-room outside of Cape Cod. Snug and comfortable in the cabin, quiet, brave, calm, resigned, was Esther Goffe; pacing the deck with Mark Wiggin was Robert Stevens, calm, courageous, serene, reconciled to fate. They had come from Boston to Salem without further adventure than a meeting with some of the King's officers who were returning from the trail of William Goffe, and who at first seemed reluctant to let Esther pass. But the couple rode so unconcernedly that the officers were of divided minds until it was too late. Coming to a turn, Esther and Robert put spurs to their horses, and made such speed for two miles that the officers, mounted as they were on steeds that had beaten about the woods all day, would have had small hope in pursuit if they had chosen at last to follow.

Mark Wiggin, his eye on the weather, and the binnacle, and the lee shore, and the run of the waves, gave his head a nod at last, sang out the course to the man at the wheel, and turned to Robert.

"I'm thinking I'll have you back on the quarter-deck again ere long, my lad," he said, closing one eye slowly and jerking his head in the direction of the companionway that led to the cabin.

"Why?" Robert, seeing the great black waves mount in

the air and grapple the bow of the *Despair*, seeing the crashing whitecaps come aboard and batter all along the bulwarks, hearing the wake hissing away behind; sensing the salt tang in the air that cut his cheek, feeling the lift and sway of the schooner, he considered that it was not improbable.

"You don't seem to have prospered well in the matter that took you ashore, for all that you 're takin' a trip to sea with the fair young lady," went on Mark, with a significance that could not be doubted. In any other man it would have been an impertinence; it would have lead to a blow, perhaps. In Mark it was merely an expression of friendly interest in both parties; for Esther Goffe was well known, both in person and by report, to Mark Wiggin, and Robert was the light of his eye.

"Mark," returned Robert, with a trace of sadness and regret in his tones. "Mark, you will be favoring both Esther Goffe and myself if you will never refer again to — what you have just hinted at. If I had any dreams they are gone now, and I have no longer any right to think of them except as past; you make me unhappy and you do Mistress Goffe an injustice when you refer in that sense to her."

Mark raised an eyebrow and looked quizzically at Robert, whose features were illuminated by the moon, as though to see how thoroughgoing this lack of present happiness might be. He evidently satisfied himself, for he closed the subject with an eloquent and comprehensive observation concerning it. "Somebody else, eh? Too durn bad!" was what he said. Having said it, the two fell to pacing the quarter-deck in silence.

When Mark broke the silence at last, he was far away from the forbidden ground. "Ever hear of John Locke?" he asked.

Robert reflected for a moment before he could answer

that he had heard him spoken of as a scholar and philosopher of England.

"He may be a scholar and a philosopher, but he don't know much about human nature the way we have it over here," Mark went on. "Heard what he and Shaftesbury tried to do in Carolina?"

Robert had heard something of the scheme of government that these two had devised for the colony, but concealed the fact, hoping that Mark would illuminate it more, which hope was fully and immediately realized.

"This here Shaftesbury thought it would be



JOHN LOCKE

pleasant to have a little toy England down in Carolina," he commenced, "only instead of having England the way she is now he was going to have England the way she was in the thirteenth century. So he got Locke, a capital writer, to write a constitution for the colony according to Shaftesbury's ideas. The constitution he got up would be sweet

and pretty in a book, but it don't so much become the wild, tangled woods of Carolina.

"It made a feudal domain out of the province. Each of the eight proprietors was to be a sort of king; they could grant

estates, and set up lords of estate under them; a regular feudal arrangement. And with eight kings, mind you! We find one enough! The chief pirate was to be called the palatine; some of the lords were land-graves, some caciques, and some the Lord knows what! All the people were supposed to have to say was about voting money; but they have had lots more to say than that, and the scheme don't work at all. Carolina is getting along nicely without it."



ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, THIRD
EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

"I don't believe the plan was Locke's entirely," observed Robert. "From what I hear of him I think he is too wise a man for that. I think it was Shaftesbury's idea. But one part of it John Locke was undoubtedly responsible for; he put in a clause assuring absolute liberty of religious opinion. My uncle told me that if seven people agree in their religious beliefs, they may join themselves into a church, and worship as they see fit."

"That's all very pretty," rejoined Mark, "but the

trouble with such an arrangement is that when it's as easy as all that to worship, nobody is going to want to praise God very hard. It lacks excitement. That's one reason, I suppose, why I am not over-religious. It is perfectly safe to pray after your own fashion at sea so long as you keep your weather eye open, because no one is going to try to prevent it; but by the same token you don't feel like taking the trouble to do it. What you don't have to fight for you don't much want when you get it."

"Nay, but your own argument falls when it comes to be applied to Rhode Island." Robert replied, smiling at the other's philosophy. "There is freedom there, but still there is plenty of godliness."

"So there is; but did n't they have to fight for it in the first place? Did n't Roger Williams come nigh onto losing his life before he got his freedom to seek God as he listed, and is n't every blessed soul of them who thinks about God at all a refugee from some place where he was not allowed to think about him as he wanted to? There's your own cousin Richard to prove what I say."

Robert, being in no mood for controversy, only laughed by way of reply, and silence fell upon them as they paced the deck. Again it was Mark who broke the silence. "What news from our Dutch cousins?" he asked.

Robert, who had passed into revery, was reminded by the question that Charles II, seduced by the bribes of the French monarch and the blandishments of French mistresses from the triple alliance in which England had joined to oppose the imperialism of Louis XIV, had joined with his former enemy in a war against Holland; and that the desperate struggle had just begun.

"We had lately a ship from England that reported the French Louis to be across the Rhine with two hundred thousand men, and the English fleet to be hovering along

the coasts of Holland," the young man answered, his eyes kindling with the thought of the fighting there would be. "For my part, I have no fear that De Ruyter and the younger Van Tromp, his grandson, will not be able to cope with the British at sea. As for the land, they can make their whole country into a sea at will, so they need not fear the French soldiers even when led by such great captains as Condé and Turenne. By Heaven, I have a mind to lend my hand again to the Dutch when this present business is finished!"

Mark gazed abroad upon the sea and sky, and overhauled the whole vessel with his eyes, as though he had not heard Robert, before he answered. "Belike you will not have to go to Holland to help," he said, simply.

"What mean you?" cried Robert, alive with excitement in a moment.

"That there are many in the place where you are going who look forward to a return of the Dutch," proceeded Mark.

"In New York?"

"Ay."

"In Heaven's name, man, tell me what you know of it!"

"Why, that there is a cabal between certain citizens of New York, and the authorities of Holland, looking to a visit from the Dutch fleet and the establishment of New Amsterdam," Mark told him, in a matter-of-fact manner. "Too bad old Peter Peg-Legs will not be there to see it, is n't it?"

"Why will he not?" asked Robert, diverted from his main inquiry by Mark's remark.

"'Cause he died last February; did n't you know?"

"Stuyvesant dead?"

"As a herring," emphasized Mark. "Died nice and peaceful in his bowery; and the funny part of it is that he and Nicolls had become the thickest of friends."

"But this other thing; tell me of that!" Robert urged,



LOOKING DOWN THE CAPE FEAR RIVER FROM HILTON PARK, WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

returning to the point of departure. "Mean you that there is a conspiracy to overthrow the English?"

"Hist, lad!" warned Mark, for Robert's voice was raised in his excitement. "Speak not of conspiracies like a bo's'n. I believe I have known every lad aboard since they first took to sea; but 't is never safe to be sure that British gold has not tampered with them, and Mark Wiggin's behavior of late has been such that we might well expect spies aboard. But if you will have it that it is a conspiracy, conspiracy will we call it, then."

Robert drew close to the skipper's arm. "Is my father concerned in it?" he whispered.

Mark shrugged his shoulders. "More than I would like, lad, more than I would like. For what should a man like him, with wife and family and much wealth to lose, be doing in a plot fit for hot youth? For my part I can see but little use for plotting at all; for if the Dutch want New York again they can take it without setting up treachery ashore. But your father has been led into it by accident and beyond his judgment. And now will you know who concocts the plot?"

Robert desired to be told, and said so.

"Why, our little round friend, Walter van Guilder!" exclaimed Mark, with a chuckle. "Who would ever believe, looking into his innocent blue eyes, that he was another Guy Fawkes or Wat Tyler? It was through him that your father was led into it."

"How was it?"

"Why, Van Guilder, who was recently made a partner in the business, has been possessed to get the British out of New York for the past decade, for some reason that nobody knows, unless he does; for surely they meddle with him little enough, and business goes forward as pleasantly as ever. But nothing would do but that the British

must go, and especially one Barnacle, or some such name."

"Barnstable; is that the name?" cried Robert, with added excitement. "He is the man that knows my identity; it was because of him that I could not stay in New York.

"Well, it 's like to be because of Walter van Guylder that he cannot stay there now; for, when the war between England and Holland began to be rumored, Walter got about him a set of hot bloods and fell to intriguing with the Dutch at home, which he did in the last war as well, but to no purpose. I should know well, for I carried their messages across seas, being well paid for it. And that is where your father came into the conspiracy. There was not enough money among them to make it worth the risk to the *Despair* and myself, so they posted off to your father and laid the whole scheme bare. When they pointed out that you could come home if the English were driven out, he was glad enough to furnish them with the funds. So you see that Mark Wiggin is the cause of bringing your father within the shadow of the gibbet; though I knew nothing of his being concerned until the money was paid, or I should have put a stop to it. I would have gone for nothing rather than get your father meddled up in such a transaction."

"I must get him out of this," exclaimed Robert, in deep agitation. "He must not be involved in it!"

"Do your best, lad; you 'll have the help of Mark Wiggin!"

"Do you know what lies behind Van Guylder's zeal?" Robert went on.

"That I do not. For a time this Barnstable might have been looked upon by him in the light of a third party, bein' as they both seemed fond of your sister; but from all I have seen and heard of recent I should think that Walter had small cause to fear him on that score now."

"But how far has this thing progressed?" Robert asked.
 "When will the mine be sprung?"

"In the spring," returned Mark, unconscious of a pun;
 "or, leastwise, thereabouts. But more will be known of it
 when I get
 back from Hol-
 land."

"Are you
 going to Hol-
 land soon?"

"As soon
 as I have fin-
 ished this bus-
 iness."

"I will go
 with you!"

"Good! I
 don't mind
 how much you
 conspire; but
 lug your father
 out of it, lad,
 lug your father
 out of it. He's
 too old a hand

for plots, which are for us young fellers." Mark, with a
 comical elevation of his brows, turned and left the deck,
 leaving Robert to pace back and forth until far into the
 windy night.

There was no adventure in the voyage. The weather
 was fine, the wind fresh and fair, and the sea in merry mood.
 Robert and Esther were much together on deck. Under
 the soothing effect of the voyage they fell into an easy com-
 panionship; easier than either of them would have supposed



THE BOWERY AT GRAND STREET

possible. They talked of her uncle, the fugitive; of Matthew Stevens; of Boston and New York; of Virginia; of Holland and the wars; of strange parts of the world Robert had visited; but never once did they speak of themselves; never once was the name of Peram mentioned between them.

Mark Wiggin, skipper, in the pursuit of nautical duties, was more than once a witness, and sometimes an auditor, of their long talks on the decks of his vessel. Mark Wiggin, seeing what he saw, and knowing what he knew, on such occasions would wrinkle up his nose and close his lee eye and shake his head and go below for a snack of rum. To one closely observant of Mark Wiggin's conduct during the voyage, therefore, Mark Wiggin's behavior, when New York harbor was in sight and the voyage nearly done, would not have been entirely unaccountable.

For Mark Wiggin, stealthily approaching Robert as he stood alone by the rail as the vessel entered the harbor, put a broad fist on his shoulder, and whispered, with a voice of the sea: "Luff up on this conspiracy, lad. Go to Holland; but when you go, don't take a plot. Take her!" he jerked his head toward the companionway, which to Mark served as sign and symbol of Esther Goffe.

To which suggestion Robert returned silence, gazing upon the town with a wistful eye.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MARPLOTS

ROBERT STEVENS was received with abounding joy when he appeared that evening at the door of his father's house, accompanied by Esther Goffe. The story was not long in the telling, and Esther was shortly whisked away by Dorothy and Rebecca to be cried over and petted and made to drink tea, as befitted the occasion.

Left alone with his father and Walter van Guylder, Robert was immediately regaled with a long and circumstantial account of the conspiracy that was to overthrow the rule of the English in New York. With an alacrity that must have been disconcerting to any spectator whose secret reposed with this round-eyed young man, he assumed that Robert would take a sympathetic interest.

He had much of a perfunctory and commonplace character to say concerning the abuses under which New York had groaned since Lovelace came, in 1668. He was full of rhetoric about unjust excises and dishonorable plunder and unscrupulous tyranny;



THE OLD PEAR TREE PLANTED BY
STUYVESANT, IN NEW YORK

he waxed grandiloquent upon the rights of man, and many other things of like appeal; and finally, with his round eyes rolling, reached his peroration; where, if they had known it, lay the nub of the motive that impelled him to turn plotter.

"You shall no more be driven from your own dooryard

WRIGHT, 1903, BY WILLIAM H. RAU



PANORAMA OF NEW YORK HARBOR

to wander in the wilds of the frontier," he said, turning fervently to Robert, as though that young man had been in imminent danger of being scalped ever since Corporal Barnstable became too inquisitive a number of years before.

Robert was really touched by this show of solicitude for his welfare, and he thanked the young Dutchman with a straight face. If he had known that the entire plot had taken its start in Walter's mind from a desire to undo the injury he had unwittingly inflicted upon the brother of his

well beloved; to make amends for that fatal outburst of enthusiasm on the morning when the British occupied New Amsterdam; if he had understood that the young hero was risking his neck, and incidentally the necks of his friends, for the sole purpose of restoring him to his family, he would have been still more deeply affected in more ways than one,

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AND THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

and would have had less difficulty in keeping his countenance. But he did not know.

John Stevens listened to the effusiveness of Walter as though it were an old story to him, giving no more heed to the harangue than to shake his head significantly at Robert once or twice as a hint that the thing must not be taken too seriously. Rebecca presently returning from her ministrations to Esther, Walter promptly forgot all about his plot and went to walk with her in the Bowling Green, to the manifest relief of Rebecca's father.

Robert was glad to note these signs that his father was not deeply steeped in the spirit of Walter's project, and was prepared for what his father said concerning the young man when the two had left. "He is a capital young man, of sterling character, Robert, and a cool head at a trade; but in matters that do not concern business he is unconsciously and uncomfortably impulsive. He has had it in mind these many years to drive the British out of New York. So set has he been that I make no doubt he would have gone to desperate ends many times had I not restrained him. But at last I found there was no restraining him; he was plotting with outsiders, and had gone deeply into his schemes when I found them out by accident. So I thought it best to indulge him; he will be safer conspiring with me than without me."

"But is there no danger to you, even if it is a burlesque?" inquired Robert, anxiously. "If you discovered his plans by accident, why might not others do as much? You ought surely to stop him; his behavior is ruinous."

"Nay, 't would be no use, for the lad is Dutch, and stubborn. It would only make unhappiness; for we are much attached to him, and, as you may have surmised, expect that some day he will be one of us by a closer bond than exists at present."

Robert, after much argument, was brought to approve his father's course; he went further than that; he went so far as to enter into the plot with the same purpose of protecting Walter from himself. Mark Wiggin, arriving presently to pay a visit, was inducted into the inner knowledge of affairs, to his great content, and forthwith there developed a conspiracy within a conspiracy, all tending to soften the hard world to the roundness of Walter van Guilder. For the present the counterplot embraced nothing more than a mild indulgence of the young patriot's fervor: Mark

Wiggin would go to Holland on the mysterious business as soon as he could charge his vessel with a cargo of peltries, and Robert would go with him as emissary to the court of Holland in the capacity of mate of the schooner *Despair*. There was much unholy mirth over the device, and many quips that would have nettled the round bosom of a burning patriot if he had heard them. But he was at the time listening to certain words and phrases that had quite another effect upon his sensibilities.

Corporal Barnstable having become a sergeant, and a civilian, and a benedict, and a father, several times over in respect of the latter title, since Robert had been in danger of him, the proscribed did not now hesitate to remain ashore until the time when the vessel should be ready to sail. He did not flaunt himself about the town, but he did go with Rebecca and Esther to see the few sights it offered, among which were the fort and the Palisades. All the time Walter van Guilder, haunted by memories of his early sin against him, exhibited the liveliest solicitude for his safety, keeping a close eye on Citizen Barnstable and all the English officers of the fort.

But Walter van Guilder was one of those whose best efforts are attended by disaster. He was too round-eyed and round-hearted. The more he tried to help his friends, the more damage he did to them. His good intentions were ruinous; his affections likely to prove a blight.

It fell out that on a day in late July, not long after Robert and Esther had come to John Stevens's house, Walter went down to the coffee-house where the monthly mail from Boston was received. This monthly mail was an institution brought into existence by this same Lovelace against whom he was so urgent.

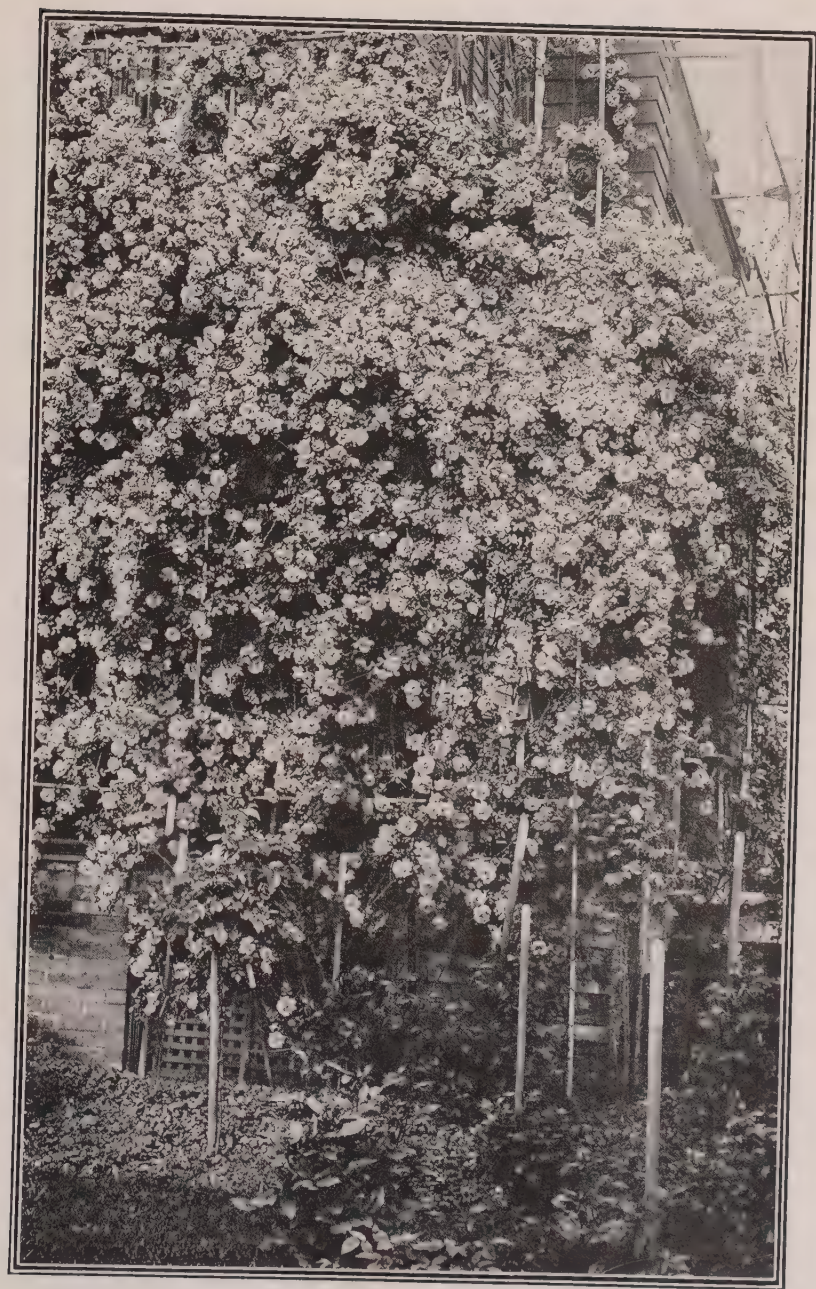
The first mail left New York New Year's day, 1673, the postman departing by way of the Bowery Lane and the new

wagon road that led to Harlem. Thence his course led through Pelham Manor, Greenwich, Stamford, New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, and then eastward along the course now taken by the Boston & Albany railroad. Near Brookfield, then called Quabaug, the messenger's route took him a thousand feet above sea level. Most of the course was over bridle-paths and Indian trails. Rivers and arms of the sea were crossed in boats, and at several points along the way he had relays of horses. Over long stretches there was not even a trail, and the messenger blazed his way by marking trees with a hatchet.

At New York and Boston locked boxes were kept to receive the outgoing mail. All postage was prepaid. Thus was founded the postal service of the American continent, which soon expanded to include other routes. The people took kindly to the plan, destined to reach such gigantic proportions in the following centuries.

Walter did not know that the mail would arrive that morning, which was one reason why he went to the coffee-house. He only thought it would; it was time for the postman to get back to New York. There being nothing that depended upon the accuracy of Walter's guess in the matter, it proved to be correct. He had not been in the coffee-house ten minutes, and had barely found time to fill and light his pipe, when the postman arrived, accompanied and proclaimed by a large number of small boys, to whom he was an amusement.

With the postman was a slight, spare, handsome young man with a crushing overhang in the matter of brow and an incisive nose. This young man, perceiving Walter paw the letters newly arrived, and demand in round voice all those addressed to Stevens and Van Guylder, shortly came by imperceptible degrees to the side of the junior partner and gazed down at the back of his head for a space. "My



A ROSE-COVERED ARBOR IN NEW ENGLAND

friend, can you tell me where one Master John Smith Stevens may be found?" he said, when he had gazed at sufficient length.

Walter, enthusiastic over the prospects of being of service to a stranger, volubly informed him of many minute circumstances connecting himself to Master John Smith Stevens, and volunteered to conduct him thither as soon as he had procured all the mail. That not requiring great length of time, they were presently on their way.

"This is Smith's Vly," explained Walter, as they passed along that thoroughfare, as though the fame of Smith's Vly had been proclaimed throughout the world. "This way, sir; we have to cross this little bridge over the inlet. We have a fine town now," he rattled on. "People are coming here from all the colonies on account of business; there are three hundred and twenty-five houses here already! We have one street paved with rubble stone, sir! They call it Stone Street. There are lots of rich people here; my partner, John Stevens, is one of the very richest!" He spoke with the pride in city and citizen that lives in the heart of every true citizen in every city in America to this day.

"See that big white house over there?" he went on, pointing to a large mansion painted white, near which they passed after crossing the bridge. "That 's the White Hall . . . this is Whitehall Street, and this is Bridge Street . . ."—indicating successively the one on which the house was built and the one where they walked. "That house is called the White Hall; after it the street is named. It is where Peter Stuyvesant used to live before we lost the city to the English."

The fixed smile on the handsome face flickered into life for an instant. "Before we lost it?" he repeated, with an emphasis on the pronoun. "You are Dutch, then?" as

though that were not the most obvious thing about Walter van Guylder.

Walter looked up with some apprehension; but his round eyes became entangled in the fixed smile, and he breathed more easily. "I'm Dutch, and my partner wishes he was, I think; leastwise, he is not over fond of the British rule here. Nicolls was not so bad; but Colonel Francis Lovelace is a tyrant! He levies taxes to suit himself and has put a duty of ten per cent on exports and imports. When some of the Long Island towns made protests, he had the hangman burn the protests, and Marcus Jacobson, a Swede who opposed him, was sentenced to death, flogged, and sold to Barbadoes as a slave. They did n't hang him, of course, or they could not have sold him as a slave," explained Walter, parenthetically.

"He would scarcely have brought as much had he been hanged," returned Lucius Peram, enjoying the joke all by himself, of necessity. "I had heard tales of Lovelace's behavior. How is it that your people of New York submit? Have they no spirit?"

Walter's eyes became rounder than ever with a desire to tell of his conspiracy, but he restrained himself.

"But surely this Richard Smith, as he is called, who is, in fact, a certain Robert Stevens of Virginia . . . I hope I betray no confidence? You knew he was Robert Stevens, I assume?"

"I did n't know you knew it!" returned Walter, growing rounder eyed each moment.

"Bless you, I know him well!" Peram assured him, with his fixed smile all agleam. Since the day when he had read Robert's letter to Esther over her shoulder he had had little doubt concerning his identity; now it was certainty. On the assumption that he was right he had been in communication concerning Robert Stevens with Governor

Berkeley, and was fully possessed of all the facts in the case; probably much more.

"But this same Robert I know to be a fellow of spirit," he resumed, pressing the gleam out of his smile by drawing his lips more tightly. "Do but put the matter to him and he will lead you a rebellion, if you wish it, to throw off the insufferable yoke of England."



TEMPLE STREET, THE ARCH OF ELMS, NEW HAVEN

Walter looked at him eagerly, quickly. "Who are you?" he asked, abruptly.

"Well, my fellow, since you ask, and seem to be trustworthy, I will tell you who I am. I am Lucius Peram, of Boston, close friend to Matthew Stevens of that place."

"And what do you do in New York?"

"Well, now, since you ask, I must tell you; though

't is a matter that I would not have you breathe. I am come to visit with Mistress Esther Goffe, who is my . . . hist, now! My fiancée! My betrothed!" He whispered the last; clearly he desired that his errand should be broadly known, else he would not have warned Walter to secrecy, and he especially desired to have known his relation to Esther, else he would not have whispered that information.

"I 'm promised to Rebecca Stevens!" exclaimed Walter rapturously, as an exchange of confidence.

"My friend Robert's sister?" All information that came to Lucius Peram was material that might prove of some future use. Walter nodded his head absently. "Do you love liberty?" he asked, bluntly.

"Better than anything . . . except Esther Goffe!" Peram filled his voice with fervor.

A long pause. The round mind of the round Dutch youth rolled back over what had passed between them, and came up against his words about the spirit of New Yorkers. "Do you want to be in it?" he asked, mysteriously.

"In what, my fine fellow?"

"I guess it 's all right to tell you. You seem to know all about Robert; and if you love Esther Goffe, and she loves you, you are to be trusted. But, if you don't want to be in it, don't say anything about it, that I told you, will you?"

"About what, sir?"

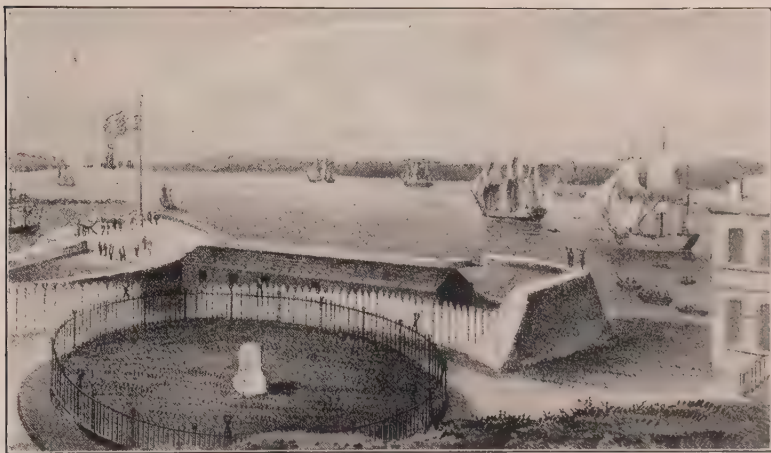
"Why, about our conspiracy! We 've got one already, and Robert is in it!" Whereupon Walter, with many words, proceeded to divulge the whole plot, as it seemed to his roundness, not omitting the least detail.

To all of which Lucius Peram listened with a fixed smile of interest and a green glitter in the depths of his eye. All knowledge was likely to be of use in his trade; his fortune was high when he fell in with this round-headed youth!

CHAPTER XXIV

ON THE NINE O'CLOCK TIDE

AT the moment when Lucius Peram, guided and enlightened by Walter van Guylder, was ushered into the drawing-room of John Stevens's mansion to await Mistress Goffe, he framed his plans. First, and above all, he would have Esther. Then he would pursue the paths of



BATTERY AND BOWLING GREEN, NEW YORK (*From an early print*)

justice laid down by his King against those already marked; there would be time enough to lay hands upon this Robert Stevens, twice an outlaw; if he moved now, he might startle Esther.

She came to him presently, pale and trembling. He arose and reached out his arms toward her; she shrank from him, and begged him to wait. His eyes glinted, but his skill was deep and he showed patience.

"Have I not already answered you?" She avoided both

his word and look; her nature shrank from him in this moment, above all others — in the moment when she was to give herself to him.

“You have answered me twice, Esther, and with different answers; which will you repeat?”

Her head was bowed upon her breast; her heart could scarcely beat for the weight of her soul's burden; her breath struggled through her throat as though something was choking her. She raised her face at last, striving to meet the eyes of the man who stood before her; striving to speak the words she had schooled herself to speak. In the last final fight, and when she had all but conquered, there was a hasty step without the door and Robert Stevens entered in a state of excitement.

Seeing the two standing as they were, he was covered with confusion, and would have withdrawn, when a second thought impelled him to advance farther and speak. “You will give me pardon, Mistress Esther and Master Peram,” he said, as calmly as he could in the pain and astonishment of finding Peram in New York and with Esther; “I had no knowledge that you were here; indeed, I little expected to find Master Peram in New York. Perhaps you will let my errand plead my excuse when I inform you why it is that I entered upon you after perceiving you in the room. I thought perhaps I might be of service in warning Master Peram of the approach of a Dutch fleet, which has been in Chesapeake Bay and has left, bound probably to this point.”

“Probably, for such was the plan,” observed Peram, coolly.

Robert permitted no sign to enter his face. “Such, at least, has been the rumor,” he rejoined. “I did not know whether Master Peram had heard of it; the actual knowledge of the approach of the fleet is shared by only a few . . . ”

"Who desire that it should not be scattered broadcast, yet," interjected Peram.

"I know nothing of that," said Robert; "I merely chance to know that the fleet will shortly be here. Believing that Master Peram's affairs in Boston might make it disastrous if he were confined for a time in New York, and having a consideration for his welfare —" for an instant, in spite of himself, his glance wavered toward Esther, who stood tense and still by the side of her chair — "having a consideration for his welfare, I stopped to warn him. I hope, for that, you will pardon my intrusion."

He turned to go when he was detained by a cry from Esther; a cry like that of one who is drowning, and who cries for help. "Wait!" she said, half shrieking. The thought of the Dutch came to her like a vision of hope; for a moment she saw her salvation from this man who only a minute before had asked her for an answer to his abhorrent question. With the Dutch in New York, with Robert secure from English vengeance . . . Suddenly she recalled that it was not Robert



OLD DUTCH HOUSE, BROAD STREET AND EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW YORK
(From an early print)

and herself who were in danger from Peram, but Matthew and her uncle.

With the coming of the thought, her hope went dead, withered in the bottom of her heart. For one brief instant she looked at Robert with all her anguish, all her despair pleading through her eyes; in another instant she bade him go. "It is nothing," she said. "I did not mean to stop you; I was only confused and surprised."

Robert, bewildered by her calling to him and then bidding him go, and puzzled by the look, which for a moment made a mighty stirring in his heart as though the message were understood there at least, went forth in search of John Stevens to bear him the news. Peram, observing the look, read its utter meaning, and knew for the first time what love there was in Esther for this other man; this outlawed fugitive, who even now conspired against England. So Robert left a new enemy behind him as he went.

"'T is brave news this cousin brings," said Peram, "and timely, as well; for if I were long detained from Boston evil might easily befall your foster-parents in my absence. I had thought to stay longer than a day, but this news prompts me home. Will you go with me, Esther? Shall I have my answer in that fashion?"

"I cannot go with you, but you shall have my answer," she said. "You may come for me again, or I will come to you." Her voice was dead and hollow.

"It would be better if you went now," he said, finally.

"I cannot, cannot go with you now!" she cried, clasping her hands by her sides and swaying with an excess of grief and dismay. "It would be too much to ask if I loved you, and you know that I do not love you. Let us be frank." There was eager pleading in her words and voice; she fell to pacing the floor in her anguish.

Peram observed her with a show of compassion. He



NEW YORK FROM THE LOWER BAY (*From the drawing by J. R. Smith*)

saw that he should lose more than he would gain if he was to force her hand now; that she was desperate and had the advantage of being among friends whom approaching events placed for the time beyond his power; he realized that he must take the chance of leaving her.

"Esther," he said, softly, having reached these conclusions, "if I did not think that I could bring you to love me I would sooner lose my very life, than urge upon you a union that seems distasteful to you. I shall not ask for more than your promise now; I shall leave you here to prepare yourself to come to me, and will return alone to my duties, first and foremost of which is my care for the safety of your foster-parents, and your uncle, concerning whose hiding-place such rumors have come that I dare not leave them to circulate long in my absence lest they lead to his betrayal. Good bye for the present, Esther. There is now a post between here and Boston; I shall look forward to missives from you. Farewell!" He refrained from laying hand upon her as he parted; he did not even stoop to kiss her golden hair.

Why should she dread this man? Why should she doubt? For she did dread him, and doubt him, questioning his every act and word.

But what should she do? She had done more than she hoped in deferring the awful day. In her misery her mind went back to Robert. She knew now that he loved her; she knew that he would understand. She knew that he would save her and protect Matthew and his wife from the wrath of Peram. If he would only come to her again; if he would only show his love by look or word so that she might tell him, she would still be saved. Ah, if he only knew!

That night she went to her room early without seeing Robert, for he had not come long after supper was over. As she lay sleepless through the night, a mighty resolve

came to her. She would go to Robert, since there could be no hope that he would come to her; she would tell him of her love and her trouble; in the morning she would go to him.

This determination made, she knew great peace and joy, the first for many weeks, and slept at last to dream of

love and happiness.

It was broad day when she awakened. The sun was high in the sky; she knew that she had slept late. Dressing herself with eager impatience, she descended to the living-room to seek him, trembling with fear for what she



TRINITY CHURCH AND THE FINANCIAL CENTER, NEW YORK

was about to do, and with great joy. He was not there; he was not in the house. She learned as much without making inquiry; for if she must tell her secret it would be to him first of all. She went out into the street and wandered toward the shop, hoping to learn something of him. He was not there; Walter van Guilder was there, but him she dared not ask. She turned toward the harbor to look at the vessels. Perchance he was on the *Despair*.

The *Despair* was not there; probably, she thought, it had gone up the Hudson to load more peltries. Far off on the sky line she saw the sails of a craft putting to sea. She admired its grace and beauty, thinking nothing more of it.

It was noon when she returned to the house. Still Robert was not home, and came not when they sat at table.

Grace was said; in the silence that followed, mustering great fortitude, Esther turned toward John. "Where is Robert?" she asked as simply as she could.

He looked at her in some surprise. "Why, did n't you know?" he said. "Oh, of course, you were asleep, and we did not call you. He told me to bid you farewell for him. He set sail for Holland in the *Despair* this morning, with the nine o'clock tide. Shall I give you some gravy?"

The departure of the *Despair* for Holland had little to do with the rumored approach of the Dutch fleet. Mark Wiggin went somewhat abruptly on the morning after the arrival of the news, but only because he was fully laden with peltries, and because tide and wind were right. He did consider that the English authorities might possibly interfere with his going at such a time, and was influenced a little by the consideration; but for the most part he went because he was ready to go, and the sea was ready to have him.

Esther bore her bitter disappointment as she bore everything. She resigned herself completely without building more plans. They did nothing but raise up hope, and she dared hope no longer. In her future she could see nothing but *Lucius Peram*.

CHAPTER XXV

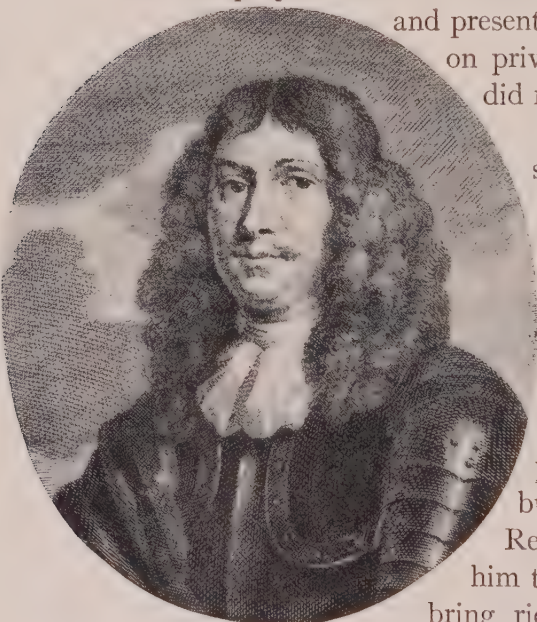
PERAM MAKES AN APPOINTMENT

GOVERNOR LOVELACE was absent when news of the Dutch squadron's approach reached New York. When he heard, he hastened back to the town, made some hurried preparations for defence, swore, harangued, argued, and presently went over to Long Island on private business when the ships did not appear at once.

August 7, 1673, the Dutch squadron, under the gallant Evertsen of Zeeland, dropped anchor in the lower Bay. Captain Manning, in command of the handful of defenders, sent a messenger to find Lovelace. Walter would have performed prodigies of valor, but was gently dissuaded by

Rebecca, who pointed out to him that he could do nothing but bring ridicule and perhaps danger upon himself, for the fort would surely fall before the Dutch.

It did. There was an attempt at resistance; several rounds were exchanged between the weak ramparts and the formidable fleet; some combatants were killed, but the case of the fort was hopeless from the beginning. The citizens, peaceful, business-loving people, would not rally to the aid



C. EVERTSEN OF ZEELAND

of Captain Manning, in which unwillingness the activity of Walter's fellow-conspirators had no part; the mounted guns were too few and weak and the number of defenders too small. August 9, Manning surrendered the town to Colonel Colve, who landed troops from Staten Island; and the flag of Holland once more waved over fort and shop.

Colonel Colve was left as governor for the Dutch. The province resumed its former name of New Netherland,



WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY

asserting the boundary of the Hartford treaty of 1650. The whole of Long Island was declared to belong to it. The name of New York was changed to New Orange, and Fort James was rechristened Fort William Hendrick, both in honor of William of Orange, now Stadtholder. Esopus, which had recently been called Kingston, was now called Swanenburg, and Albany received the name of Willemstadt.

As for Lovelace, his fate was unhappy. The Dutch confiscated all he had, and the duke of York confiscated

all that he then had not, for bad debts. Lovelace had been a venturesome spirit, and had not remained governor long enough to have his speculations turn out satisfactorily. He was in trouble with his debts and his creditors until he died, some years later. The unfortunate Manning was convicted by court-martial of cowardice and

charged with treason for surrendering New York so readily. His sword was broken over his head and he was deprived of all civil and military rights.

All the towns named within the boundaries of New Netherland submitted gracefully to Colve, so that their business might not be interrupted, save some on the East Riding in Long Island. These he had to admonish; he



THE AMERICAN FALLS FROM GOAT ISLAND

was obliged to talk Dutch to them. He had other troubles at the same time. The united colonies of New England, growing nervous over the return of the Dutch, rumbled much about war. The rumble came to Colve's ears, who resolved that he would not be caught unprepared for defence as every one before him had been. He set to work strengthening



NEW YORK IN 1787 (*From a print of the time*)

the fort, and tore down a number of houses that had been built on sites where they would interfere with gun-fire. In the spring he had 190 guns mounted and was ready for the New Englanders.

After the collapse of his plot, Walter van Guylder became a deeply melancholy young man; for the first time in his life his face grew longer than it was wide. He was so unhappy and morose that John and Dorothy, taking council with each other, concluded that it would be best for him and Rebecca to be married at once rather than delay longer. "We cannot well say they are too young, my love," laughed John, when his wife suggested an objection to their lack of years.

Accordingly, with much celebration and show, for John Stevens was one of the greater merchants of the town, the



LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

two were wed. Esther was maid of honor to Rebecca, and one of the sometime chief conspirators was groomsman. The cake, which was a wonderful affair, living for many years in local tradition, was made by no other than the wife of Barnstable, erstwhile corporal and sergeant of the British army, Barnstable himself bringing it to the Stevens mansion on a barrow.

Affairs continued to run

in so much the same fashion after the Dutch occupation that John Stevens frequently found it necessary to stop and ruminate when he needed in his business to know who was ruling over the province at present. Any one who saw him in the counting-house of his shop in New Orange, on any secular day of the year, would have found it difficult to believe that in this staid, sober, serious man of affairs they observed the middle age of the youth of fire and romance that had gone to far Acadia in quest of adventure. He had succeeded, and success had obliterated his personality and left only itself.



THE HORSESHOE FALL FROM GOAT ISLAND

In Dorothy there was less change. She grew more and more like her mother, the Lady La Tour. Only the difference in the manner of their respective lives made the difference that there was between them; in the fierce struggle of Acadia she would have risen to the heights of womanhood that her mother reached, as was to be strikingly proved. She had heard from her brothers and sisters, who had been carried to France by D'Aulnay; beyond the afflictions incidental to the lives of all, they were happy and well, and the feud was forgotten. The marriage of her father to D'Aulnay's widow was a blow from which she could not recover; her memory of him was forever disfigured.

The Stevens family was made glad by the change for one reason. Robert could live in New Orange with safety. His mother wondered why he had gone to Holland with Mark Wiggin on the eve of the arrival of the Dutch, which would have removed all possible danger in his being there. Before he left she had observed a change in her boy, with a mother's eye; she had seen his unhappiness, his reticence; and at the same time she had perceived in Esther a constraint that set her mind to guessing more than once. With a mother's intuition, she had guessed the truth; but the failure of any adroit efforts on her part to demonstrate what she surmised to be the case had cast her into some doubt, showing that a woman should seldom permit anything to weigh against her intuition.

Many times, both in the presence of the entire family, and when she and Esther were alone, did Dorothy bring the talk around to Robert in the hope of surprising Esther into some disclosure, or beguiling her into a confidence, for she felt that there was some trouble between them that she might clear away. She met only with reserve or avoidance. At last she abandoned the attempts, being restrained by delicacy from pressing her investigation too closely.



NIAGARA FALLS, FROM
THE CANADIAN SIDE

Esther, aware of these attempts to surprise her secret, did not resent them, understanding too well the kindness that inspired them. But she held her peace; none but Robert could avail her anything, she felt, and there was no pressing need of the moment. She was keeping Peram pacified, writing frequently to him with many excuses for deferring their marriage, which she had come to speak of openly to him to make herself used to the thought.

So the winter passed, and the spring came. The *Despair* had not been heard from; a circumstance that need have given the members of the family no uneasiness, and would not have alarmed them if they had been better acquainted with the maritime habits of Mark Wiggin. He would take his boat on any manner of honorable errand for a sufficient reward. It must be further confessed that Mark's code of marine ethics permitted of a sliding ratio between the two considerations, so that the honor might be largely deficient if the reward were large enough. Not that Mark resorted to piracy. He merely suffered himself to be a convenience between princes, or even dukes, on little out-of-the-way errands that were more interesting than injurious. Man to man, he was integrity and honor militant.

On a day in March word came from the water-front that the *Despair* was in the harbor. Before John Stevens could complete the trade on which he was engaged at the time he heard the news, his son entered, salt and brown, with a doleful look in his eye. "Home-coming should not be so sour, my boy!" he cried, excusing himself for a moment from his patron to greet his son. "What has gone wrong?"

"You have not heard? There has been a peace patched up between Charles and the Dutch, and New Amsterdam is to be returned to England! The papers were signed at Westminster, February 19."

"What say you?" cried his father. "You cannot mean it! Wait until I have done with this man; I would hear more of it"; and he returned to his trade.

While Robert Stevens waited in his father's store, Lucius Peram, his smile absent from his face for once, walked hastily along the streets in the direction of the Stevens house. He had clearly ridden long and far.

Esther was in the living-room alone when he was ushered in by a negro servant. She had not yet heard of the arrival of the *Despair*; it was an important transaction that John Stevens had on hand, and Robert was being detained a long time. She was not surprised to see Peram; she was not shocked. She believed the time had come when the evil day could be put off no longer; she was ready for it.

"You have heard the news?" he said, abruptly, with some impatience, as though his journey had left him peevish.

She had heard much news; what news did he mean?

"New York has been restored to England, and an English governor will shortly take command here."

She had not heard that.

"I thought perhaps you had learned it; members of your household seem to have prescience of matters that are about to happen here." There was anger in his voice.

He paused a moment, and in the interval regained his self-control and diplomacy. "Esther! Esther," he said, passionately, coming closer to her, "how much longer must I wait for you? Are you not ready to come to me yet, beloved? I cannot struggle alone for much longer; I must have some help; you must be my aid!"

It was as though he placed his fingers about her throat and commanded her. She knew him so well now that she understood that. He would not threaten her; he would only let loose nameless fears to devour her courage; that was his manner of wooing and winning her.

She arose from her seat and faced him. "I am glad you have come!" she said, hoarsely, swaying in her tracks. "To-night I will go with you! I will come to you!"

He rushed toward her hungrily. She held him off. "To-night," she repeated. "Where shall I come?"

He considered for a minute, telling her at last to come to the coffee-house where the postman brought the mail.

"You will have a minister?" He promised her emphatically.

"To-night at midnight I will come." She repeated the words "I will come" as though they were the burden of a dirge, or the theme of some sad mania.

"But why at midnight?" he expostulated.

"They would not have me come if they knew what I did," she returned. "Oh, have no fear," she went on, perceiving doubt in his face; "I will come! I will come for the same reason that I say I will come. You make me. Leave me now!" She waved him away.

He turned and left, sullen and vengeful for the manner of her speaking to him; he would have had his bride more blithe.

"Rachel, I am going to my room. I am sick; my head pains me. I shall sleep; I shall be better then. Let no one come to my room; I would not be disturbed."

Esther, stopping to give these orders to a negro servant, crept heavily up the staircase and to her room. Rachel, listening, heard the door close, and heard no more.

CHAPTER XXVI

PERAM KEEPS AN APPOINTMENT

NINE o'clock on a night in March; the night of the day when Peram claimed his reward. A stiff, stinging wind from the Sound; a sick new moon, hastening to bed among the Jersey hills; dust and sand scurrying through the deserted streets of New Orange!

Ten o'clock, and the moon has found rest. Not so the wind; it is fiercer than ever; the dust and sand in the



BROOKLYN BRIDGE

street beat against the cheeks of passers-by — if there chance to be passers-by — like little cold needles; a wild, roaring, forbidding night, fit for dark deeds.

And there were passers-by. Robert Stevens, coming up from the water at 10, whither he had been to the *Despair* on a forgotten errand, saw, as he approached his father's house, a figure creep from the shadows of the wall and slink off down the street; a dark, mysterious figure. He was

about to take after it when he perceived by the manner in which the wind whirled the skirts that the figure was that of a woman. Even then he thought to come closer, to see what manner of woman it was, for there were no street lights in New Orange in the year of our Lord, 1674. But the figure heard him coming and disappeared into a side lane.

He followed it no more, believing it to be one of the servants, or a friend of the servants, on some night errand which it might be better if he knew nothing of.

Eleven o'clock! The wind was howling like a lost soul seeking its mate. A tingling rain was beginning to filter through the clouds; the dust and sand still snarl through the streets; more than one good citizen of New Orange went to his door at a late hour to answer to their knocking.

Twelve o'clock, and the rain is beginning in earnest. One, two, three o'clock! A storm is raging; a storm that brings Robert to his feet with its lashing at the house; he is ready to rush up on deck, fancying himself, in his half sleep, to be at sea. He stops for a moment to peer through the window before he goes back to bed; the rain laps at the pane; it courses down the smooth glass in festoons and loops. "A mad night to be ashore! a mad night to be out in, and ashore!" he repeats, as he falls asleep again.

Four o'clock! The rain ceases; the wind flattens; the dead grass turns grey and crisp; little ponds of rainwater crinkle into thin sheets of ice. Five, and the east turns pale; six, and the sun is up, looking down upon a wind-swept, rain-drenched, frost-puckered earth.

"Rachel, have you called Miss Esther?" said Mistress John Stevens, when the family sat down to breakfast on this wind-swept morning; for Esther's chair was vacant.

"Yes'm, I done call her, but she yain't dar! Did n't you know she wa'n't dar?"

"Not there?" cried John Stevens. "Of course she 's there! Go call her again, Rachel!"

"'Deed, massa, she yain't dar!" persisted Rachel; "I done call her for de gentleman what was yere, an' when she don't answer I done stuck my haid in de door, and she yain't dar. Clare to goodness, massa an missus, and you too, massa Robert, she yain't dar nohow!"

Robert looked blankly at his mother and she at him. John arose in alarm, and started for the stairway. "Perhaps you had better go first, Dorothy," he said, stopping and turning to his wife. Without a word she hastened past him and up the steps.

"Who was it inquired for her, Rachel?" demanded John Stevens, returning to his chair.

"I shore don' know, massa," declared Rachel; "I shore don' know! He jes' wanted to know ef she was yere! He did n' want for to see her!"

There was no word between the two as they waited for Dorothy to come down. Robert was assailed by a horrible fear; he had learned that Peram was in New Orange, and that he had been to the house; he could not avoid connecting his presence with the mystery concerning Esther.

In a brief space of time Dorothy entered the room, pale and trembling. "She is gone," she said. It was rather from the movement of her lips than any sound she made that they knew her words. They stared blankly at her; she walked unsteadily to her husband, and handed him a bit of folded paper. "'T is addressed to you," she said.

John opened it with shaking hands; grief and anger, and pity, deep, deep pity, were in his face as he read the note, first to himself and then aloud to them.

"MY FRIEND AND BENEFACTOR: I have been face to face with my duty, and have failed in it. I am going to leave to-night; I shall never be seen again by any of you. Warn

Master Matthew Stevens that he is in grave danger from Lucius Peram because of my cowardly desertion. Beg him to forgive me. I am wretched. When Master Robert returns, show him this; perhaps he will understand. I could wish that he would, and that he would forgive me too.

“ESTHER GOFFE.”

“My son, oh, my poor, dear boy!” cried Dorothy, throwing her arms about Robert’s neck in a passion of grief and pity for both of them; “how wickedly, cruelly blind! Oh, I might have prevented all this! God forgive me, I might have seen!”

Bitterly did the mind of Robert review all that had passed between him and Esther; with each recollection the whole pitiful story sprang into greater distinctness; he saw the truth now, now that it was too late; now that she was gone — now that her grievous burden had driven her forth to wander — or to her grave.

With a heart consumed by grief, Robert hastened about the coffee-houses in New York striving to find Peram; not for vengeance, for his heart was too full for that, but to learn what he could to help them in the search for the girl. At the last one he found that Peram had stayed there, waiting up all night for an appointment, which failing him, he had hastened away in the grey of the morning. No woman had come to him there, though they surmised that he had expected one.

Before another hour the town was in a hue and cry for Esther; parties were searching the streets and lanes, looking behind buildings with grewsome significance; stringing out along the roads and trails that led from New Orange. The gate-keeper reported that no one had been through in the night; that a young man, who was identified as Peram, had passed through with a servant early in the morning, but no one else. For a time the searchers believed that she must still

be in the city, not believing she could have got beyond the walls; presently some one discovered that a skiff belonging on the Manhattan shore was on the opposite side of the East River.

That gave the search a new impulse and direction; but it was all in vain. No trace of her was found. At last Robert himself, half frantic with regret and apprehension, returned to his father's house and gave himself up to grief and despair. He had fought well and had won when he believed that she was happy in the love of another; that was his grief. But the thought of the misery she had suffered through his blindness, and the tragedy to which it had led, drove him nearly distraught. The uncertainty of her fate; the killing fear that she might at any moment be in terrible need of him, and he could not go to her; the unanswerable doubt whether she still lived, and how she lived, were close to upsetting his reason.

Mark Wiggin set sail for Boston on the very morning of her disappearance and as soon as the letter was read to him. There was a chance that he could beat Peram to that port, and succor Matthew should he be in actual danger.

It was July before Mark returned, flaming with wrath against Peram, with the news that Matthew had escaped the vengeance of the man by death. Reaching Boston the day before Peram, Mark had gone to Matthew's house to warn him, there to find that the aged man's wife was dying. He forbore to give his message, certain that Peram would not be so inhuman as to disturb the grief of the bereaved husband; but he had reckoned without a full knowledge of Peram's character. The spy, for he was nothing better, no sooner arrived in Boston than he swore out warrants for both of the aged people — though the wife was that moment lying dead — charging them with harboring a regicide.

The warrant was served upon Matthew across the body of his wife. He bore it calmly; they suffered him to keep his liberty until his wife should be laid in the grave. When they were about to take him at the side of the grave, he sank to the earth to arise no more.

"And Peram, where is he?" asked Robert, with glittering eye, when the tale was finished.

"The whelp has gone to England," returned Mark, forgetting the presence of Mistress Stevens in his anger, "and right well it was for him that he did, for he would not have long survived in the Massachusetts climate."

Walter van Guylder, who chanced to be present when Mark told his story, was unusually preoccupied on his way home that night; his wife could get nothing from him by way of conversation beyond a vain repetition of the name of the rascal who had brought this tragedy about. "Peram! Peram!" he reiterated; "where have I heard that name? Who is Peram?" Such time as he was not saying it aloud in response to her efforts to engage him in talk, he was mumbling it to himself.

He continued in this frame of mind until his foot crossed his own door-sill; at that precise moment he recalled the association that the name had, and remembered that he had invited Peram to become a member of the conspiracy. Whereupon he fell into a state compared with which his previous condition was rare and radiant scintillation. Blue gloom consumed him; he feared to look or listen when the most casual passenger went by for fear it might be a messenger to tell him that Peram had returned from England to wreck vengeance on the entire Stevens family, root and branch, for their complicity in his playful little plot. Truly the round, soft soul of Walter had its own burdens to bear.

It was October; nothing had been heard from Esther. Robert had roamed the forest along the frontier, and Mark Wiggin had sailed many leagues of seacoast, both to the same futile purpose. There was daily expectation of the arrival of the British governor to take over New York from Governor Colve. One day the *Despair* came scurrying into harbor with the news that two frigates were not far outside, and were only waiting for wind and tide to bring them to the gates of the city. The next day they came.

The exchange of sovereignty was effected with exceeding affability. Edmund Andros, the newly-appointed English governor, invited Colve to come aboard ship and eat and drink; when they were finished there, Colve invited Andros and his retinue to come ashore to eat and drink, which they did, with such marked effect upon Colve that he not only gave up New Netherland with a broad smile on his face, but threw his superb carriage and team of three horses into the bargain.

This conquest of the Dutch New Netherland, though bloodless, ranks in importance with Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham a century later. It not only gave England the command of the sea-coast from Florida to the Saint Lawrence, but brought New England into closer relations with New York and Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland. It was thus a long step forward in making possible a general union of the English colonies in the time approaching when concert of action became necessary to meet France, their most formidable enemy, in the duel for American supremacy along the western frontier.

Furthermore, it brought under one banner the Teutonic nations of the New World, closely allied in blood, and with conceptions of civil and religious liberty almost identical. The Dutch were not subjects of a King, but citizens of a

free republic — and a republic of such tendencies that John Adams, on the formation of the greater commonwealth in America, was moved to write, "The originals of the two republics are so much alike that the history of one seems but a transcript of that of the other." Pennsylvania, in its beginnings the freest of the American colonies, owed much to William Penn's Dutch mother. It was a union that



SAYBROOK LIGHTS AT THE MOUTH OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVER

lent new strength to the cause of liberty. Under it the supremacy of the French Bourbons became impossible.

France had already begun her advance up the Saint Lawrence and on the Great Lakes. Trading-posts and missions were even then being planted far out in the western wilderness. In 1670 Detroit was settled by the French; a year later Marquette established a Catholic mission at Michilimackinac. The very year that England took over the New Netherland, this undaunted messenger of the Cross was laboring among the Indians on the site of Chicago. In 1673, accompanied by Joliet, he went down the Mississippi as far as Arkansas. Father Hennepin wrote at this

time an account of the mighty Falls of Niagara, which he was the first white man to see.

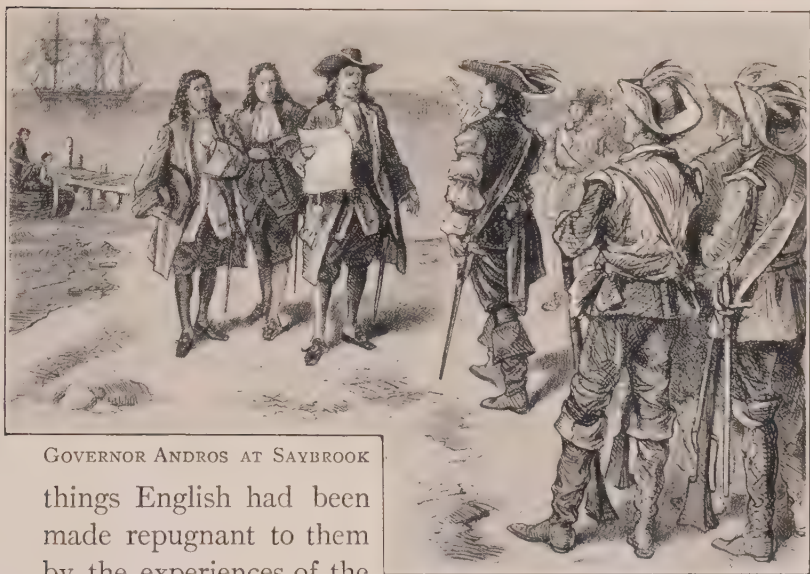
Andros was a man who believed in despotism as a principle of government; but he was honest and earnest in his intentions to govern New York well. He had administrative ability and energy, but was without tact, or judgment of men. He had been brought up with the exiled children of Charles I; he had served in the Dutch army and could speak the tongue, which was an advantage in his interchange of courtesies with Colve, and his subsequent rule over the colony. He was a member of the Church of England; Anthony Brockholls, lieutenant-governor, was a Catholic, while the secretary of the new government was William Dyer, the Quaker, whose wife had been hanged in Boston in 1660.

Andros was not long in coming into conflict with Connecticut, and set forth in armed sloops to prove to the sturdy men of New England that New York extended to the Connecticut River. Arriving at the little fort at Saybrook, he demanded its immediate surrender. Eventually he was permitted to land, but only to find himself ordered to desist in the King's name, and to be escorted back to his boats by the doughty yeomen and fishermen who formed the Saybrook militia.

It was at just this time that La Salle was establishing himself with Louis XIV, who granted him the territory on which he rebuilt Fort Frontenac on Lake Ontario at the head of the Saint Lawrence, where Kingston now stands. Joliet was publishing abroad the advantages to settlers of the Illinois prairies he had just explored in company with Father Marquette, and it was already proposed to join the Chicago and Illinois Rivers by a canal, connecting Quebec with Florida without tempting the dangers of the Atlantic, and through the western stretch of the newly discovered Mis-

souri, opening a conjectural way to China, Japan, and the Indies.

John Stevens and his family were sorry to see the English frigates sail into the harbor. So far as they knew they had no immediate cause to fear for themselves, but the idea of



GOVERNOR ANDROS AT SAYBROOK

things English had been made repugnant to them by the experiences of the several members of the family circle; last and most distressing of which was the disappearance of Esther Goffe. Therefore they did not go down to the shore to welcome the new governor and his people, but sat dully at home.

But Walter had gone down to the shore. The store being closed, he had taken advantage of the opportunity to see a stirring sight, and was on the front edge of the spectators as the company moved up the street toward the old *stadt huys*. Into his round eyes, as he stared at the company, collectively and severally, there came a spectacle that froze the blood in his veins and set his hair to tingling; for foremost of those who walked along the street with Governor Colve was Lucius Peram.

Walter did not stop long to feast himself on the sight. He posted off with wild haste to the Stevens house, and burst in upon them in a state of ferocious excitement. "We are ruined! We are lost!" he cried, half in Dutch and half in English. "I have seen him! He has come back with the English!"

"Who?" they demanded, staring at him; Rebecca fell to weeping, having long been in doubt concerning the stability of his mind.

"Peram! Peram!" he cried. Into the eyes of Robert there came a baleful light; he grasped his sword down from the wall. "And he will kill us all!" went on Walter, tottering into a state of hysteria. "Oh! What have I done? What have I done?"

He immediately proceeded to tell what he had done, revealing how he had disclosed the plot to Peram, how he had implicated all of them in it, even his own dear Rebecca having at the time taken liberties with the exact facts of the case in order that she might share in the honor. This and much more he told, not stopping until he had relieved his soft soul of the secret it had borne since the day, ten years before, when he had betrayed Robert to a British soldier. It is doubtful whether the man ever lived with sufficient vindictiveness in his heart to have borne malice against the abject Dutchman who told these things to a wondering circle. Certainly there was no malice or resentment against him in the Stevens family.

At first his revelations were not given their full significance by his auditors. It was Mark Wiggin who brought the others to realize the seriousness of the situation. He happened in when Walter was in the midst of his disclosures, and was not long in learning what it was all about.

"Friend Stevens!" he said, with much sympathy in his tones, "this man Peram is a snake in the grass, and means



GENERAL VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS

harm to you, mark my words! I know him! I know all about him! And afore he left Boston he swore a vengeance on the whole Stevens tribe, root and branch. I said nothing of it to you; I did n't know as he could work it out; but it would seem that he can, and intends to do it."

There was much quick, short speech between the men. At the end of it, Mark sped toward the wharf where the *Despair* was moored, Walter and John hastened to the store, and the women, over whom Robert stood ward, scurried about the house to gather together jewels, plate, and such stuff of value as could be readily carried to the ship. For it had fallen out that John and Dorothy Stevens were to be emigrants once more, driven from home and fortune by an implacable fate.

A wild hurry there was that afternoon between the shop and the dock, and the house and the dock. Mark's crew of six lusty lads pulled and tugged manfully at packages and bales, while John and Walter directed the transfer of goods. The women were safe aboard, and everything was at last in readiness about the *Despair* for a hasty departure.

But Robert waited at the deserted house, a strange fire in the depths of his eye.

Walter, going forth to scout, came running back with news that Peram was approaching the Stevens house by back lanes with half a dozen men. There was no more pulling and hauling of bales and packages. The crew hastened aboard and stood by the lifts; the mate and another stood ready to cast off the vessel; Walter and John waited to help the craft into the tide when the time should come.

Only Robert was not there; he was waiting at the house.

"Where is Robert?" asked Walter in an unfortunate moment. There was no answer save a reproachful look and a whisper from Rebecca. "He has an appointment," she explained. Dorothy turned away her head. If her son

chose to wait at the house for a little time longer . . . let him wait. It was his affair. Lady La Tour was come to life again in Dorothy Stevens.

There was a shouting from the direction of the Stevens home, the firing of muskets; cries of rage; noise of a struggle; the scurry of feet!

Another minute, and Robert, bounding down the wharf, leapt aboard the craft. The voice of Mark Wiggin rang through the air; the mate and his man cast off; the vessel swung into the stream; the sailors, singing their chanty, heaved at the lifts; the sails, rising and spreading, fluttered for a moment, filled, jerked taut the sheets, and stood steady; the water began to purr about the forefoot of the gallant schooner. On the shore appeared a knot of angry men.

Those who beheld Robert Stevens saw that the lip of his scabbard was ruddy, and that in his eye was a ruddy light. Dorothy, seeing it, turned her face toward the west, where the sun hung red. The courage of Lady La Tour was strong within her.

Walter van Guylder, noticing the scabbard lip and the red look in the eye, was affected differently.

"What —?" he was beginning, when the hand of Rebecca was laid softly upon his round mouth.

The affair was the affair of Robert.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE FRONTIER AFLAME

JOHN and Dorothy, Walter and Rebecca, found refuge in Holland, whither the *Despair* took them bravely. Out of the wealth they had accumulated in New York, which for the time was great, John and Walter were able to bring a goodly share in jewels, plate, gold, and fine goods; enough to permit Walter to engage in business in a small way, and to insure John and Dorothy against penury for the rest of their lives.

Robert did not remain with them; his spirit was restless; he must have action. He sailed the seas with Mark until the next summer, when there came to his ears a cry from the red frontier; from the outposts of civilization in New England where King Philip's savage warriors were ravaging and plundering. It was action; it was excitement; perhaps it was the way to honorable death; for life held no more promises for him. Esther had sunk from sight; far and wide he had searched and found nothing.

He answered the cry swiftly; the more swiftly because he still thought she might possibly be alive somewhere on that frontier now running red; and to be going thither was perhaps to be doing something to succor her.

For many years Massachusetts had been free from Indian troubles. The savages had not been tamed, but no general uprising had occurred. Now came rumblings that boded ill from Mount Hope, not far from Bristol, Rhode Island, the royal residence of King Philip, chief of the Pokanokets.

Philip was the second son of the old Chief Massasoit,

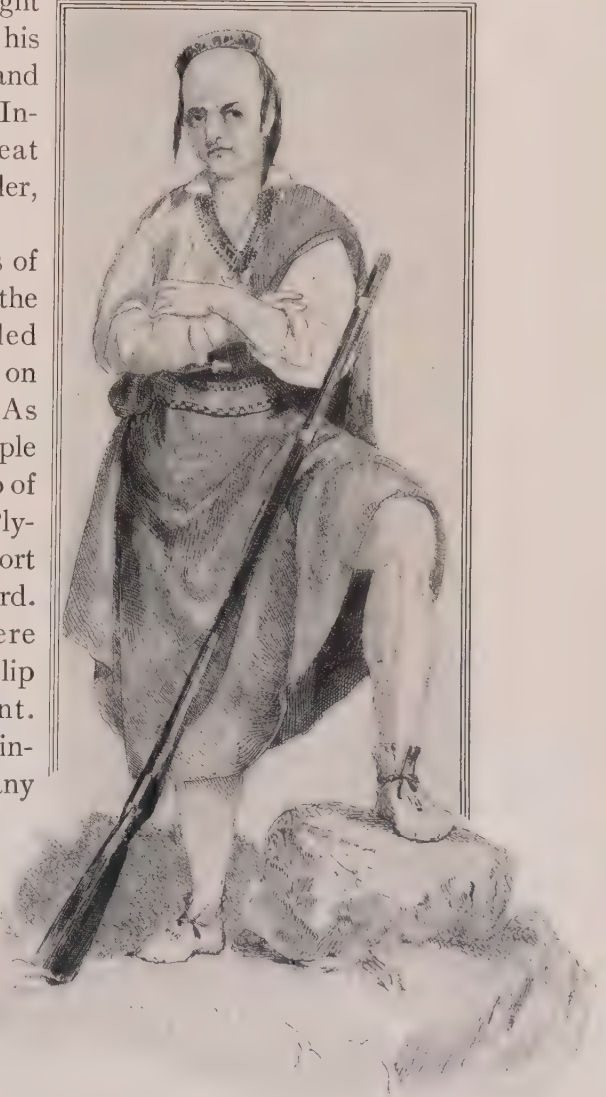
"the greatest commander of the country," sachem of the tribe possessing the land north of Narragansett Bay, and between the rivers of Providence and Taunton. Massasoit's treaty of peace is the oldest act of diplomacy recorded in New England. It was made with the Pilgrims soon after their arrival at Plymouth, and was sacredly kept until his death in 1661. For twelve years after this event Philip continued to keep the covenant. But Philip was a growing malcontent. Long did he ponder the rapid growth of the colonies, and the corresponding disappearance of the hunting and fishing grounds his people had roamed at will. He reflected deeply on personal wrongs his Indians had suffered from the whites. By the continued nursing of his wrath he lashed himself into a fury, and resolved to strike the exterminating blow against the English.

The Pokanokets had persistently rejected Christianity. Massasoit tried to insert in the treaty a clause that the English should never attempt to convert warriors of his tribe from their religion, and his son Philip followed in the father's footsteps. Long had Puritan leaders labored to convert the savages of New England, with varying success. The most noted apostle, perhaps, was John Eliot of Roxbury, although Thomas Mayhew of Nantucket preceded him in 1643. At first the savages told Mayhew that they were not so silly as to barter thirty-seven tutelary deities for one, but after many pow-wows and much preaching, he succeeded in persuading them that the white man's deity was mightier than all their manitous. Eliot preached the first sermon to the Indians October 1, 1646, on a spot east of Newton Corner — a place still known as Nonantum. For a lifetime Eliot continued his labor of evangelism among the redskins. He translated the Bible into the Indian tongues, and this, fresh from the new press at Cambridge, was the first book to be printed in English America. In 1661, through his

influence, an Indian college was built at Cambridge. Harvard University, indeed, owes its inception to the missionary spirit that sought to bring the savages to Christ.

Philip, however, continued as savage at heart as any of the chiefs to the westward. Yet the people of America, looking back over the centuries, see in Philip those valorous traits which, in civilization, are called patriotism. Philip was a patriot. He fought for his people, for his lands, for his wife and child. Among the Indians he was a great statesman, a born leader, a fearless man.

The two chief seats of the Pokanokets were the peninsulas now called Bristol and Tiverton, on Narragansett Bay. As early as 1670 the people began to suspect Philip of designs against the Plymouth colonists, a short distance to the eastward. Several murders were committed, and Philip was called to account. He scoffed at the insinuation that he had any part in the crimes, and offered to surrender all English arms. So sincere did he appear



KING PHILIP (From an old print)

that no measures were taken against him. Three years of peace followed.

In 1675, Indian difficulties were again rife. A civilized Indian of the Massachusetts tribe, one Sassamon by name, brought to Plymouth a story of Philip's hostile intentions. A short time afterward, Sassamon was murdered, presumably by some of Philip's warriors. In June, 1675, three



KING PHILIP'S SEAT ON MOUNT HOPE

Indians were seized by the whites, tried for the murder, and executed.

This was the signal for the beginning of King Philip's War—the bloodiest struggle in the history of the savages of New England. On June 20, a band of Indians attacked the town of Swanzy, not far from the Pokanokets's territory, and burned several houses. The whites escaped, but four days later Swanzy was again assailed. Nine of the inhabitants were killed.

The alarm spread throughout New England. In a few

days a company of soldiers from Plymouth arrived at Swanzev, under Major James Cudworth. These troops were speedily augmented by forces from Massachusetts, led by Captains Henschman and Prentice. On June 30 the combined forces marched upon Mount Hope, but Philip and his tribe had fled.

Soon afterward, word reached the English that Philip was hiding, with his band, in the Pocasset swamp. Now the whole English army, under command of Captain Benjamin Church, marched in pursuit. The swamp was almost impenetrable, and seven miles across. On entering it, the soldiers were suddenly fired upon by concealed savages, and forced to retreat.

Philip then quit the swamp and attacked the town of Taunton. Hurrying to the scene, the English forces encountered the Indians on Seekonk Plain. Here the Mohegan Indians, under Uncas, allied themselves with the English, and Philip's band was so hard pressed that its warriors fled into the country of the Nipmuck Indians — to the northward in Massachusetts, about half-way between Boston and the Connecticut River.

It chanced that just at this time, August 1, Captain Edward Hutchinson arrived in the Nipmuck country, with a small force, having been sent from Boston to treat with the Indians. Reaching Quaboag, now Brookfield, and finding no members of the tribe, he went on to Momimimissit, five miles beyond. Here his band was suddenly surrounded by 200 savages. Eight of the whites were killed at the first fire, while Captain Hutchinson and others were mortally wounded. The remnant fled to Brookfield, where, with seventy-eight people of the town, they sought shelter in a large house. This building was besieged, but the whites kept back the Indians until August 4, when a company of soldiers, under Major Willard, appeared. A fierce battle

was fought at Brookfield, and the Indians were driven away after desolating the village.

About thirty miles west of Brookfield lay the frontier town of Hadley, in the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. During August of this year, 1675, Philip and his warriors, having been driven to the forests of the Connecticut River, were skulking about the weak and terrified settlements of this district. News of the war had spread to the remotest hamlets, and the hardy colonists slept on their arms. Every house was converted into a miniature fort. No women or children were permitted out of doors unescorted, and every precaution was taken against surprise. The settlers dared to hope that the Indians would not disturb so distant a territory, but the days were passed in anxiety.

The danger would have been great, indeed, had it prevented those devout Puritans from assembling in worship. In every settlement the meeting-house was the most important feature. The people of Hadley formed no exception. They had come to the Connecticut River to cultivate the rich lands of that section, but they had also come to worship God.

It was September 1, a fast day in the church. Young and old, the halt and the hale, were in the rude religious structure, a frame of logs with rough and rougher benches. Each bore his arms, resting them within easy reach, for there was no security. Without arose the drone of the summer day; within the drone of the long service. Men blinked and nodded, heavy-lidded; women, compressing their lips, used elbow and heel in vigilant ward against the works of the devil among their men. Prayer, hymn, sermon, dragged wearily across the morning; deep meditation was over them all.

Suddenly there came from the forest a cry; a shrieking, piercing cry that stopped the currents of their blood and



THE CONFLUENCE OF THE CONNECTICUT AND MILLS RIVERS: HERE THE FIRST CAMP OF THE WHITE MAN IN VERMONT
WAS PITCHED

brought them standing to their feet, staring. Another cry and another. "Indians!" shouted the guard at the door.

A tongue of fire swept around a gable of a house near by. To the east, a hundred yards away, arose a thick column of smoke; another house had been fired by the savages. "Merciful God! Are we all here?" whispered one who stood by the door with musket cocked, as he looked over the faces to see if any were missing.

"There is one who is not; let me out," answered a young woman, pressing past him. She was of striking appearance; even in much finer company than these rough folk of the frontier she would have been observed and remarked. Her hair was fair, her eyes the blue of the summer sky without, her face, beautifully molded, bore a high spiritual look as though she had suffered much.

"Nay, Esther!" cried the man, laying hold of her wrist; "I know not whom you seek, but there is none missing that I can see; but, whoever it is, you shall not leave this church! Why, look you, lass, the woods fair swarm with redskins!"

"Let me go; pray, pray let me go!" pleaded the young woman.

For answer there was the twanging of an arrow in the door-post close to her head; without more ado the man thrust her inside and slammed the door, stooping to bring his gun to a loophole. Her face tense with emotion, the young woman watched and waited. But it was not fear in her face. It was expectation, hope, prayer. She was as though she looked for some dispensation from Heaven.

The muskets spoke now through window and loophole; spoke doggedly, sullenly, one by one. Not by one were they answered from without; arrows flew against the logs in swarms; bullets thwacked into the wood; sometimes they found the apertures in the wall and left gory marks to show

they had come through. But the men of Hadley fought bravely, knowing what it was to lose.

Around in ever-thickening masses the Indians swirled, crying horribly, mad with the sight of their victims so close, and so unattainable; mad with the sight of their own dead and dying.

"Will he never come? Will he not come soon?" whispered the young woman eagerly.

"Smoke! Smoke! I smell smoke! Where is the fire?" It was a woman cried it, but not in alarm, not in terror; only in watchfulness and warning.

"It's the houses outside!" made reply a man,



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JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS (*From the painting in the State House at Boston*)

thrusting his musket through a loophole and firing it. "No! No! It's the meeting-house! Look there!"

Smoke, creeping in through chinks beneath the eaves, coiled and wound in the air above them; smoke, black and ominous, lighted from behind with a little lurid glare. A look of despair went about those within the house of God; "Heaven help us!" they whispered. Mothers clasped children to their breasts, dry-eyed, their faces raised to Heaven—Heaven, somewhere behind the black, curling smoke. Lovers clung together with their eyes seeking out each other's spirit before their souls took flight. "Will he never come?" murmured the girl, expectantly.

Not for long was their despair. Though the roof was kindling above them the men fought boldly, coolly. At the end of the church, behind the sacramental table, there were only two small loopholes; here time and again the Indians approached to the very walls before they could be driven back. Sometimes, maddened by the resistance they met with, where they had expected nothing but the joy of massacre, the wild band swarmed recklessly to the very muzzles of the guns, brandishing tomahawks and howling like fiends let loose; sometimes they skulked in the safe distance. But ever there was the steady, stolid speaking of the muskets, and the whirring of death-pointed arrows; and ever the glare and crackle, the twisting, twitching smoke beneath the roof.

"Will he never come? Why has he not come?" murmured the girl, peering through the loophole in the door over the shoulder of a man.

Now, with a fiercer yell and a madder dash, the Indians surged against the tiny fortress. Slowly, stubbornly, they were beaten back; but a burning brand twisted from the roof, hung for a moment, and fell upon the dirt floor of the house of God. Not much longer could it last.

"Look! Look! An angel come from Heaven to our

deliverance!" A man, poising a musket at a window, voiced the words in a wild, fervid enthusiasm; in an ecstasy. His cry ran quivering through those gathered in the burning church; they rushed to the window, and stood back with glad cries when they saw — what they saw.

From the edge of the woods, through a mad torrent of howling savages, came a man, a towering, stalwart, glorious



THE ANGEL OF HADLEY (From the painting by F. A. Chapman)

man. Arrayed in a long grey coat he was; from his bare head streamed thin white locks; his beard was driven snow. Sublime he was; magnificent! Above his head there flashed a sword; flashed like a flame, and like a flame struck swift-tongued right and left. And in his eyes, as he came, flame flashed; and from his throat there rose a glad cry of victory.

"Rally! Rally!" was the cry. "Men of Hadley, rally to me!"

The young woman, perceiving what took place, burst into tears of joy, of relief, of thanksgiving; her face shone glorious through the veil they spread before it.

Out from the church rushed the men of Hadley. "An angel; an angel come to deliver us!" they cried; and, following him who came triumphant from the woods, they fell like red death upon the savages, and ceased not until there was not one left; not one, save the scores who lay prone and passive upon the reddening sod.

The fire in the church roof is out. The men rest upon their muskets; the young men wander among their handiwork; the women, weeping, laugh through their tears and clutch their babes to their breasts; the children whisper.

But where is the angel who came to deliver them? And where is she who awaited his coming with certainty that he would come, and that he would save? Gone! Gone through the woods whence he came at the sound of death to strike a blow for them. Gone, too, is she who awaited him in loving trust. Gone together, in great peace and joy.

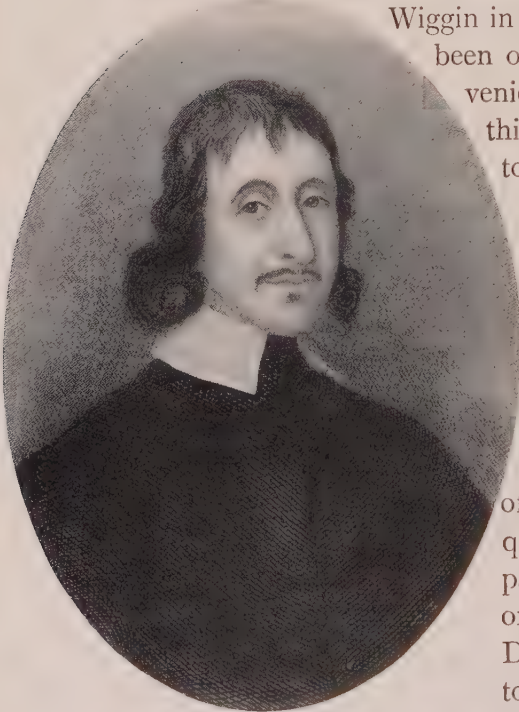


OLD TOWN MILL ON GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S ESTATE IN NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, BUILT IN 1650 AND STILL IN USE

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE SECOND SWAMP FIGHT

IT was well into September before Robert reached Boston on the *Despair*. He had first heard of the Indian troubles from a sailor in another vessel when cruising with Mark Wiggin in Acadian waters, but he had been obliged to await Mark's convenience in reaching the center of things. Mark was never stirred to quick movements by happenings on land.



JOHN WINTHROP THE YOUNGER, GOVERNOR
OF CONNECTICUT (From the engraving by
J. G. Kellogg, after the family portrait)

Boston was in a turmoil over the news from the frontier. The story of the angel at Hadley had recently come, and another story that, less thrilling, was more horrible. When the village of Deerfield was abandoned, a quantity of wheat was left partly threshed. A party was organized at Hadley, where the Deerfield citizens took refuge, to go and bring in the wheat. Captain Lothrop, with ninety picked men, called the "Flower of Essex," went as convoy. After threshing was finished, and when the wagons were on the way back to Hadley, 700 Nipmucks opened fire on them from ambush as they were crossing a shallow stream, known to-day as Bloody

Brook. Only eight escaped to report the fate of their fellows.

Now, adding to the feverish excitement at Boston, came a rumor that the Narragansetts, more powerful than all the other Indians combined, were preparing for revolt and threatening to go on the war-path. Canonchet, mighty warrior, son of Miantonomoh, was their chief. The federal commission, composed of representatives from the several colonies belonging to the New England confederacy, was in daily session. The younger John Winthrop, still governor of Connecticut, was present; Josiah Winslow and William Bradford represented Plymouth; William Stoughton, Simon Bradstreet, and Thomas Danforth, Massachusetts.

Richard Stevens came from Providence to consult and coöperate, believing himself safe from his former persecutors in the present danger. But he was not safe; he was in graver danger than he would have been at any other time. For the Puritans of New England saw the hand of God in the firebrand and tomahawk; they believed that it was a sign of divine anger against them for not suppressing "false worshipers" with more consistent vigor. Quaker meetings were prohibited, and a more strict observance of the requirements of the Church was insisted upon. Richard, warned by a friend of the risk he ran, left Boston by night for his home.

The fear of an uprising among the Narragansetts became more acute in October, when it became known that the tribe was harboring some of Philip's warriors. The commissioners called them to account for it, and Canonchet promised to deliver up the refugees within ten days. At the end of ten days nothing was heard from the Narragansetts save rumors that they were preparing for the war-path. The commission warned them, and set about raising 1000 men to attack them.

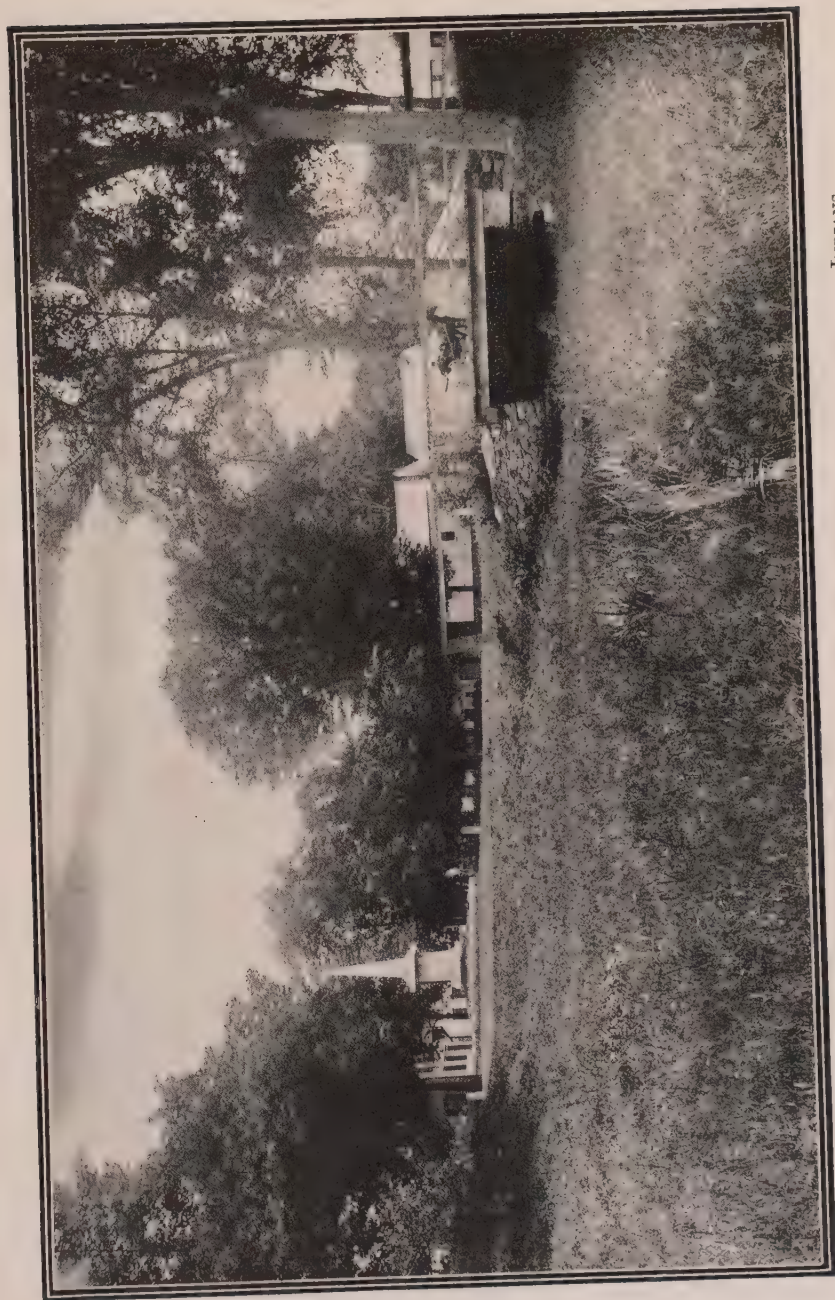
Robert, who had been idling impatiently in Boston for upward of a month, joined the ranks at once; but he was destined to suffer further from impatience before he was in motion against the Indians, suffering, too, from the gloomy memories that beset his mind. It was December before the 1000 men marched forth from Boston under command of Governor Winslow of Plymouth. With them was Benjamin Church, famous Indian fighter and chronicler.

Canonchet, with all his warriors, 2000 in number, was in a swamp southwest of Kingston, on the west side of Narragansett Bay. Except for the piece of rising ground near one edge of it, the swamp was an impenetrable bog. On this dry land the Indians built a formidable fort, with palisaded walls twelve feet across. The only entrance was over a log that crossed a miry lagoon and led to the gate. This rude bridge was guarded by a block-house.

It was a weary way they marched through the cold and snow. Robert, unused by his sea life to long walks, grew lame and footsore long before the end of the first day's march, and spent a night of misery on the rough, hard, cold ground. But he arose in the morning with a stout heart and went forward, limping and silent.

The rough ruts in the ground, frozen sharp-edged, tore his shoes, bruised his heels, gashed his soles; he left behind little imprints of red where he stepped. His face grew pale; the corners of his eyes were drawn with pain, but he kept on without faltering, without complaint.

Day after day they marched, swiftly, pitilessly; Benjamin Church a raging fury, a vengeance in beard and peaked hat; the men made fiery of spirit by the spectacle of him marching eagerly at their head. Robert lost sensation; he was only dimly conscious that he was moving, moving, moving, that it hurt him to move, and that there were many about him who moved, moved, moved, ceaselessly, ruthlessly.



BLOODY BROOK MONUMENT, MARKING SITE OF LATHROP'S ENGAGEMENT WITH THE INDIANS

December 18: Eighteen miles ahead of the draggled and shivering army stood a dark and ominous wood. A cold, wet wind blew from out the comfortless north; in the fingers of the wind was snow to be scattered and dusted upon the men who had come to fight Indians. Without fire, without warm food, they threw themselves down upon the ground to rest. The gloomy forest ahead of them was the swamp they sought; within the swamp was the formidable fort and the fierce foe. Under the snow and the grey sky, beneath the shadow of a horrid death, the men lay down to sleep.

Before the sky was grey again Robert knew that some one nudged him. "Get up; we are going to advance," came a voice in his ear. It was the voice of Dodifer Spence, a lad who chanced to be his companion during the march.

Robert looked blankly at the shadow that bent above him, black against the blue-black sky, but made no answer. Dodifer shook him again. He would have spoken, he would have moved, but a delicious lassitude was upon him; he did not wish to disturb it.

"For the love of Heaven, get up; you're freezing," cried Dodifer, jerking Robert's shoulder, alarmed at his failure to get any response. The spell was broken; stiffly, painfully, Robert clambered to his feet.

"I'm cold," he said, impersonally, as though the circumstance was worthy of remark simply because it was a fact, and not because it had any bearing upon himself.

"Eat this; there'll be work soon to warm your blood." Dodifer handed him a strand of jerked venison. Robert ate it in a dazed, mechanical manner.

"Why, this is the Lord's Day," he exclaimed, presently, after mature reflection.

"'T is the work of the Lord that we do," returned a man overhearing.

In half an hour they were in motion, silently, grimly, across the newly fallen snow toward the dark, forbidding forest that hid the swamp and death in many forms. There was that in the mind of each which held him apart from his fellows and put silence upon his lips; for each felt that he walked in the presence of eternity; that he might shortly meet his Maker.

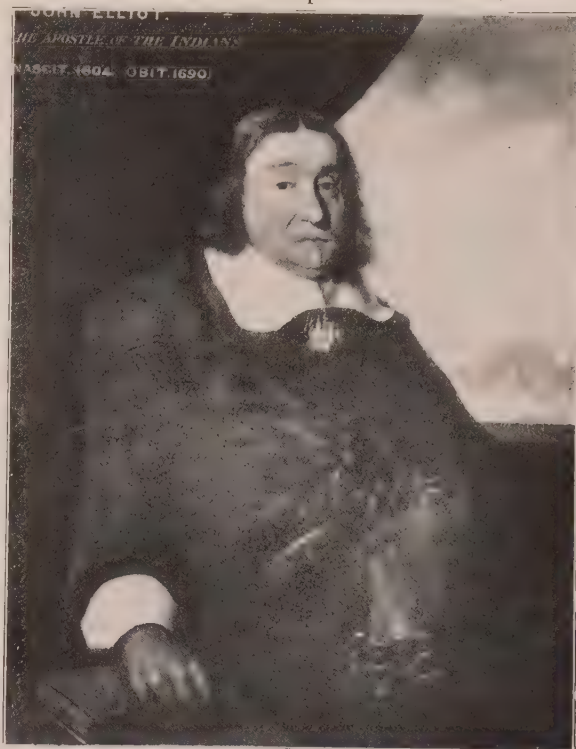
At noon they entered the forest. A thin, tortuous path led across it to the gate of the fort; to the tiny log that these 1000 men must cross to do their errand. The path was not enough; the men plunged into the swamp. Now the cold that had gnawed hungrily at them during the bitter days they had been through, was their good friend and ally. It had stiffened the soft morass until it bore the weight of a man, provided the weight was placed upon it slowly and with great caution.

Tortuous and tedious was the journey through the swamp. Men, breaking through the crusted ground, sank to their armpits and floundered until they were rescued by their comrades. In all the thousand there was not one who did not know the icy sting of those vile and stagnant pools; whose feet were not heavy with the matted muck of the loathsome place. And before them were the Indians, in a fort that could be gained only over one slight log!

Robert was in front with the Massachusetts men, 527 strong, led by Major Appleton of Ipswich. Behind them came 158 from Plymouth, under Major Bradford. Major Robert Treat, with 300 men from Connecticut, had the left. Through the woods loomed the bare stems of the palisades; ahead of them was the thin log across which they must rush. It was certain death to many, at least; for at the other end of the log was a swarm of savages, armed for the most part with muskets, deadly of aim, fighting for their lives and their lands, and their gods.

But the men of Massachusetts, of Plymouth, of Connecticut did not hesitate. They dashed upon the frail footing, slippery with coated ice and snow, crying victory; the woods roared with the mighty sound of the savage arms, reverberating from tree to tree over the waste places. Down, down in squirming heaps fell those who were in the front rank; six captains and many men were slain in the first onslaught.

But those behind pressed forward into the place of those who had fallen. Robert, struggling through the ranks, no longer cold, no longer stiff, no longer va-



JOHN ELIOT (From the portrait in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts)

cant in mind, came to the log to see a score of men ahead of him. The block-house and the palisades sputtered with musket fire; there were not a score ahead of him as he clambered across the bridge; not a dozen when he reached the farther side.

But there were more than a dozen and a score following after. Up to the very gate he pressed, men striking man-

fully on either side of him; through the gate the Puritans made way, beating down the Indians with force of numbers; for now the whole army streamed across the bridge.

The whole army, save the men from Connecticut. These, finding a path through the morass, had come up on the other side; they had nearly gained the palisades before the Indians, discovering them, had opened a deadly, desperate fire. The men of Massachusetts and of Plymouth heard the fire, and understood.

In through the gates rushed the colonials; up over the bulwarks in the rear, borne aloft on each other's shoulders, poured the merciless avengers, in beards and cocked hats. War is for the young, the thoughtless, for unfledged lads; it is terrible to see bearded men killing.

At heavy toll the English cut their way in, farther and farther into the fortress. The savages, beset on two sides, fought with the courage of men at bay, men who see their wives and children about to die. It was horrible; but on it hinged civilization. The whites pressed on.

A whirl of pungent smoke went through the camp of the Indians. "Don't burn!" cried Benjamin Church,



SHAWSHEEN TAVERN, BEDFORD, 1650, USED AS TRADING-POST WITH INDIANS
BEFORE KING PHILIP'S WAR

ceasing from slaying to cry it. "Don't destroy their corn; we can live on it!"

The swirling smoke grew thicker; the men would not heed; they were tasting vengeance. The wigwams sprang into flames. Women, shrieking, rushed forth from their burning homes . . . it was horrible; but on it hinged civilization. Thus the savages fought and exterminated; thus must they be fought and exterminated.

Raging, yelling, striking, Robert went among them. The snow fell thickly, but scarce more thickly than his blows. But only while the foe fought did he strike; when they ceased, when they broke and fled, he lowered his sword.

One thousand and more of the Indians lay dead beneath the flames of their town that day. Canonchet, with a remnant of his band, fled through the falling snow, obscured from the English who surrounded the fort by the white and silent curtain. Of the English there were killed more than a hundred; one-fourth of them was dead or wounded.

Until the sun went down the grim Puritans wielded their swords in the cause of civilization; through the dark, cold dreary hours of the night, they marched back toward Petty quamscott. Many, wounded or over-weary, fell from the straggling lines and lay down to die in the stained snow. Robert would surely have fallen had not comrades lifted him by his arm and borne him along; for there was that about him which told them he should not be left to die.

Thus was the deadly power of the Narragansetts broken at one blow. It was no longer a question whether the English could maintain themselves in New England against the Indians; it was a question of how far, and how long, the whites would find it well to carry their vengeance. Civilization had won against savagery.

As for Robert, he returned to Boston, sick in body and soul, to wait what fate might next have in store for him.

CHAPTER XXIX

ROBERT GIVEN A PURPOSE

DESTINY presently appeared in the guise of Mark Wiggin, bearing a letter from Mallory Stevens. The letter had been written from time to time during the latter part of the preceding year — for it was now January, 1676. Mallory had apparently kept it ready to be sent at any time when a vessel bound to Boston should offer the opportunity, bringing it down to date at infrequent intervals. Mark Wiggin's *Despair* had chanced to be the vessel first sailing from Westmoreland, through which circumstance Mark Wiggin became a messenger of fate.

This is the letter, transposed into modern spelling:

“July 8, 1675. MY DEAR COUSIN: — We have learned with deep sorrow of the grief that has come upon you, and of the forced flight from New York of your worthy father. Indeed, it would seem that an unjust fate pursues him. God grant him strength of spirit to endure his misfortunes, as we know he will, bravely and with a true heart.

“I have purpose, dear cousin, in writing to you this letter, which I shall send at the first convenience, keeping it supplied with timely report meanwhile, so that when it comes you shall have the last and a full report of these matters that affect us of Virginia. We have much to harass us, and I scarce know where to make a beginning; but I will begin with a statement of general affairs, that you may know how we have fared since you last were here.

“We have come to a low estate through the working of the navigation law, which continues to prohibit our sending of our crops to any country but England, and makes us

transport it in British vessels; the which lays us under a monopoly of trading that is grievous to our profits. We hear talk from time to time of ceasing to plant for a space; but wherein that would help us I cannot see, for surely we fare better, even though we get but a penny a pound, than we would if we had no pounds to sell; and, as for raising the price, I much doubt whether it would do so, for the



A LUXURIANT GROWTH OF VIRGINIA TOBACCO

price is now more depressed through the oppression of the laws than it is through overgrowth of crop.

“As though we did not suffer enough from lack of revenue, our taxes have been weightily increased, so that we can scarce have to enjoy what little we may gain. There is bitter discontent among the people, for our governor, whether through dishonor or distemper, has no mercy for us, but takes from us to the profit of his followers, of whom he has a number. Corruption and plunder are rife, I am loath to say. But you need have no fear for my safety from what

I say herein; for be sure that the messenger who carries this to you, whoever he may be, will be one whom I can worthily trust in all matters.

“I shall tell you of a slight trouble that grew out of a tax collection in Surrey, in December of the year 1673. Here came together a number of persons, who assembled in the parish church at Lawnes Creek and declared they would not pay their taxes, as being unjust. Soon thereafter they met again, and one Roger Delke, an over-bold one of them, declared that they would burn all their tobacco before any one should suffer — for the taxes, you must know, are still paid in tobacco, and like to be for many a year, which is grievous when the crop falls, say, to such a price as a half-penny the pound, as it did in 1667. Nothing came of it but a fine for the ringleaders, and that was suspended by Governor Berkeley, but it shows that we are not to be overborne forever.

“We have had grievous trouble, too, through the granting of much of our land to the earl of Arlington and Lord Culpeper by the King, who holds them much in favor for certain idle pranks they play in his court, I am told. Whatever his reason, Charles has given them much land that was already ours, to our great confusion and burden. Indeed the whole country has been given away to these favorites of our monarch, to be held for one-and-thirty years. You may see what a turmoil this throws the matter of title into; for our possessions have been given away from beneath our feet. They cannot dispossess us openly, but they can and already have taken much by legal trickery from those who believed they held good title, and others must pay to these frivolous masters weighty tithes.

“Our House of Burgesses, be it said in their credit, did make much protest against the act, to which the King returned scorn and indifference, so now we have over us

these two lord proprietors. They receive all the revenues, appoint such officers as the King was wont to appoint, and choose for us our pastors. In which matter they do very ill; for we are coming to be overrun with a wholly worthless and corrupting ministry, who do little else than guzzle and live loose lives.

Though I must say, and do say it with pleasure, that we have many among us who are wholly worthy, and do much good both for the people and for the Kingdom of God.

“As for our governor, I am constrained to say little, lest my pen be dipped in gall. He is as you have ever found him, save that he becomes more angry



THE EARL OF ARLINGTON

in spirit; his rancor feeds on itself and waxes more lusty. There are many evils and corruptions in our rule; how far he only connives, and how far he benefits by them, I cannot answer; though I think that midway ground would cover the spot. I would not speak too plainly on these points.

“We still have our same assembly that was elected in 1661, when the sentiment in favor of Charles II was so strong here that the people elected a House of Burgesses

to the governor's liking. Since that time he has not called for a new election, but has kept the house alive as it is by adjourning it from year to year so that there shall be no lapse in its existence. It is an unworthy device, and I know not how long we shall submit to it; for the House of Burgesses, that should represent the people, is, with some exceptions, wholly within the wishes of the governor. You can imagine what use he makes of that advantage.

"But I am fain to hope that the popularity of the governor is waning, and that better things are in store for us. He seems to rule more by fear now than through the affections of his subjects, even those of them who were wont to be his partisans. For my part, I cannot but believe that he is friends now only with those corrupt and abominable creatures who fatten from him, but who would desert him as rats desert a sinking ship should there be a reverse of his fortunes. All of which I conceive the governor to know, for he is reported to be growing daily more peevish and brittle, as I have already said.

"September, 1675. Having set this aside for press of business, I now take it up, after many occurrences of consequence, to tell you of them. We are in the midst of turmoil and strife with the Indians; our frontier is becoming red with the blood of settler and savage. The trouble has had a small and slow beginning, but has grown to proportions in a swift time. You must know that there has come to the banks of the Potomac of late years — within two or three years, if I mistake not — a tribe of savages calling themselves the Susquehannocks, driven thither by the fierce Iroquois after many years of conflict between the two races. They have less fixed life than our own Indians, and smolder with hate against the Iroquois, which, being savages, they are ready to wreak on any.

"Early in this year there came trouble out of Stafford



CURL'S NECK, VIRGINIA

county, where, in a quarrel over some pigs the Indians stole from a settler, two or three of the redskins were shot to death. Soon thereafter a herdsman was found dying in his doorway; with his last breath he said that it was the Does that had killed him; a name by which a sub-tribe of Algonquins was known. Colonel George Mason, of the county of Stafford, turned out with the militia. He was an officer in the Cavalier soldiery; he had been on the field of Worcester, where Cromwell fought so manfully. One party of his men overtook and slew eleven of the Algonquins; another, falling in with a band of Indians in the woods, slew fourteen of them before they learned that their victims were friendly Susquehannocks.

“From that there came much trouble. The Susquehannocks, who had prowled about in surly silence, now begun to slay the settlers, until murders along the Potomac became frequent. The savages having occupied an old block-house on the Maryland side of the river, Major Thomas Truman marched out to dislodge and chastise them. Being desired to furnish help to the expedition, a party set out from here under Colonel John Washington, who, you will remember, is not a far neighbor of ours, having come to this county of Westmoreland, with his younger brother Lawrence, in 1657. Being close to him, both as a neighbor and a friend, I went with him as a lieutenant in the party.

“When we came to the block-house, we found the Maryland troops before it. They had with them five of the Susquehannocks who had come out for parley, but who had been seized by Major Truman. Colonel Washington proceeded to upbraid the savages, who stoutly told that it was the Senecas had done the murders, until Colonel Washington faced down the lie with much evidence, such as that the Susquehannocks had brought much pork and food into

their fort that had been taken from plundered settlers; a party of them had been found in the woods, dressed in clothes taken from a murdered Englishman, and many other points of a like tendency to conviction.

“Then befell an unworthy thing; for Truman, enraged that they should have cavilled and lied, led the envoys away and presently put them to death; which was the occasion of much surprise to us and our commanders, for it was a thing we never imagined or expected; because of it Truman was righteously impeached by the Assembly of Maryland, and deposed from his seat in the council, and more punishment would have been meted out to him but for a quarrel that arose in the Assembly over the matter.

“It was a most unfortunate deed that he did, for the Susquehannocks, enraged at the treachery, joined into an alliance with the Algonquins, and have now for a long time devastated the country, we being unable either to dislodge them from their fort or to protect our own country from them. And now we are in desperate fear every moment lest the painted fiends come for a visit to us; for they roam the countryside, turning it red with blood and fire. Anthony is come to join his forces with mine, and we live in our own plantation, which is like a fort now, with loaded muskets standing about and a culverin on the roof that I had from a vessel that was cast ashore on the banks of the Potomac, and left.

“December, 1675. Now is our dear friend Mark Wiggin here, for which I am heartily glad; for not only shall I be now able to send you this letter in safe hands, but I shall also state many things that I would not like to put upon paper borne by a less trusty soul than Captain Wiggin.

“You will not need to be told that I still live. And I am overjoyed to report that all of my family are well likewise, including my daughters Barbara and Jane, both of

whom ask after their big, brave cousin, as they are pleased to call you; and well they may! We have had one visit from the Indians, but they found us so watchful and strongly prepared that they were glad to make away, after we had slain some half dozen of their number, doing no further



INDIAN ATTACK ON OLD JAMESTOWN (From a drawing by Freeland A. Carter)

damage than to kill a fat sow in the orchard and ruin a horse by a cut across the hamstrings.

“But the maddening thing about it all is the way in which our wretched governor conducts himself. He will neither raise a force of soldiery to pursue and punish the savages, nor permit one to be raised, beyond the militia of the several counties. Some say that he fears to have a force raised lest it turn against himself, showing how guilty his conscience is become, so that it makes him fearful of popular vengeance. Others say that he is loath to offend the Indians, with whom he drives a thriving trade in furs. For my part, I believe there is a measure of truth in both explanations, but neither in any way removes the odium from his conduct. He per-

mits us to be slain and scalped without so much as raising his hand to protect us, or letting us protect our own. How long it will endure, I know not. For my part, I should gladly find some means of overthrowing the tyrant, and know many to be of my will. Wherefore I take the chance to tell you that if you would find work for your hands, and vengeance for your soul, you may safely return to Virginia at best speed; for so far from fearing Berkeley by the time you reach here, Berkeley is the more likely to be filled with dread at the news of your coming. For a coward conscience doth assail us all when we are such wretches as this, our governor.

"Look for no further news from me. If you can come not to me there are others who will receive you. There is Lawrence and Drummond, who remember you well and would favor you to the last of their abilities; and there is one Nathaniel Bacon, of bold spirit, who dwells by Curl's wharf, somewhat above Jamestown. He is little above your age, and a brave fiery lad to whom we look for much; if you but tell him your name only, he will love you, for he knows your story and has much feeling for you.

"When that you shall have perused this, put it in the fire; I would not have it reach too many hands. Believing and hoping that I shall soon see you, and under better times, I say farewell, sending you the affection of my wife and babes, and that of my whole heart.

"MALLORY STEVENS."

Robert arose from the reading of this letter with a glad light in his eye, the light of a purpose born within him. The time to strike had come!

CHAPTER XXX

NATHANIEL BACON

IT might be supposed that Mark Wiggin threw the helm of the *Despair* hard over, put her about, and spun back over the long track he had made from Virginia when Robert read him the letter, which Robert straightway did. But Mark did no such thing. He had other business on hand, having a hold full of good Westmoreland tobacco, and an important engagement at Antwerp.

"I 'd pitch it into the sea and drive the *Despair* through the gates of perdition, if 't would do you or yours any good," he explained, when he was refusing to carry Robert to Virginia; "but may I be hanged if I run off my course to get one of you into trouble. If you want to go to Virginia and get into a fuss that 's like to cost you your head, I 'll do nought to stop you; but I 'll not see you on your way. Likewise, I have further important business when this trip to Holland is finished," he concluded, with a significance that Robert was wholly unable to comprehend.

But Mark was not as hard as his words. He did help Robert in so far as to find him a craft that was shortly to set sail for Virginia, by way of the Barbadoes, on which vessel Robert shipped as able-bodied seaman for the outward passage, it being arrived at between winks over a glass of grog with the skipper that nothing would be expected of Robert after they touched at some favorable point in Virginia.

It was a day in May before the craft, after a long voyage through much stress of weather, limped into the James River, much the worse for the rough time she had had. It was a night a week later in May when she slipped silently by

Jamestown, overhauled and fully manned, and came to an anchorage off Curl's wharf. Meantime, much had happened in Virginia.

The Indians, so far from being brought under control,



COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD (*From the family portrait*)

had become more hostile, seeming to understand that Governor Berkeley was in no temper to chastise them or put a stop to their amusement. On a single day in January, within a circle of ten miles radius, twenty-six persons had been murdered by the savages, and when the governor was

notified he calmly observed that nothing could be done until the Assembly met in March. While the people of Virginia waited until March for protection, the work of the Indians went on. In Essex county, then known as Rappahannock, sixty plantations were destroyed in seventeen days. And all the time the governor at Jamestown thundered and bellowed against those who urged him to let those who were

willing raise forces and punish the savages. He would give none a commission to command troops in Virginia.

March came, and the meeting of the Assembly, the one that had been elected in 1661. The delegates proceeded to organize an army of 500 and fit them out for an expedition; as soon as they were ready to move, Berkeley disbanded them peremptorily, declaring that if the frontier forts were properly prepared and equipped, they would be sufficient to insure the safety of the people. A pleasant thing was this to tell



EVELYN, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD (*From the family portrait*)

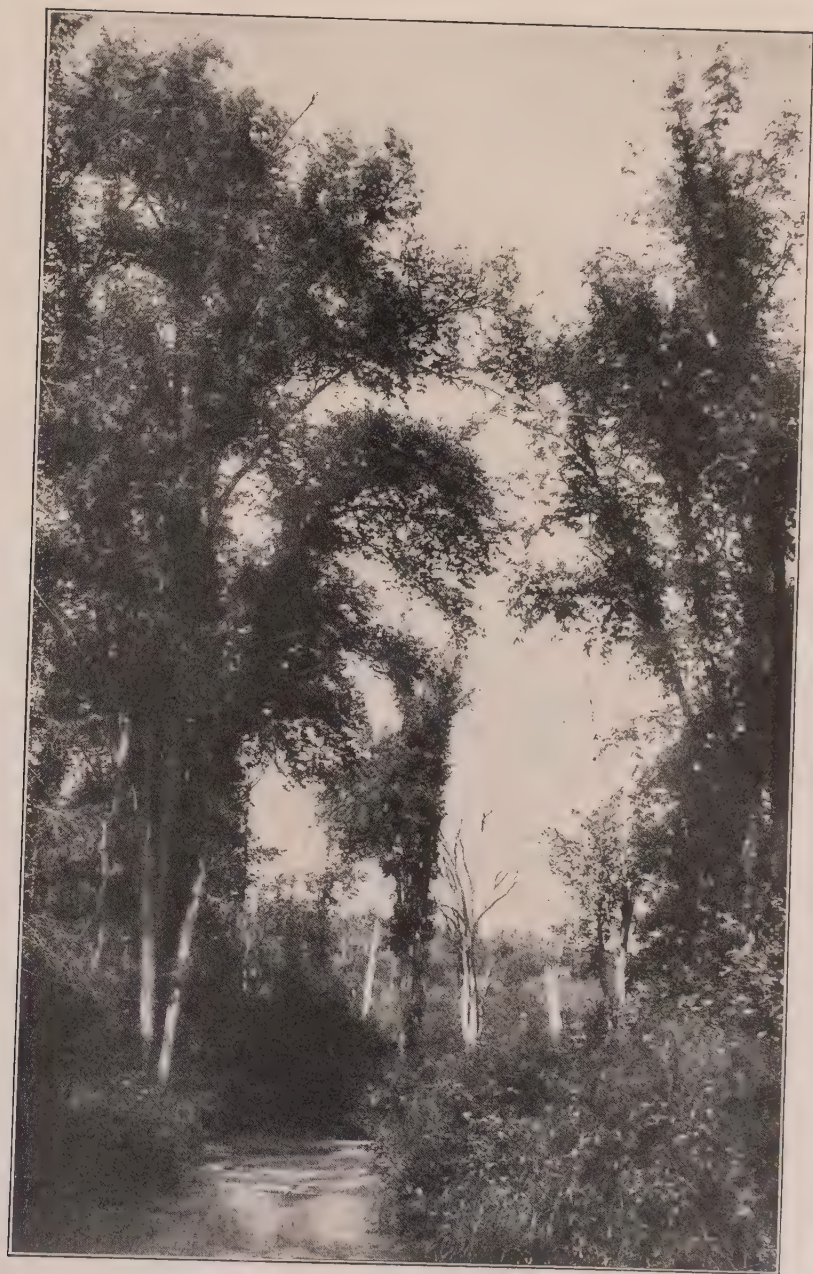
planters who had seen their women and children murdered and their plantations laid waste; especially when they reflected that the money that should have been spent on the forts went for the most part to fortify the coffers of Berkeley's favorites.

Such was the tense state of affairs on a May morning, a fortnight before Robert's arrival, when Nathaniel Bacon exclaimed to a group of friends: "If the redskins meddle with me, damn my blood, but I'll harry them — commission or no commission!"

This was the man of whom Mallory had written, and with whom Robert sought to join fortunes. He was a young man of eight-and-twenty years, fiery, impetuous, brilliant, brave, cordial, fascinating, gifted with persuasion. He was of good blood, being kinsman to the great Lord Bacon. Despite his years, he was recognized and received already as a leader of those who opposed the present order of things. He did not hesitate in his opinions; all men might know them; he criticised freely and fearlessly. It was this that made him the focus of the restless feeling.

Closely associated with him in sympathy and point of view were those two old friends of John Stevens: William Drummond, the canny Scotchman, and Richard Lawrence, the "thoughtful Mr. Lawrence." These two lived in the best houses of Jamestown and were high in affairs. They abetted and encouraged Bacon, giving him the stimulus of their moral support cannily and thoughtfully for the present, until the time should be riper for them to come into the open.

It was not many days after Bacon had sworn by his blood to harry the redskins if they should meddle with him, when they did meddle with him to the extent of killing his overseer and a servant on his upper plantation on the James, "Bacon's Quarter Branch," in the present suburbs of Richmond. The news no more than got about before a number of neighboring planters, knowing what Bacon had threatened, and knowing that he was a man of his word in such matters, rode heavily armed to volunteer their services in the chase of the Indians, knowing that it would bring the issue between the people who desired to protect their lives



IN LEAFY SPRING

and their governor who refused to give them a commission to do it, and desirous, deeply desirous, of putting it to the test.

Bacon made an eloquent speech to them, accepted the command, sent a courier to Berkeley asking for a commission to command troops in Virginia, and prepared to set out for Bacon's Quarter Branch. To his message Berkeley returned an evasive answer, whereupon Bacon politely thanked him for the promised commission and marched after the Indians. He had not gone far before a proclamation from Berkeley overtook the party, commanding it to disperse. Some reluctantly obeyed, but most went on their way.

They had overtaken and severely punished the Indians, and were on their homeward march when Robert reached Curl's wharf. He went ashore to learn the situation. There he heard all these things, and more. Berkeley, incensed against Bacon, had raised a troop of horse and taken the field in person to arrest the refractory young man who had dared to defend his person and property against the Indians, when he had been prohibited by his governor.

Hearing these things, Robert was in a fury. The time had come; the blow was to be struck! He could not wait until the return of Bacon, fearing lest he might miss a stroke if he did. Procuring a cutlass and pistols from the master of the ship, who had suffered divers inconveniences at the hands of Berkeley and was no wise loath to see him castigated, and borrowing a horse from the overseer left in charge of the plantation, he mounted and rode fast and far to meet the returning champion of liberty.

It was noon when he made his start; it was late in the day when he came to the cavalcade. At the head of them, rejoicing, rode a young man, tall and lithe, with dark complexion, lofty carriage, and eyes in which there dwelt a lingering look of sadness. By the fire that was at the bottom

of the sad eyes, the poise of the head, by the look of exultation, Robert knew him to be Nathaniel Bacon, and rode to him.

"Well, friend, what news have you?" asked Bacon, in a cordial tone, before Robert could speak.

"Marry, I have good news!" cried Robert, "for I have news that the governor rides forth with horse and steel to take you prisoner!"

"Good news, call you that?" laughed Bacon. "I like your spirit! But it is not bad news! What say ye, men?" turning to his followers, "shall we not risk a shock with Sir William with a right good grace?"

The unanimous sentiment of the followers came in a mutter from their throats, and a steely glint in their eyes.

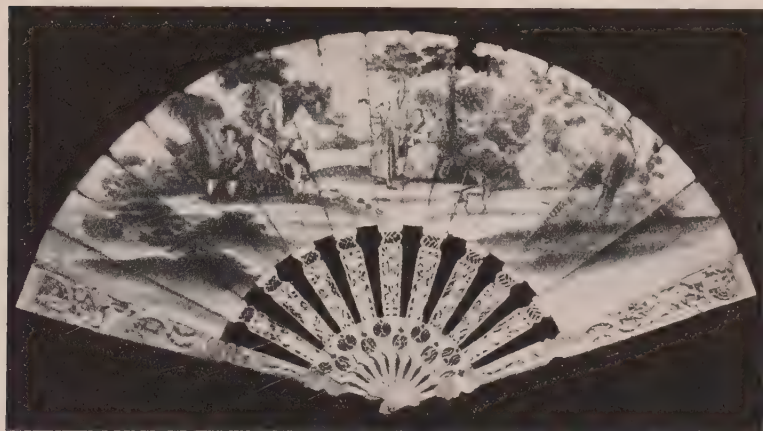
Robert, riding by the side of Bacon, leaned over and spoke softly in his ear, telling him who he was. The leader of the band glanced at him with a quick eye, took his measure, and reached a hand across his horse's neck to give him greeting. "Welcome, friend Stevens; and welcome you are, indeed!" he said. "Ha! This has zest for you, has it not? For, an you miscarry even a little, your neck will stretch for it!"

Robert modestly assured him that such a consideration weighed but little against his desire to see Virginia in better case, and his desire to let fall a counter-stroke for the evil that had come to him and his through Governor Berkeley, which led the talk to many things.

But Robert was doomed for the present to disappointment. Berkeley took the field indeed at the head of a troop of horse, but he had no sooner started forward to meet Bacon than the entire peninsula of York burst forth simultaneously into a conflagration of sedition. Not one place but was red hot and angry, the slumbering fire of years fanning itself into flames so that the roar of it mingled with the

humming of the pines and the purling of the soft, cool brooks.

At top speed the governor spurred back to Jamestown. What should he do? The planters snarled and growled at the House of Burgesses that was rotting and corrupting in its fifteen years of stagnation. He cast it forth for them to rend; he issued writs for a new election, and the flame of



FAN CARRIED BY EVELYN, COLONEL BYRD'S DAUGHTER

sedition died down. Not out, but down — as was presently to be demonstrated.

Once upon a time, — in 1670, to be specific, — this same House of Burgesses, wisely foreseeing the human probability of just such an exigency, had passed laws restricting the suffrage in a way that would reasonably assure them of continuance in power, even if put to the test of a popular vote. But in this election the restrictions were overlooked; the people were determined to be represented; they voted, as they had always voted, without restraint on their right to a voice. Neither did the henchmen of the governor essay to interfere with their voting.

This ballot made history; an Assembly was elected that was a representative assembly in fact. Among those elected

by the people was Nathaniel Bacon. He had run for Henrico county, and had been borne triumphantly into office by his enthusiastic fellow patriots. Thus was it that he was got to Jamestown to answer for his deeds.

Now, on a night in June, accompanied by thirty stalwart followers, he was floating down the James River in his sloop. Robert was with him. Having nothing to lose but his head; being without responsibility to aught but his conscience and his principles; being in desperate mood, Robert was fearless and tireless in the fight for reforms, and had come near to Bacon as a consequence. They sat together in the bow of the boat as they floated down the stream, half propelled by the faint breeze of June, and half driven by the ebbing tide.

"You do but thrust your head into the lion's mouth to come with me, Robert," said Bacon, with feeling. "I would that I could have dissuaded you; for, as I see it, you can do little good to us, and much harm to yourself."

"We have beaten all the grain out of that chaff by much talk," returned Robert, as though he grew tired of the subject. "Think you I would have such a triumph at second hand? Nay! I will see Virginia come into her own with my own eyes, though I die for it! But 't is little like that I shall be known, for 't is now many years since I was proscribed, and I have let my beard grow for a disguise. And what if they do know me? Will Berkeley, do you think, dare to execute justice upon me in the present temper of the people? But suppose that he should? Would it not bring down upon him all the wrath that now only mutters and threatens and circles about him? It is not for my importance they would resent it, but because it would be a brutal, unjust and wicked act. And I hope I make no boastful speech, friend Nathaniel, when I say that to me, bereft as I am of all purpose in life save only this of seeing Virginia

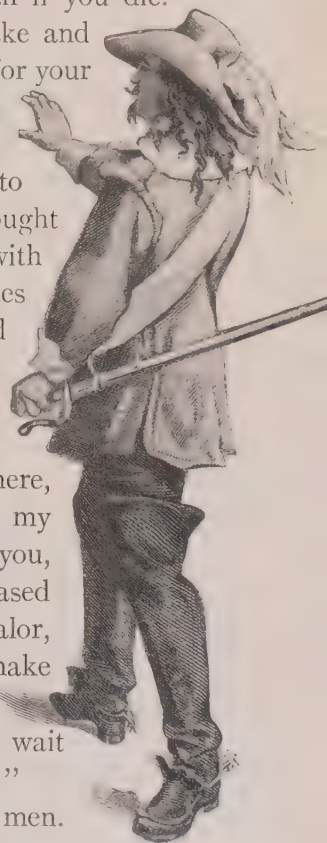
happy once more, to me it would be no trial, but rather a satisfaction, a high joy, to die, even by the gibbet, if it will forward our affairs. I do protest it humbly to be the truth: I welcome death if he brings liberty for my country!"

There was a sober sincerity about his words, a tenderness, that left Bacon without words to answer. He gazed across the waters, half in a dream, deeply touched by what his companion said. At last he spoke.

"I know not what it may be that makes you welcome death in our cause, nor do I inquire," he said, "but so far as you may be of service to the cause itself, I warrant you that you shall better serve us if you live than if you die. Wherefore, my friend, I pray you, for my sake and for that of those who have much to win, if not for your own sake, be circumspect and do not fling yourself away in a moment of emotion. And if you can be reconciled at the last moment to donning the disguise that I gave you, if the thought that we need you can be made to weigh with weight enough against your madcap principles in the matter, put me on yon flaxen wig and beard, and play the blond."

"With what change my own beard can make in me, which I have let grow these many months, since I first thought to come here, and with the different cast my scar gives to my countenance, I must be content, and so must you, friend Bacon. For the rest, I shall be pleased to protect my life with my whole skill and valor, as you desire; though I cannot but think you make a butt of me with flattery, having a generous desire that I should live. Now may God wait on us; for yonder are the lights of Jamestown!"

"Amen!" said Nathaniel Bacon, leader of men.

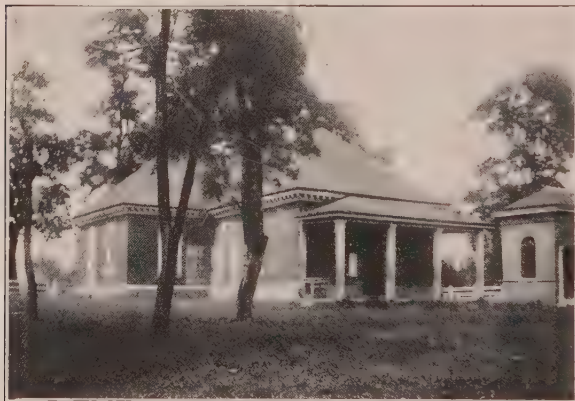


NATHANIEL BACON: AN
IDEALIZATION

CHAPTER XXXI

HE WHO WOULD BE MARTYR

“**W**HAT ship is that?” A man, standing close by the leader of men as he sat with Robert in the prow of his sloop, touched him on the shoulder and pointed to a large craft that hung darkly against the sea-loom to the eastward,



CHARLES CITY COURT-HOUSE

in the early morning.

“Some trader, likely; I know her not,” replied Bacon, turning his head to look.

“Nay, she is no trader!”

exclaimed

Robert, who had also turned to look. “She is a ship-of-war! See! You may discern her guns thrust even now through her ports! She is ready for action! What black treachery is this?”

Before the import of his words reached the consciousness of Bacon, there was a hail from the ship-of-war, for such it was, and an answering hail from the sloop.

“What craft is that?” demanded the war-ship.

Bacon himself, ready to resent the tone of the other, arose and made answer: “The *Swift-Sure*, Nathaniel Bacon, owner and master.”

“Is Master Bacon aboard?”

"He is aboard!"

"Bid him strike colors and come aboard this ship!" in arrogant, surly tones. "He is arrested in the King's name by the high sheriff of Virginia!" The dark eyes flashed; the voice rang loud that answered. "Nathaniel Bacon comes peacefully to Jamestown as a member of the Assembly representing the sovereign people of Henrico county, if the sheriff would have aught with him, let him come aboard and take him. The consequences will not be answered for by Nathaniel Bacon!"

"Strike and come aboard, or we fire!" thundered a voice from the poop of the frigate. The sloop was now so close that they could clearly see the man leaning over the rail. Before there was a reply, another man joined him; a slim, thin man with a keen, searching face. Robert, seeing the face, gave a cry of astonishment that was half terror; for the second man was Lucius Peram!

"Fire, and all Virginia will run blood!" rejoined Bacon, fiercely. "If you would take me, come aboard! I mean no resistance! Let God and the people pay for it, I shall not!"

It came into the ears of Robert, as from afar off, like the voice of a dream; for his mind swung loosely at the sight of the man on the decks of the ship. It was not that he feared Peram; he was aghast and terrified because he had left Peram bleeding at the door of his father's house in New York, eighteen months before, stricken to death, as he thought, with a sword-thrust from his own hand.

By degrees his wits returned to him, and he realized that the wound he had believed mortal had not done its work; that the man had recovered, and was ready for whatever villainy might come to his hand. His present villainy was to enter a boat with the one who had first hailed, and row to the sloop, which had now furled sail and lay at anchor near the ship-of-war.

"How, now, friend Stevens, will you hide from these fellows?" asked Bacon, turning to him as the boat made way toward their craft.

"Nay, ask not so much of me," returned Robert, with a stiff smile; "for I should rather die face forward than be dragged to my death by my heels out of the belly of your sloop!"

"What a look is that in your eyes!" exclaimed Bacon, observing more closely, in the growing light, the strange expression of supernatural dread that still lingered in Robert's countenance.

"'T is an old wound hurts me," returned Robert, staring at Peram.

It shortly transpired that Lucius Peram was now lieutenant to the sheriff, and had come with him on the errand of taking Bacon and his band. As he looked keenly about him, from force of habit, to see if there were any that he knew, his eyes fell upon Robert. Robert met his gaze without a tremor, without a sign in eye or lip, and the eyes passed on, stopping no longer and lighting no more on him than they did on each face they encountered in their quick scrutiny; neither was there change in the fixed, baffling smile. Yet Robert too well knew how little could be learned from the countenance of Peram to take any hope from the vacancy of his face. Nor did he care to have hope; he had spoken to Bacon in perfect sincerity of the possibilities of death; he only desired that his death might serve the cause.

It was mid-morning. Bacon and the thirty were drawn up in the state house. Governor Berkeley entered, frowning at Bacon and the men grouped behind him. The frown was not returned in kind; Bacon himself gazed proudly at the man he had defied, without fear, with an approving conscience.

"Mr. Bacon, have you forgot to be a gentleman?" demanded Berkeley.

"No, may it please your Honor," returned Bacon, in quiet dignity.

"Very well," said Berkeley; "then I'll take your parole!" which was highly discreet in the governor, in the face of the recent election returns.

"And my men?" asked Bacon, including them all in a sweep of the eye.

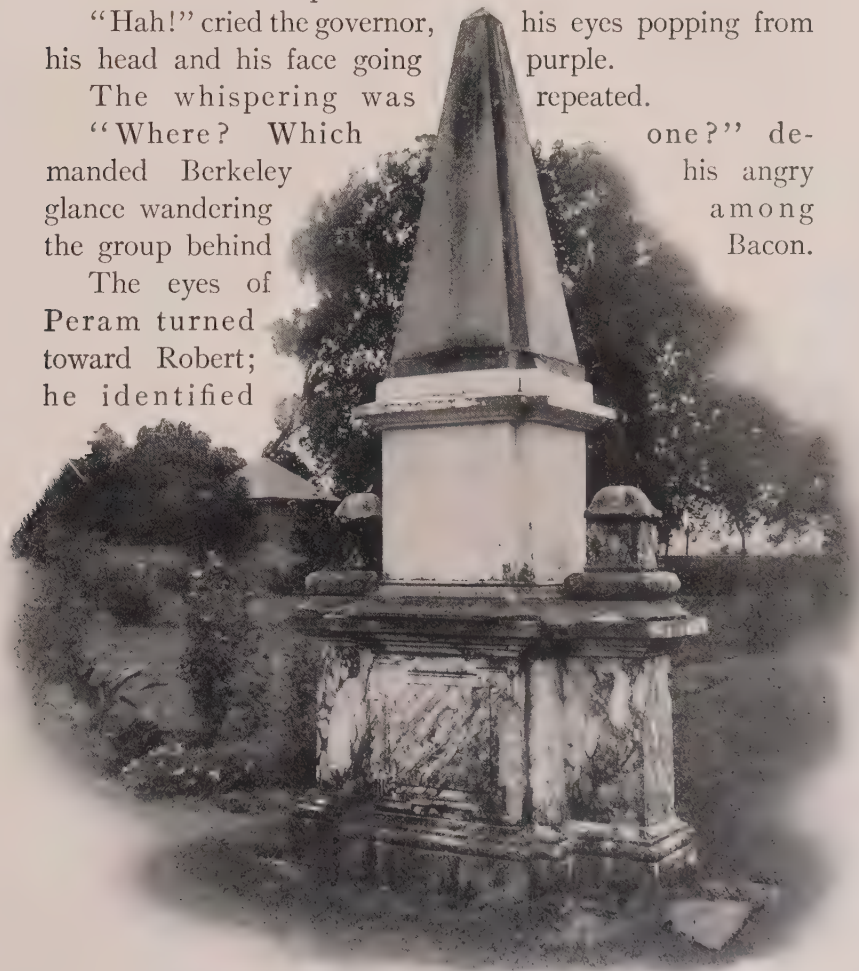
Berkeley was about to wave his hand, dismissing them on the same terms, when Lucius Peram plucked him by the sleeve and whispered in his ear.

"Hah!" cried the governor, his eyes popping from his head and his face going purple.

The whispering was repeated.

"Where? Which one?" demanded Berkeley, his angry glance wandering among the group behind Bacon.

The eyes of Peram turned toward Robert; he identified



WILLIAM BYRD'S TOMB AT WESTOVER, VIRGINIA

him to Berkeley by the place where he stood, counting out the file and the rank of his position. The wrathful, rolling eyes of the governor followed the counting from one to another, stopping at last on Robert when the counting ceased. His gaze fixed on him viciously; the face of Peram knew no change in its set smile, but in the eyes flared a green light.

"Sir!" cried Berkeley to Bacon, "you have with you one who has been a fugitive from our justice for many years, and upon whose head there is a price! For the rest, they may go on parole, but this one I must remand in custody. Officer, take that man to jail!" He singled Robert out with his walking staff.

"By your leave, your Honor," Bacon was commencing, when Berkeley bawled him down.

"Hold your tongue, sirrah!" he cried, in towering rage. "Is it not enough that I step in between you and justice, but that you must endeavor to step in between this wretch and his just deserts? I have given you your parole; see that it is not abused! Officer, to jail with that one!"

Bacon, perceiving that he was not only helpless, but that the best service he could render Robert was to make no more ado of it for the present, stood by and watched them lead him forth, shackled and guarded, and so down the streets of Jamestown to the fort.

Robert, seated on the rude bench in the room of the fort that served for a cell, was grimly running over in his mind the many strange chances in his fortune that had come to him since he was last beneath the shadow of death within prison walls, when the door of the room was thrown silently open and Peram stood before him, bearing in one hand a link and in the other a drawn sword.

He had entered without noise, either of footstep or of lock and key; by his silence, and his being armed, Robert thought that he came on deadly errand.



THE SHIRLEY MANSION, VIRGINIA; BIRTHPLACE OF THE MOTHER OF ROBERT E. LEE

"So this is the way you dispatch your business!" he said, with loathing contempt for the fellow. "Well, you may slay me; but mark my words, the advantage will ever be with me, through life or death; for if you kill me, out of your own hate, or if you are the creature of Berkeley in killing me, from my blood will spring up hundreds, full armed and crying vengeance. There is slight odds how I come to my death; the credit will be Berkeley's, and the reckoning his. More than that I could not ask for; if I should live a hundred years I should reach no higher joy than that!"

"If I were to let you talk, you would doubtless talk your head into the halter," returned Peram, "but I mean to save you that, if you choose."

"Ay? And what is the price?" asked Robert, contemptuously.

"Why should you concern yourself in the affairs of this seditious person whose glitter attracts you?" went on Peram, refusing, as a matter of habit, to take a direct course when one offered. "Your offence is an old one; you may readily hope to be pardoned if —"

Robert would not let him finish. "Do not shame me further by your vile suggestions!" he ejaculated, rising to his feet in his impatience and stalking the short length of his room with a great clanking of chains. "You may read all there is of treason in Bacon upon his brow and from his own lips; he conceals nothing. If I were to tell you what he has said to me, I should tell you what he has said to every man; what he will say on the floor of yonder chamber when the time comes. You could gain nothing worse from me were I to be his Judas; nothing but lies, and you surely would not come to me for lies!"

"T is but an uncivil tongue you have in your head," observed Peram, evenly.



GLEBE, AN HISTORIC LANDMARK OF CHARLES CITY COUNTY, VIRGINIA

"Why do you come to me with a sword in your hand?" asked Robert, insolently.

"You are stronger than I, and shackles make brave weapons; why should I not come with a sword?"

"If you were brave there would be a reason why you would not come; there is no reason why you should not, unless that be one," retorted Robert.

"You have proved my bravery once," Peram made reply.

"I would my sword had had better point and application," returned Robert, sitting on the bench again in exhaustion from dragging his chains.

"'T was well pointed and well applied; I lay ill many weeks from it. For your own joy I tell you that," said Peram. "Gladly would I give another proof to our encounter, but I fear it is not to be," he went on.

"You are more like to see me dancing at the end of a rope, you mean?" Robert remarked, to make known that he understood the other's meaning. Peram, with osten

tatious delicacy, forebore further corroboration than an inclination of the head and a sympathetic shrug of the shoulders.

"Can you tell me aught of her?" demanded Robert, fiercely abrupt, as Peram made signs of going. He had small enough hope of wringing anything from that breast, if, indeed, there was anything there he wished to know; yet in his mad love of her he could not refrain from the question.

Peram turned to him quickly. "Of whom?" he asked.

"Right well you know of whom!" returned Robert, angry, feeling himself baited and worried for the delectation of this wretch.

"There have been so many," ruminated Peram, cocking his head and appearing in great doubt.

"If there have been many who have suffered at your hands as Esther Goffe has suffered, may God forgive me for failing in my swordsmanship!" muttered Robert. A wicked hate rankled in his breast; he would have sprung upon this man, loaded as he was with chains, had there been any promise of success in the desperate attempt.

At mention of the name of Esther, Peram's doubts cleared. "To be sure," he said, "I had forgot that she was aught to you. But why should you believe that I brought her suffering?"

"Wretch! Mock me no more! Away and leave me!"

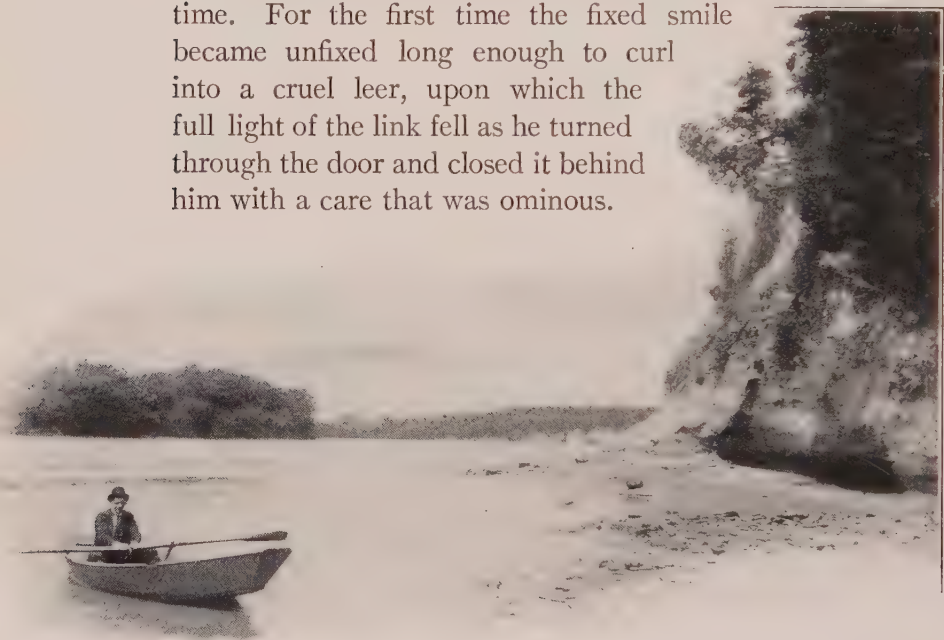
"Perchance there was a time when she might have been unhappy because of me," pursued Peram, confidentially, "but that was before she came to love me. She is quite happy now, I am sure. Shall I bear a message to her from you? She will be glad to learn that you recalled her."

Robert made no response.

"If you look well about you from the gibbet, you may see her," continued Peram, in the same manner; "for, and it slips not my mind, I mean to have her see you hanged.

Good night, Master Stevens, and may your dreams be pleasant; for, by my blood, there shall not be many remaining to you!"

The rancor in his soul entered his words for the first time. For the first time the fixed smile became unfixed long enough to curl into a cruel leer, upon which the full light of the link fell as he turned through the door and closed it behind him with a care that was ominous.



ON THE JAMES RIVER, NEAR RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

CHAPTER XXXII

THE VOICE OF ECHO

IT is human to believe most readily those things we wish not to believe at all. Robert Stevens, lying on the rough, hard bench in his cell, twisting uneasily throughout the night to relieve his bones from the weight of his shackles and his brain from the weight of his fears, could not persuade himself that Peram had sought only to torment him in what he said about Esther. He could not dismiss from his thoughts the possibility of this man's having discovered her after her flight; he lay awake devising many ways in which it might have come about; he even, toward morning, considered whether she might not have gone to him willingly, leaving her letter for a blind. But that thought he was able to put away, and it came not again.

The arrest of Robert made a great noise throughout Jamestown and all Virginia. The Stevens family was well known; his former arrest and escape, a dozen years before, were still in the memory of men; the old sympathy for him was revived, and to it was added that which the ruin of his father aroused. But more than all it was as a partisan of Bacon that his case developed the greatest interest. As a partisan of Bacon he had the moral support of the people; there was much angry muttering about Jamestown.

Berkeley, aware of the feeling for his prisoner, made no demonstrations of hostility. On the other hand, he endeavored to remove the stigma of the arrest from himself, stating that Stevens was a fugitive from justice, and that it was his duty as an officer to arrest him, however distasteful it was to his feelings as a man. Protesting much, he assured

the friends of Robert, who came to intercede for him, that he would do all that could be done for him. It was clear that he would risk no immediate injury to the prisoner for fear of the popular humor. On one point, however, he was obdurate; he would permit no one to visit Robert.

On the second night following Robert's arrest there was a gathering of earnest men at the house of Mr. Lawrence, which, during sessions of the Assembly, was turned into an ordinary for the accommodation of his friends from a distance. Among his guests this night were Nathaniel Bacon, who had stayed with him since being released on parole; Drummond, his fellow-townsmen; John Goode, a frontiersman of reputation and influence; Giles Bland, an active partisan; and

SIR JOHN RANDOLPH

Mallory and Anthony Stevens, with some others of lesser importance.

The talk ran much upon the face that had been put on affairs by the arrest of Bacon; there were among them some who spoke loudly for extreme resistance, of whom were Mallory and Anthony, bitter because of the treatment of their cousin. From that they turned to other matters, discussing their wrongs wrathfully. Mr. Lawrence, after listening to them thoughtfully for a space, raised gently his

hand as a sign that he would speak. Since his reputation for wisdom and learning was high, there fell an immediate silence.

"We have listened to a repetition of our wrongs," said Mr. Lawrence, "from many lips. I opine that to speak of them further is profitless; we all know what wrongs exist and whom they grievously afflict. More to the purpose would it be to hit upon some measure for alleviating them. Such I would now suggest to you. Our friend Nathaniel has done well in his stand against the Indians; we all applaud and approve. But since it has brought upon him the displeasure of Governor Berkeley, and since he can effect little for the betterment of our province while the displeasure rests upon him, it behoves us all to help remove the unjust stigma; no one has a sterner duty to do so than Nathaniel himself. It has been bruited about, and friend Drummond can confirm the report, that if Nathaniel Bacon will only publicly and before the assembled Burgesses and councilors declare that he was wrong in marching forth without a commission, he will not only be fully absolved and pardoned for having done so, but will furthermore receive from Governor Berkeley the commission that is so earnestly to be desired. Such, then, would seem to me to be the course of wisdom; for we must not stand too stiffly upon idle words, whether they



LADY RANDOLPH, WIFE OF
SIR JOHN

should be spoken or not, when apart from them there is much to be gained or lost."

A silence fell upon the group; there were those there too hot of head to look upon the problem as coolly as the thoughtful Mr. Lawrence viewed it; but Bacon himself put an end to the discussion. "That shall I do, then, on the morrow, when the house is opened by the governor," he said. "I had considered it because my father's cousin, Nathaniel Bacon of King's Creek, a noble man and politic, would have me do in this wise; but now I am determined by what Mr. Lawrence says."

Whereupon the talk fell again to many things, all of which concerned the melancholy state into which Virginia had fallen, and the things that the Assembly might do to restore her. In general, the conversation boded no good to Governor Berkeley; but there was nothing in it that would show that Bacon, or Lawrence, or Drummond, had yet formed any plan of overthrowing Berkeley's rule. The three leaders spoke only of obtaining for the inhabitants of the province the rights guaranteed to them under the charter, and ample protection for their lives and property.

The scene on the following day, when Governor Berkeley appeared before the full Assembly and opened the session, was a memorable one. The air was surcharged with potentialities. It was the first time in many weary years that the protests of the ignored people had received attention. Now the representatives of those people jealously watched the man that had so long held them beneath his thumb. Alert, determined, they attended upon his every word and gesture, testing him well in this time of trial.

Tense, breathless was the moment when he called for Nathaniel Bacon, the man whose bold determination had set in chain the events that had brought these things to pass; pulsating was the period when the young man, hero

of the hour, knelt at the bar of the Assembly and read in even voice the prepared paper in which he confessed that he had acted illegally, and offered sureties for future good behavior. They knew, those who looked on, why he was there; they knew what the sacrifice had been that brought the proud man to his knees before the tyrant he had defied. They knew that it was because he hoped thereby to promote the welfare of his fellows. He had done his part; let the others tend to it that they did theirs!

Berkeley, hearing him through with solemn mien, stood over him and repeated impressively, thrice, the words: "God forgive you! I forgive you!"

"And all that were with him," interposed a member of the council.

"Yea, and all that were with you!"

But how well did he perform the remainder of his part? We shall see.

Berkeley had called an election under moral compulsion, and the representatives of the people were now assembled; but he had no intention that they should have the people's way. The Burgesses had no sooner come to order than one of the governor's partisans moved "to entreat the governor would please to assign two of his council to sit with and assist us, as has been usual."

At this there was much displeasure; one member ventured to suggest that this might not now be necessary. There was immediate uproar.

"It has been customary and ought not to be omitted," urged the Berkeleys.

"It is true it has been customary," retorted a shrewd old burgess named Presley, "but if we have any bad customs amongst us, we are come here to mend 'em!"

There was much laughter, mingled with cries of "Shame!" and for a time there was turmoil in the house; but in the end

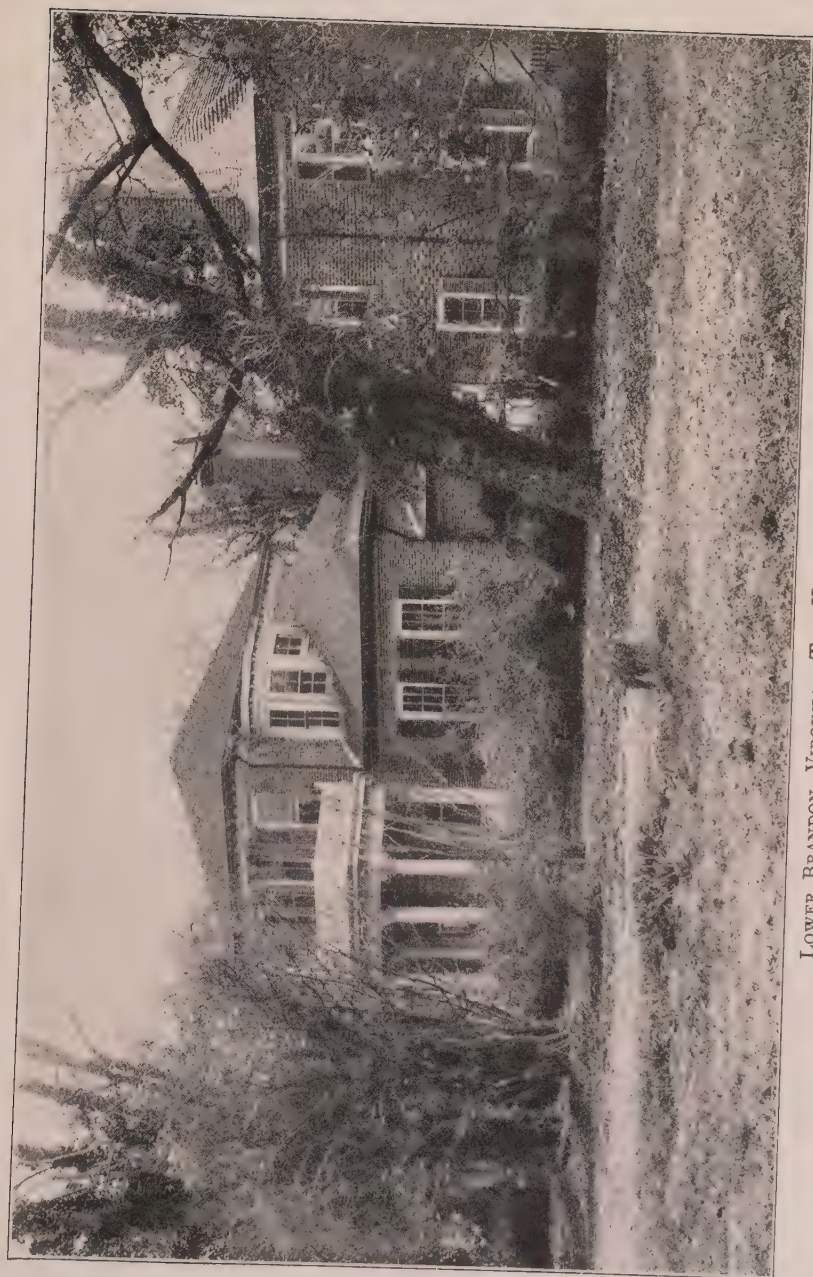
the Cavaliers had their way, and two of the council sat with the Burgesses in Berkeley's interests.

But in spite of the presence of the councillors, who were little better than spies upon the proceedings of the Burgesses, and in spite of the efforts of Berkeley, who would have had them discuss the Indian question and have done there, those patriots went straightway about setting up reforms. They restored universal suffrage; they enacted that vestrymen should be elected by popular vote, at the same time limiting their term of office to three years; they shortened the sheriff's term to a year; they prohibited any person from holding at once any two of the offices of sheriff, escheator, surveyor, or clerk of the court; they regulated public business and the taking of excessive fees; they overthrew trade monopolies upon which favorites of the governor had battered; they disfranchised Edward Hill and John Stith, magistrates; they provided for inspection of public expenditures and a proper auditing of accounts. This much they did for Virginia; so far had Bacon's boldness borne fruit.

Nor were the Indian troubles forgotten. The Burgesses, their minds full of the dark deeds on the red frontier of their Virginia, were determined that Virginia should show her strength, and that the selfish interest of the governor should no longer give license to the marauding and murdering bands that hovered about the fringe of civilization. Arrangements were made to raise and equip 1000 men to take the field against the savages, and the aid of friendly Indians was solicited. So much more had Bacon accomplished by his stand against the tyrant.

But how well was the tyrant doing his part of this? This is how well:

Robert Stevens, after being kept several days in the room in which he had been first locked up, was moved. The room



LOWER BRANDON, VIRGINIA: THE HOME OF THE HARRISONS

he now occupied lay in a long, low building in the north side of the enclosure, or parade, of the fort. The walls of the room were of brick; there was a heavy oak door, iron-bound and studded with great nails, and a window or grating in the south wall — the one next the enclosure. The grating was near the ceiling, and was open. By standing on the bench, which was against the north wall, and was the only furniture of the room, Robert could see through the aperture and out on the pavement of the court.

Robert had not been in this room many hours before he made a discovery. Lying on the bench on an afternoon, he heard men talking. It sounded as though they were immediately outside his door. He sat up, expecting that some one was coming in. The sound of the voices vanished, and he lay down again, thinking the men had gone. He had no sooner resumed his first position than he heard the voices again, clear, close, ringing. He was puzzled. He stood on the bench and looked out. Two men were in the shade of the corridor directly opposite. He could see that they were talking, but he could no longer hear them. He lay down once more, and the voices returned. This happened two or three days before he hit upon a solution of the mystery, through a series of deliberate experiments made when people were in the yard. There was a series of echoes that brought the least sound from that one given spot in the parade to the point where his head lay on the bench. The phenomenon was restricted to that one area, which extended about twenty feet along the opposite wall, and five or six feet from it. Here, the slightest sound — the rustling of a leaf wind-driven across the pavement, the sound of breathing; a whisper, — came to him round-voiced and distinct; the noise of a foot-fall was clangorous.

Having made this chance discovery, Robert frequently lay in the position which permitted him to hear, and listened

to the talk of the soldiers or officers if there happened to be any in the zone of hearing. He did it without any intention of eavesdropping or spying; indeed, he had little desire to know what went on about him; but it gave him a sense



COLONEL DANIEL PARKE (*After the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller*)

him since the visit on the first night. He wondered now if the man had some new trick he wished to play.

"No, he will not get the commission; he will get a commission to be hanged first," he heard Peram say; and then silence.

He waited; the sound of new footsteps came within

of companionship that made his loneliness somewhat more endurable.

He had been imprisoned he knew not how many days, when, lying on the bench in the necessary place, waiting for the sound of speech, he heard a voice that stirred and ruffled him to the core. It was Peram. He had not seen

range of his vantage-place. "We are ready to do anything if Sir William is ready to face the consequences," he heard, in a second voice. The one who spoke, spoke softly, as though he did not wish any other to hear him than the one he addressed; but the curious acoustics of the spot brought every syllable to Robert's ears. He arose from the bench in curiosity and peered through the grating; Peram and the sheriff were pacing back and forth in the shade of a covered corridor, along the front of the building opposite, with heads close together, earnestly discussing something beneath their breaths. He lay down again hastily, to hear what they might say, certain that it was villainy they plotted, else Peram would not take such marked interest in it.

The echoing footsteps came, and the voice of Peram; he heard only a fragment this time — "if Berkeley says Bacon must die, and we — "

A long silence; the returning steps; the voice of the other — "whenever he is ready he has only to say the word. I will do — "

An eternity it seemed to the listening prisoner; the words of Peram rustling across the echoes: — "waylay him on the way home and — "

Waylay him on the way home! Waylay him on the way home, and —! And what? Robert's brain turned in his head; they conspired the death of his friend, his hero, the friend and hero of Virginia, and he lay here, helpless to prevent.

The steps again, coming closer. Peram spoke: "Well, risk or no risk, it must be done, and if you cannot — " An interval, and the voice of the other, the sheriff — "like it not, but I will — "

Again the voice of the sheriff, as they returned; raised in inflection, as though in a question: " — do it?" "To-

night, at — ” said Peram, passing from hearing before Robert could learn the time.

The sound of steps and voices came no more through the grating.



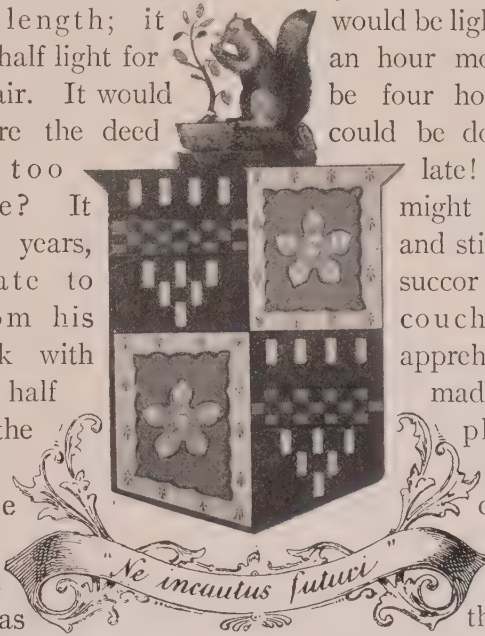
UPPER BRANDON, ALSO A HOME OF THE HARRISONS

CHAPTER XXXIII

LET HIM BE HANGED

TO-NIGHT at . . . to-night at . . . to-night, at what time! Merciful Heaven, at what time? By the light in the parade, it must now be 4, or, at the latest, 5 o'clock. It was still June; the days had reached their greatest length; it would be light for three hours, and half light for an hour more, if the sky held fair. It would be four hours before dark, before the deed could be done, before it was too late!

Too late? It might be four days, four years, and still he would be too late to succor him! He arose from his couch, bewildered, sick with apprehension for his friend, half mad because, knowing the plan that was laid against him, he could do nothing to save him. He crept to the door — timidly, as though some one might see him and laugh at him for it. He



THE ARMORIAL ACHIEVEMENT OF ROBERT
E. LEE (From an old wood carving)

reached for the lock with his manacled hands and turned the great iron knob. Having turned it, he pressed his body against the door, remembering that it swung outward. He knew that it would avail him nothing; yet, when the door stood firm, the tears burst from his eyes and he

sobbed wretchedly. Oh, for one hour, for one minute of freedom!

But he must think! He could do nothing by weeping; a woman might weep and accomplish as much. He crept clanking back to the bench, and sat down to think, think, think!

A woman? Ay, a woman! A woman might weep, but a woman might do much more. There was a woman in the fort; at least, there was a child, a maiden of ten, who came to bring him his porridge. Always there was a guard with her; she was only to bear the porridge; the guard stood in the door when she handed the bowl to him. He had talked with her; she was a sweet, simple child; she was the daughter, he had learned, of Simon, the guard, who had helped him to escape. Her father had sent word to him that he was sorry to see him there, and had forgiven old scores. Old scores! he laughed at that. The man was still keeping up the pretense that Robert had escaped a dozen years before by assaulting him. He was now a soldier in the fort; he was in reality the farrier, but they called him soldier.

These thoughts, confused, striking against each other, tumbled through his head. Why did they persist? What had they to do with the plot against Nathaniel Bacon? He closed his eyes, raising his manacled hands to shut the light from them more completely; for he must think! think! think!

He could not think. Not knowing why he did it, scarcely knowing what he did, he arose again and clambered upon the bench to look through the grating. Perhaps he felt that he could think better if he could see outside the four crowding walls; perhaps, like one who goes over a horror piece by piece, time after time, he arose to look upon the spot whence the voices had come. Perhaps fate warned him to look out.

There was a man standing there now. He looked more keenly; it was Simon, the farrier, come forth to smoke his pipe in the cool shade of the building. He was lounging against a post supporting the narrow roof above the corridor. To speak ten words with Simon now, Robert would have given his life; nay, his soul. But to speak ten words, or one word, with Simon, would be impossible; none might have a word with the prisoner for fear of treachery.

Simon, leisurely smoking his pipe, finished it at last, and was knocking the ashes out of it. Robert watched him, wistfully, sadly; it was like meeting an old friend to see Simon standing there. Suddenly, as Simon



RICHARD LEE, THE YOUNGER (*From the family portrait*)

was putting away his pipe turning to go, there flashed a mad, desperate thought through the mind of the prisoner. With fierce haste, with the face of one who risks much on a doubtful chance, he threw himself down upon the bench and into the position that opened for him communication with the outer world. If he could hear in there, why could not Simon hear out there?

"Simon! Simon! Old friend!" his voice was choked; he could scarcely whisper.

"Eh? What's that? Who's talking?" came back along the line of echoes.

"For the love of God, do not speak; do not stir. It is I talking; I, Robert Stevens, a prisoner here in this cell. Do not look; make no sign. It is a trick I have learned; have no fear; it is only a trick." He scarcely knew what he said. "I have great need of you; you will run no risk; you shall be rewarded."

Hastily then he told him what he would have him do. Simon, agape in the opposite shade, stared blankly at the walls about him and slyly nodded his head, in doubt whether he was bewitched. All of which brought no comfort or assurance to Robert, who lay prone on his bench and could see nothing.

"You will do this for me, Simon?" he asked, when he had gone over the errand twice to make certain that it was all clear. "You will tell my friend of his danger, at once? Whisper; I shall hear you. Whisper, and go away!"

"Yes, I will do it!" came a hoarse answer, in which there was much fear, and doubt of witchcraft.

The steps of Simon, the farrier, clucked down the parade; the sun was just leaving the top of the eastern wall; there would be two hours before darkness, at the least. And in two hours even a farrier could go far and say much. Robert, humming a tune, swung the shackles on his arms in synchronism to the measures of his song. At least Bacon was to be saved to the cause.



MRS. LEE, WIFE OF RICHARD
(From the family portrait)

"Bacon is gone!" "Bacon has fled!" The streets of Jamestown were awakened next morning by the cries. Men came from the houses, softly whispering to each other and shaking their heads; the event was portentous; it was open and seditious defiance of Berkeley. It was against his parole, his given word. To many it meant frank rebellion and civil war; they knew that Bacon was not the man to take such a step and fail to follow it with further boldness.

For days rumors had been bruited about that there was a plan to arrest him and that his life was not safe; they could be traced no further than the source of all rumors, which is nothing. Much was whispered concerning the manner of his going, but nothing was known. Some would have it that Nathaniel Bacon, his father's cousin and a member of the council, had told him of his danger. It was plausible, for the elder Nathaniel, while not concurring in the views of his kinsman, had a personal affection for him and would have done at least as much as that.

As the day wore on, men began to leave Jamestown by twos and threes, and larger groups, to saunter forth to the north and northwest. Their going was idle and purposeless in appearance; but so openly idle and purposeless as to hint of some deeply underlying purpose. As the streets thinned, suspicions arose and men began to run to Berkeley with fears; he only stormed and fumed, cursing them and Bacon and all Virginians in round and indefatigable oaths.

Thoughtful Mr. Lawrence and his friend William Drummond were sitting in Mr. Lawrence's own room, in the upper part of his house, on the afternoon of the day when Bacon's flight was cried about the town. Drummond, being a canny Scotchman, had made no haste to seek out Lawrence, having consideration for appearances; he did not wish to exhibit an unseemly impatience to learn what there was to be learned in the matter. Now, having loitered there, not much ob-

served, and having come by degrees to this room with Mr. Lawrence, he was ready to go forward with the business in hand.

"Why did our friend Bacon leave at this juncture and so abruptly?" he asked, with some displeasure; he did not yet understand.

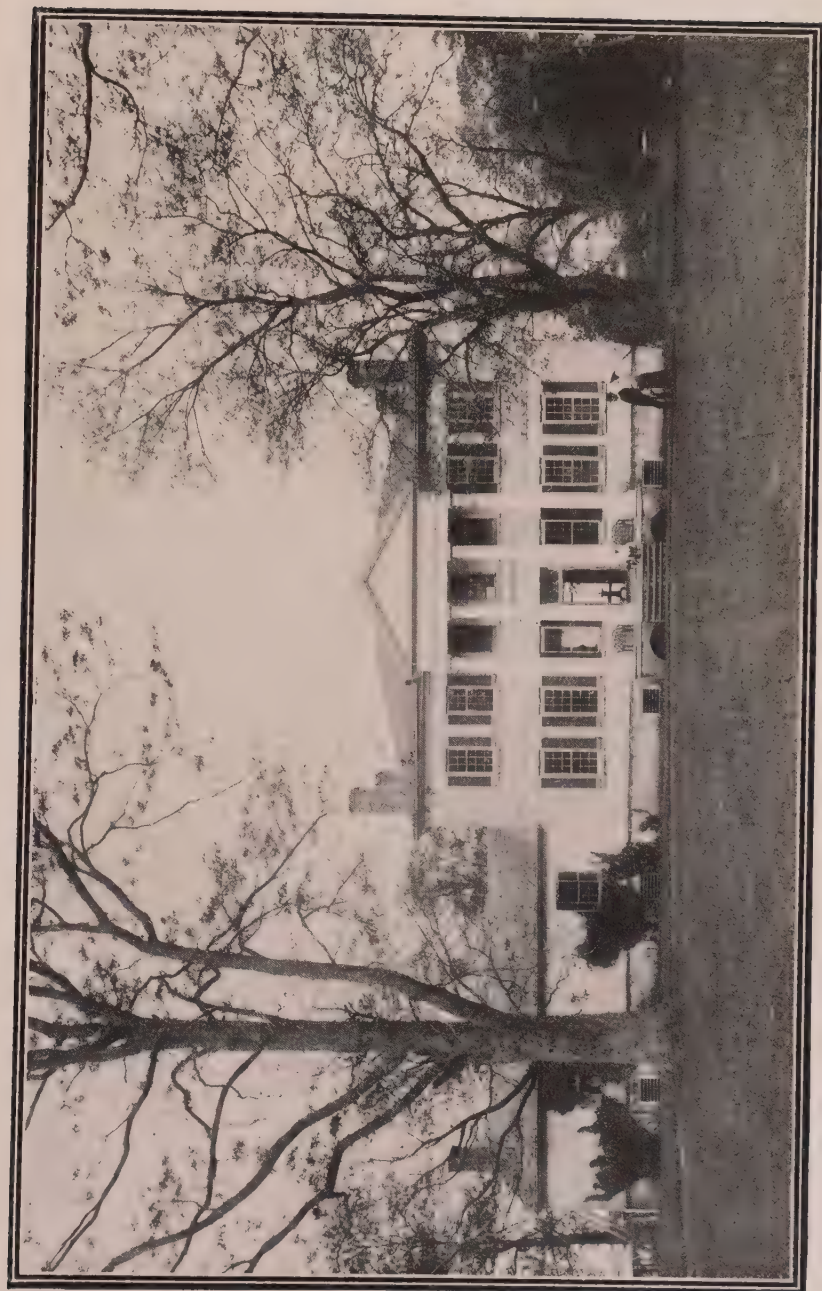
"You have heard the rumors flying about our ears for days past?" returned Mr. Lawrence.

"Ay, rumors enough; but what are rumors? Must he fly before a buzzing flock of rumors, foregoing his commission, breaking his parole, and leaving his friends to fight his fights without him?"

"In this instance, rumors were well founded," replied Mr. Lawrence, in a soothing tone. "His life was in danger; there were plans to make way with him. That I know."

"How do you know?" He was hard-headed Scotch, was William Drummond. He must have facts.

"Last night there came a fellow, one Simon, farrier at the fort, with much alarm, to tell us that the voice of Robert Stevens had come to him out of the air, telling him to run here and warn Master Bacon that his death was plotted," said thoughtful Mr. Lawrence, in narrative tone. "We looked upon him as in some mad humor in the beginning, for Bacon himself heard what the fellow had to say — but he was so insistent, so importunate, that we gave heed to him. When he had gone we took hasty council; we would have sent for you, but there was little time, and there was the danger of setting talk afoot; at the last we decided that it would be well for Nathaniel to go and spend the night elsewhere; when, if it should prove that the fellow was mad, or had been tricked, and there was no danger, he might return, without so much as arousing comment, and matters would be where they had begun. With that he left, it being agreed that I was to send to him at an appointed place



SABINE HALL: A VIRGINIA MANSION WHICH HAS REMAINED IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY FROM COLONIAL DAYS

if there should prove to be no need of his remaining away. That he did well in leaving as he did was shown this morning, when there came a pack of ruffians at daybreak, who laid open my house and looked for him; but he was gone."

Drummond closed his eyes to little slits as Lawrence neared the end of his narration; he understood now, and was completely satisfied. "It means civil war; it means rebellion," he said, in a low voice.

"There is much feeling, for the people do believe that there was some manner of plot against him; although I have not let transpire what happened here in the matter." Ever thoughtful was Mr. Lawrence.

"Men are hastening from the town; do you know aught of it?" continued Drummond.

"All we need to know for the time being," returned thoughtful Mr. Lawrence.

"They will join him?"

"They will do as they list," said Mr. Lawrence, significantly.

"And we; what are we to do?"

"We had best bide our time; we could but spring the alarm. Big affairs are afoot; we shall have time to do much. When the time comes, it will find us ready, friend Drummond." Mr. Lawrence's tone and manner were impressive. William Drummond was impressive, too, when he arose and grasped the hand of Mr. Lawrence, silently.

"But what of his commission?" reverted Drummond; he was Scotch; he could not remove from his mind the thought of the material advantage that lay in the commission. "Should he not have waited for that?"

"He will return for his commission," said Lawrence, with vivid significance.

Drummond nodded his head with understanding.

"Is anything concerted?" he asked, presently.

"Only that he will return for his commission," replied Mr. Lawrence.

"There is nothing for us to do then, but to wait?"

"We can only wait."

Mr. Drummond, walking leisurely along the street of Jamestown to his fine house, had the appearance of a man to whom the world had yielded its fullest, and to whom there remained no desire but to enjoy what he had in peace and serenity. He was so far from being a dark-scowled plotter that a subaltern from the fort, passing him and cast-



OX-CART AND LODGE AT SABINE HALL

ing a glance upon his benign countenance, fell to whistling all unconsciously, not knowing why.

Sir William Berkeley had no such peace of mind. He was chagrined, angry, nervous, frightened, was Sir William. For several days he stormed about, not knowing what to do, dearly desiring to lay finger on Bacon, but not daring to. On the fourth day after the disappearance, sitting over his madeira alone in his dining hall — for he had dismissed his family gruffly at the end of his dinner — he still growled and scowled; at a loss because he was angry, and angry because he was at a loss. There came to him a fellow of the soldiery for whom he had sent.

"Well, fellow, what news?" he roared.

"May it please your Honor, it would appear that many have gone forth from Jamestown and met many from other towns, and that Bacon purposes to take command of them,

though whether with the intention of pursuing the Indians or of doing harm to your Honor is a matter that cannot be known."

There were more questions and more explanations, and the fellow was dismissed. "See that a good watch is kept upon the scoundrel," said Berkeley, in sending him off, "and mind that you send hither Master Peram, and that shortly."

Master Peram came, after a space of time that had been measured by three glasses of the rare old madeira on the governor's table; a circumstance that contributed somewhat to his general peace of mind, but at expense to his anger.

"How now, Peram? Is it learned yet how the news of our intentions was noised abroad?" demanded Berkeley.

"May it please your Honor, no," replies Peram, the fixed smile quite unperturbed.

"Do not cease from diligent search; I would have the treacherous wretch pay heavily for that. This fellow Bacon would have done much better stretched in his grave; he is pestilentially perverse in his behavior. But I will teach him manners! 'Fore God! I will teach him manners!" Governor Berkeley laid his passions beneath another glass of madeira, an excellent way to place them in strong culture, and proceeded.

"How is our prisoner?" he said.

"From report he is well, and seems to be in a heavenly humor, by the singing I hear come from his grating," answered Peram.

"Singing, say you? Think you the rascal mad, or feigning madness?"

"Nay, he is not mad, for his songs are neither of love nor God; so how should he be mad?"

"What are they?"

"Ballads, for the most part; ballads of knights and

heroes; and many, I grieve to say, recounting those things the wretch Cromwell did in his brief mad career!"

"Hah! We shall teach him to sing another tune! There is no further need that we should fatten him in our stalls; he can tell us nothing now that will place the noose more



A RURAL SCENE IN THE OLD DOMINION

firmly about the neck of the scoundrelly rebel Bacon. Let him be hanged! We will teach them who governs here!"

"When shall it please your Honor to have him hanged?" asked Peram, with no change in the fixed smile, but with a flare of green in the depths of his eyes.

"When? I care not when. Hold! Let it be to-morrow, at noon. Let him be hanged high, so that all may see who pass from the Assembly at time of dismissal. Watch

for them to come forth. When you see them leave the state house, hang him high! 'Fore God, they shall learn who governs here, and how!"

"Might it not be well to make certain, and hang him at once?" ventured Peram, indifferently. "May it please your Honor to consider that the times are somewhat uncertain. It is a pleasant evening, to-night; many people are abroad; we should have more if it were bruited about that there was to be a hanging; we should lose none of the lesson, perchance." He was not urgent; he merely desired that the matter should be brought to the attention of Governor Berkeley.

Berkeley wavered before the temptation, took a glass of wine to determine his mind, and turned to Peram. "Let it be as I said: to-morrow when the Assembly dismisses," he said.

With a deferential bow, Peram glided from the room, leaving Berkeley alone with his madeira, and his soul.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE OATH OF FEALTY

NOON, high noon, in Jamestown: from the capitol came the droning hum of voices, listless and dull. The morning's work is nearly done; the members are hasten-



A ROAD THROUGH THE PINES OF ACCOMAC

ing through routine, impatient to get away from the heat and din of the chambers. Across the green, near the fort, in full sight of the state house, a gibbet is erected; a stout, high post with a braced arm, from which dangled a noose. All the morning workmen have been sawing and hammering on the gibbet, to the awed wonder and delight of the small boys of the town; now it is finished.

The subdued hum in the House grows more subdued; in the Council, on the second floor of the brick building, there is complete silence. They wait only for a last formality before departing. The Burgesses on the

floor below still have a matter under discussion; some slight detail of preparation against the Indians. It was to be over in a moment. A man comes to the porch of the capitol and makes a signal to Lucius Peram, standing at the foot of the gibbet; Peram turns and glides toward the fort.

Only a moment now, members rise from their seats and stand, ready to depart; the clerk is taking a perfunctory roll. Up-stairs, the Council has dismissed; the councilors join together in groups, discussing events of the day, and the minute. There is tension apparent; but they talk of lesser things than Bacon. It is not pleasant to speak of Bacon.

Berkeley stands at the window, looking across toward the fort. He sees Peram appear with a manacled man. Sir Henry Chicheley is with the governor. Sir Henry does not look toward the fort; he glances in his talk along the streets to the neck of land joining Jamestown with the mainland. He looks unconsciously at nothing, as a man will when he talks with another. Looking, he sees what brings him, tense and gasping, to a sense of the living moment.

"For the love of God, look!" he cries, laying hand on Berkeley's sleeve.

Up through the streets comes Bacon, at the head of 600 men! Others see it, and run to and fro in the council-chamber. Below, the Burgesses have seen; they pour forth into the street. Peram, observing that they pour forth, strikes his prisoner with the point of his sword, hurrying him. He sees Bacon's men coming; he strikes again.

Berkeley is in a fury. He descends from the room. Bacon is drawn up before the door of the capitol; he has come swiftly. His men are armed and silent. They look at Berkeley with eyes that wander not. Peram reaches the foot of the gibbet. There is some delay there; the rope is fouled on the extended arm; the noose dangles out of

reach. A workman goes up the pole to cast it adrift; the pole is smooth; he makes slow work of his climbing.

Berkeley stands before young Bacon, raging, trembling with the fury of his passion. He plucks open the rich lace upon his bosom. "Here I am!" he shouts. "Shoot me! 'Fore God, a fair mark, a fair mark! . . . Shoot!"

About the foot of the gibbet are men, hurriedly adjusting the noose; the workman has reached the top, and freed the rope. No one sees them; there is too much thought for what goes on at the capitol. Peram is so feverish in his impatience that he bungles the knot, which he will not suffer any one else to tie. For once his composure deserts him. The prisoner is gagged; small need they had to gag him. By the light on his face they might have known that he would not cry out.

"No, may it please your Honor," Bacon replies, mildly, "we have not come to hurt a hair of your head or of any man's. We are come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, which you have so often promised, and which we will have before we go."

Many hands are laid to the rope, a body commences to swing free from the ground! Some one in the 600 sees, and cries out. A dozen, a score, a hundred race to the foot of the gibbet; at their head Mallory Stevens and Anthony; they have seen. Almost they have seen too late.

"'T is the governor's orders," explains Peram, coolly, releasing the prisoner.

"His orders can wait!" returns Mallory. They lead Robert away; Peram returns to the fort.

"Perchance we shall meet once more!" he cries out to Robert, over his shoulder.

"God grant it so!" returns Robert. "Once more!"

Bacon turns a warm look upon Robert, and extends his hand; but for the present he has other matters demanding



NATHANIEL BACON AND SIR WILLIAM BERKELEY

attention, and turns toward the capitol, whither Berkeley and the Burgesses have withdrawn. Long they wait patiently for an answer; at last, in a moment, Bacon bursts into a rage. He speaks a word; the word goes among his followers. With pieces charged they moved toward the capitol. "The commission! The commission! We will have it! We will have it!" they cry. The thoughtful Mr. Lawrence looks at the canny Mr. Drummond; each half closes his eyes as a sign of comprehension; each turns back.

A rag flutters from a window; a white kerchief, a flag of peace. "You shall have it!" cries a voice.

It was soon over. The Burgesses not only gave Bacon a commission as a general to command an army against the Indians, but drew up a memorial to the King setting forth the grievances of Virginia and the services of Bacon to the province. On the next day these were signed by Berkeley; but the same ship that bore the memorial to the King also carried a letter written by the infuriated governor, giving his own views of the entire affair.

It was August. Bacon, with his followers, was encamped on Middle Plantation, between the James and the York, near the spot where Williamsburg was afterward built. Much had happened since the day in June when he had obtained his commission from the recalcitrant governor. He himself had marched against the Susquehannocks and nearly annihilated them; he was on the point of finishing the task completely, when he heard that the governor, with consistent duplicity, had repudiated the commission and the right of the army to exist, and had declared him and his followers to be rebels.

It was the opening of the chasm, the rift in the province, the declaration of civil war. Marching in the defense of the country and its inhabitants, with a duly authorized

commission to do so, he had been declared a rebel for performing what the commission warranted. From that point there could be only one course. Bacon took that course, and marched back in force to Middle Plantation. Berkeley, knowing what he would do, knowing that the die was cast, fled across the Chesapeake to Accomac, after a vain endeavor to raise a force in Gloucester to oppose the proscribed rebel. Yet Gloucester was reputed the most loyal



ACCOMAC COURT-HOUSE

among the counties of Virginia.

The time had come for the thoughtful Mr. Lawrence and the canny Mr. Drummond to show their colors;

and right nobly had they responded to the occasion. It was Lawrence who bore the news of the proclamation to Bacon, where he was campaigning against the Indians on the North Anna. He was with him now at Middle Plantation. So was Mr. Drummond. "I am in over my shoes; I will be in over my boots!" he said. His wife was no less bold. Breaking a stick over her knee on a day when there was talk concerning the dread power of Charles II, and displaying the broken pieces, she exclaimed, "I care no more for the power of England than for this broken straw!"

Surrounded by many of the principal gentlemen of Virginia, backed by a loyal, enthusiastic following who cried out upon their infamous governor and were ready to go to any length against him, with the sympathy of the entire province on his side, save such of the Cavaliers as held any

resistance of authority to be as wicked as the denial of God, Bacon rested at the Middle Plantation early in August to consider what should be done.

Some there were, among them Drummond, who counseled that Berkeley be deposed, as Sir John Harvey had been deposed forty-one years before; and Sir Henry Chicheley be set up in his place. Sir Henry was a milder and more tractable man than Berkeley, having some sympathy and consideration for the people; withal in favor with the King; he might be a mediator.

Others there were, hotter of head, who desired that Bacon himself should seize the government and assume control as governor. The first Bacon was unwilling to do; the second he was not ready to undertake. It was not for himself he was seeking, but for Virginia. All he desired was that she should obtain her rights. Whatever should best promote that purpose, that would he do. For the present, he merely issued a manifesto, declaring his position; a manifesto full of fire, passionately eloquent.

"If virtue be a sin, if piety be guilt, all the principles of morality, goodness, and justice be perverted, we must confess that those who are now called rebels may be in danger of those high imputations," said the manifesto. "Those loud and several bulls would affright innocents, and render the defense of our brethren and the inquiry into our sad and heavy oppressions, treason. But if there be — as sure there is — a just God to appeal to, if religion and justice be a sanctuary here, if to plead the cause of the oppressed, if sincerely to aim at his Majesty's honor and the public good without any reservation or by-interest, if to stand in the gap after so much blood of our dear brethren bought and sold, if after the loss of a great part of his Majesty's colony, deserted and dispeopled, freely with our lives and estates to endeavor to save the remainders, be treason — God Al-

mighty judge and let the guilty die. But since we cannot in our hearts find one single spot of rebellion or treason, or that we have in any manner aimed at subverting the settled government or attempting of the person of either magistrate or private man, notwithstanding the several reproaches and threats of some who for sinister ends were disaffected to us and censured our innocent and honest designs, and since all persons in all places where we have yet been can attest our civil, quiet, peaceable behavior, far different from that of rebellious and tumultuous persons, let Truth be bold and all the world know the real foundation of pretended guilt. We appeal to the country itself, what and of what nature their oppressions have been, or by what cabal and mystery the designs of many of those whom we call great men have been transacted and carried on. But let us trace these men in authority and favor to whose hands the dispensation of the country's wealth has been committed."

Passing on to an arraignment of "these juggling parasites, whose tottering fortunes have been repaired at the public charge," the manifesto points out the character of the public grievances, and makes formal indictment of Sir William Berkeley:

"For having upon specious pretences of public works raised unjust taxes upon the commonalty for the advancement of private favorites and other sinister ends, but with no visible effects in any measure adequate.

"For not having, during the long time of his government, in any measure advanced this hopeful colony either by fortification, towns, or trade.

"For having abused and rendered contemptible the majesty of justice, or advancing to places of judicature scandalous and ignorant favorites.

"For having wronged his Majesty's prerogative and interest by assuming the monopoly of the beaver trade.

"For having in unjust gain bartered and sold his Majesty's country and the lives of his loyal subjects to the barbarous heathen.

"For having protected, favored, and emboldened the Indians against his Majesty's most loyal subjects, never contriving, requiring, or appointing any due or proper means of satisfaction for their many invasions, murders, and robberies committed upon us."

And so on through many more counts, including charges of being surrounded by



WESTVIEW, THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ACCOMAC

"wicked and pernicious counselors, aides, and assistants against the commonalty in these our cruel commotions," naming nineteen of them by name, among whom were Sir Henry Chicheley, Richard Lee, Robert Beverley, Nicholas Spencer, and a son of William Claiborne, who had made such trouble for Maryland many years before.

Now was there much earnest discussion of what should be done. The situation of Bacon was desperate. He had not only Berkeley to reckon with, from whom he had little to fear, but there was the power of the King. Charles would surely take a hand; he would support Berkeley at least until he might be made to understand the truth underlying the uprising. Even then, he was like to have little sympathy with a popular expression like Bacon's Rebellion. Foreseeing this, Bacon desired his followers to take an oath to resist the King's forces, in addition to swearing that they would oppose Berkeley.

After much bitter strife among them; many not desiring to commit themselves to taking arms against Berkeley or the royal forces, Bacon had his way, declaring that they had already come so far with him that the oath would not involve them more deeply in the vengeance of Berkeley, should he gain ascendancy over them, and finally declaring that they must decide between him and Berkeley.

There was much demur, and it is not unlikely that there would have been faction in the band had there not been an alarm of Indians that brought them hastily to a decision. But there were many who did not sign the oath, going to their homes instead. Those who did sign, asseverated that in doing so they were not disloyal; as much as to say that although they intended to fight against the King, it was only for his own ultimate good, and that in the circumstances it was a high form of loyalty.

Mallory and Anthony Stevens were of those who signed.

But among them all there was not one who made oath with greater satisfaction in the vow than Robert Stevens, close friend to Bacon and his trusted lieutenant.



JUNCTION OF THE TWO MAIN STREETS IN ACCOMAC

CHAPTER XXXV

MARK WIGGIN GOES ASHORE

IN August, 1676, Mark Wiggin, accompanied by a friendly Mohegan as a guide, was making heavy weather of it up the trails in the Connecticut Valley. He was visibly annoyed and distressed by the means of travel, which was by foot over the uneven ground. His rolling gait was ill suited to the rise and fall of the path; his soul, used to the limitless expanse of sea, was cramped and crowded by the closely-growing wood and bush. Mark Wiggin cursed to himself — softly, for lack of breath — as he rolled along behind his Indian guide.

“Consarn it all!” quoth Mark Wiggin, “what in God’s world is the use of land, anyhow? I reckon there has to be a little of it to make it possible for vessels to pass to an’ fro; but I ’m blasted if I see why there ’s so much of it so far away from the water.” Thus spake Mark Wiggin to himself, making heavy weather of it up the Connecticut Valley in the wake of his dusky convoy.

It must have been something of weight and consequence that brought Mark Wiggin so far ashore. And it was. Ever since he had heard of the angel of Hadley, he had been possessed of a curiosity concerning the angel’s identity.

He had long desired to pay a visit to Hadley; if the angel was the manner of angel he conjectured it to be, it was altogether likely that there was something in the vicinity that more nearly represented real angel. It was this that he had long wished to determine for the sake of himself, and of certain dear friends of his; and it was this desire that now brought him so far ashore.

The greatest danger from the Indians was now over. Mark had waited for such a state of affairs to arise. He was willing to go ashore on an important errand such as he contemplated, but not even the quest he was on could beguile him into the adventure as long as "them dusky wood-pirates" were loose. There was still warfare, to be sure, but it was sporadic and confined largely to the east, and the worst of it



TURNER FALLS, ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER

was over. Indeed, the day before Mark Wiggin left Saybrook for Hadley, news came that Philip himself had been slain.

After the deadly blow against the Narragansetts, there was a lull in the storm of death along the frontier. Many of Winslow's army went to their homes because of lack of food; many more had died from the exposure and hardship of their march from the swamp; the defences had run low. The Indians were aware of it. February 10, King Philip, who had been hiding in New York province since the Brookfield fight of the previous August, appeared at Lancaster with his own braves and his Nipmuck allies, and assaulted the town.

More than forty people took refuge in the minister's house. The minister, Joseph Rowlandson, the only Harvard graduate of 1652, had gone to Boston to get help, apprehending danger; even now Captain Wadsworth — an ancestor of the poet Longfellow — was on his way from Marlborough with a body of soldiers.

But they did not come soon enough. The Indians surrounded the minister's house and set fire to it; as the despairing occupants rushed from the flames they were struck down with tomahawks and clubs. Some were taken prisoners, among them Mary Rowlandson, the minister's wife. She was trying to escape; she had her six-year-old daughter in her arms; a bullet struck the child; both were taken. The child died of its wound. Mrs. Rowlandson, after being dragged about the country by the Indians, who were constantly on the march to elude their pursuers, was ransomed in May for £5 and returned to her husband in Boston, where the Old South Church bought them a house.

Massachusetts asked for a levy of 600 men, which was supplied; but the strokes of the Indians were hard to ward. They came without warning and left without leaving a track. In February the savages descended upon Medfield, massacring the inhabitants. They sacked and destroyed Worcester, Marlborough, Mendon, and Groton; they burned houses in Weymouth, a dozen miles from Boston, pushing the red frontier back to the very center of the English civilization. They made savage attacks on Sudbury, Chelmsford, Springfield, Hatfield, Northampton, Wrentham, Andover, Bridgewater, Scituate, and Middleborough. Hadley was again attacked. From East to West the rage of the red men ran; broad and ruddy was the Red Frontier. Nowhere along the long advance of civilization was safety and security; everywhere was lurking death. Small wonder that Mark Wiggin, who feared not the wildest storm at sea, remained

aboard his boat and patiently awaited opportunity to test his theory.

Plymouth itself suffered a violent assault. On March 26 occurred the greatest calamity the Plymouth colony knew during the war. Captain Pierce, with seventy men, was lured to ambush while pursuing a band of Indians who appeared to be fatigued or wounded. Suddenly the English soldiers were surrounded by whooping redskins, who killed Pierce and every one of his men. This catastrophe took place on the Pawtuxet River, not far from the falls. The



MAJOR JOHN BRADFORD'S HOUSE, KINGSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, BUILT IN 1675

spot was known in after years as Attleboro' Gore. For this work, the savages paid dearly, losing 150 warriors before their victory was accomplished.

In extreme alarm, the colonies proceeded to raise still more troops.

On April 18 a terrific fight was fought at Sudbury. Captain Wadsworth, with seventy men, was drawn into an ambush of 500 Nipmucks. The struggle was long and desperate; Wadsworth and fifty of his men were killed; six were captured and burned to death over slow fires. The others escaped. But the savages paid dearly for their victory; 120 of them were killed.

It was wearing them out, such victory. And it was

wearing them out, such a victory as Captain Turner achieved a month later near the falls of Connecticut that have since borne his name. Here he surprised and slaughtered 300 of the Nipmuck tribe; a staggering blow from which they could never fully recover.

Meanwhile the Wampanoags and Narragansetts were eliminated from the war. Canonchet, gathering about him some 600 warriors who were left after the terrible slaughter in the swamp fight, joined with his allies the Wampanoags and burned Warwick and Providence, after the killing of Captain Pierce and his men. Captain Dennison, marching with his Connecticut militia to punish them, encountered and defeated the savages, capturing Canonchet himself. Without more ado, he turned him over to the Moheicans, the tribal enemies of the Narragansetts, and he shortly met his fate at their hands, as his father Miantonomoh had met his. That was the beginning of the end. In the last week of June, Major Talcott, of Hartford, killed 300 or 400 of the Narragansetts, nearly all that were left. Benjamin Church at the same time captured numbers of the Wampanoags.

It was about this time — the early summer of 1676 — that an unexpected enemy attacked the Indians. Disease, engendered by the long exposure and lack of suitable food, carried off the braves by the hundred. Many an attack upon defenseless towns was prevented by these conditions, and presently some of the tribes, horrified by the loss of so many warriors, made overtures for peace. Even some of Philips tribe deserted and passed over to the English, hoping to save themselves, either from starvation, or from the vengeance of the whites.

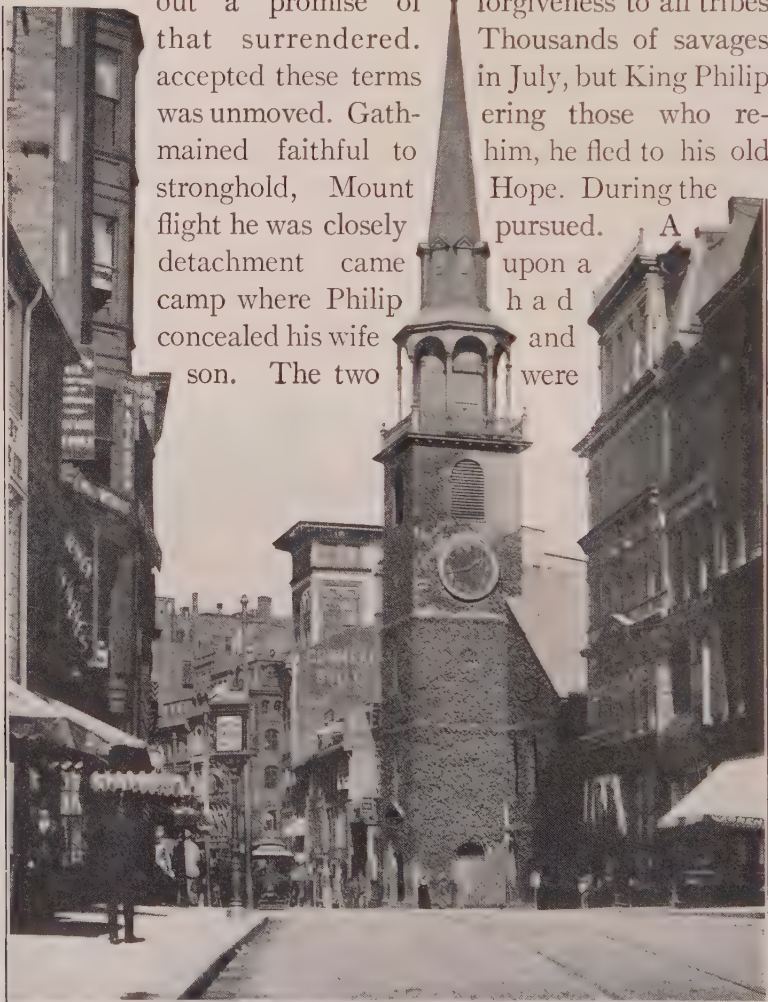
The English troops, encouraged by evidences of weakening on the enemy's part, pushed their advantage. On May 18 a company of soldiers, raised along the western frontier, surprised a camp of Indians at the upper falls of the Connec-

ticut. The redskins were annihilated with great slaughter, but, on the return march, the English were attacked by Philip himself, heading a large body of his tribe. Thirty-eight of the whites were killed, including Captain Turner.

As the summer advanced, the distress of the Indians became more evident. The colonial councils now sent out a promise of forgiveness to all tribes that surrendered. Thousands of savages accepted these terms in July, but King Philip remained faithful to his stronghold, Mount Hope. During the flight he was closely pursued. A detachment came upon a camp where Philip concealed his wife and son. The two

distress of the Indians nial councils now sent forgiveness to all tribes Thousands of savages in July, but King Philip ering those who re-him, he fled to his old Hope. During the pursued. A

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OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

recognized. The captives were sent to Bridgewater, and thence to Plymouth. Philip was heartbroken when he learned of his misfortune. It crushed him more than all his previous disasters. News came that Philip was fortified in the Pocasset swamp. This information was brought by one of Philip's own warriors, whose brother had been struck dead by the great sachem for counseling surrender. With one blow of his tomahawk, Philip had answered the warrior's advice.

Now the English troops marched against him. On August 12 Captain Benjamin Church, in command, ranged his men about the old chief's stronghold. The place was dismal with cypress and oak trees, and rank vegetation concealed the savages' retreat. Dank odors oppressed the soldiers, and over all reigned the stillness of death.

The English knew they were watched by beady eyes behind hidden barricades, but nothing could they see themselves except the jungle of underbrush. Suddenly there came a volley from the redskins, and in a moment the battle was on. It was unequal from the start. The savages were spent with the fatigues of war, and their numbers ravaged by death and desertions. Hopeless, indeed, did Philip now regard his position. Flight alone remained — flight that of itself meant little more than destruction.

So Philip fled. Captain Church had foreseen this very thing; all about the Indian encampment were hidden groups of soldiers, with guns cocked, eyes alert.

Philip bounded over a fallen log, clearing it with the strength of limbs still powerful. Once he slipped, but, regaining his feet, plunged ahead. In a minute he had gained the edge of the slimy pond. Another moment he would have been in the dense shrubbery beyond.

There suddenly arose in Philip's face two men. One was an English soldier, the other an Indian, false to his own

race. Both leveled guns at the sachem's heart. The trooper's gun clicked, but missed. The muskets of those days often failed at critical moments.

In rage, the white turned to his savage companion.

"Shoot!" he cried; "you red devil, shoot!"

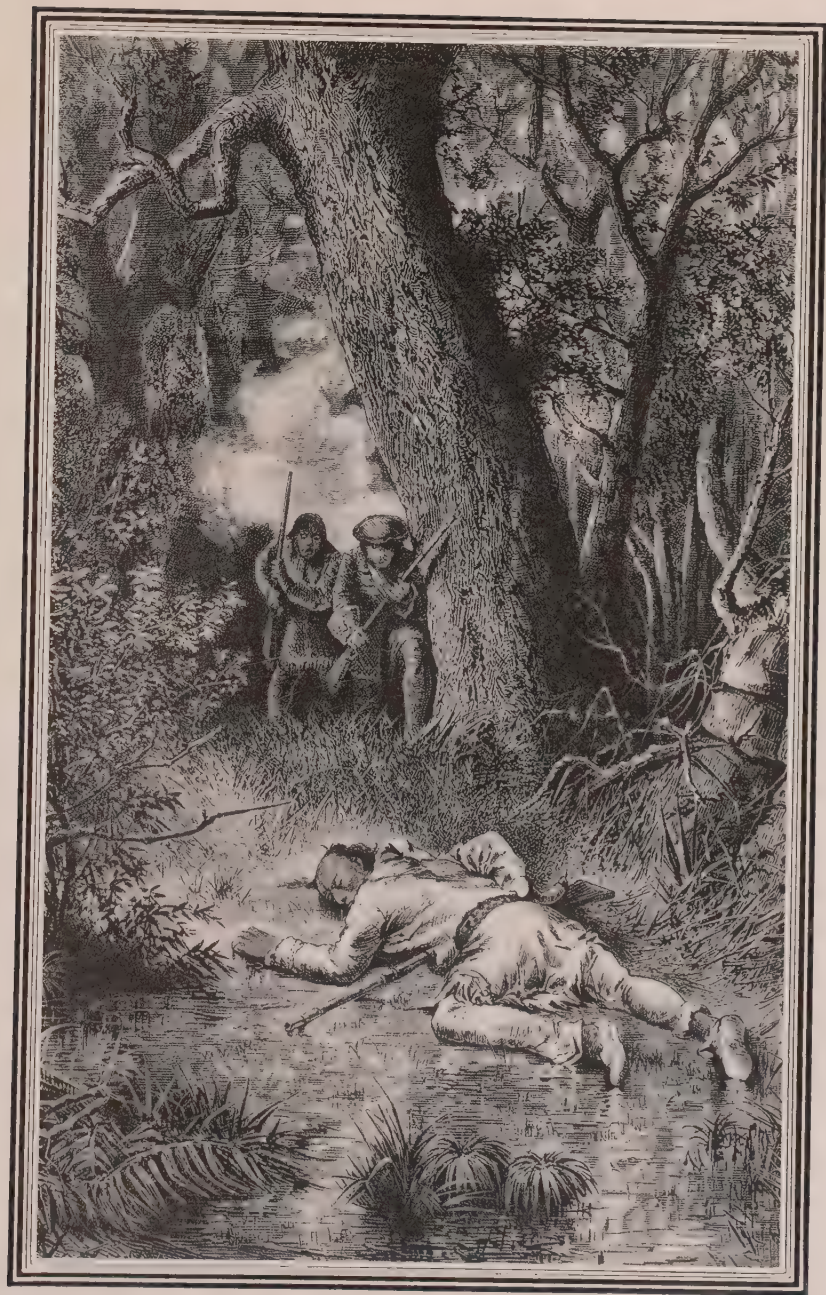
Perhaps some sudden remorse had paralyzed the Indian's brain, but now his gun sent forth its stream of fire. Philip, still standing where his wild flight had been checked, stepped backward, reeled, fell upon his face in the mud and water, his gun under him.

The mighty warrior was dead. The bravest of savage braves was conquered. Yet Church refused his body the solace of a grave, but quartered it with a barbarity not surpassed by the dusky natives. His head was carried to Plymouth, mounted on a pole and exposed upon the village green, while the meeting-house bell called the townspeople to a special service of thanksgiving.

Thus it was that Mark Wiggin was ready to undertake his quest in August, and thus it was that he came at last to Hadley, without greater harm than sundry inconveniences and injuries inevitable when a seafaring man goes far afoot.

Mark had one thing to guide him in his research. When he picked up William Goffe at Saybrook and took him to Boston to see his niece, he incidentally learned that the fugitive was being concealed by the minister of the town where he stayed. Goffe did not tell him what the town was, or where. He only knew that the man, whom he expected to identify as an angel, lived with a minister.

Therefore, on a night in August, some days after he set out from Saybrook, he passed through the settlement of Hadley and to the minister's house, glad to make port at last. Here, as he foresaw, a new difficulty confronted him; for the minister and his family would not lightly reveal the presence of their guest to a complete stranger.



THE DEATH OF KING PHILIP

A little girl answered when he knocked at the door. She looked timidly at him as he laid his great hand gently on her curls. "Lassie," he said, cheerily, "tell your father that a seafaring man has come all this way from salt water to see him, will you?"

The child courtseyed and ran into the house. Presently the minister, Mr. Russell, appeared, cautious and circumspect. A stranger was the center of keen suspicion in the mind of the Reverend Mr. Russell. He was as distrustful of Mark as any man could have been of the old salt.

But Mark's first speech went far to remove misgiving. "Parson," said Mark, "I'm a plain seafarin' man, and I don't beat into port when I can make it by fair sailing, so if I'm blunt, you will know why. Parson, I'm looking for a girl named Esther — never mind the last name for the present — who left New York in '64 and has been never seen since by those who love her. If you know of a girl that's come here since that time, a beautiful girl with yellow hair and eyes like the flame in the sea beneath the cutwater, just ask her if her name ain't Esther, and if she don't know a blunt and blundering old salt named Mark Wiggin!"

He made heavy weather of it, did Mark Wiggin, for all that he tried to make fair sailing; for the tears were in his eyes and his voice choked before he finished. But he made port, too; for he had no sooner finished than Esther Goffe herself came running from an inner room and threw her arms about his neck in a transport of joy.

Many were the tales they had to tell each other; many were the tears they shed. "I'm not so far from salt water as I thought," laughed Mark, wiping them away.

She sat by his side in the evening, with her hand on his red fist, as he told how John Stevens and his wife had been forced to leave New York, but were happy and safe in Holland; and how Walter and Rebecca were foolish young

lovers, and never likely to get over it, for all they were married. She, on her part, told how she had fallen sick after escaping from New York; how she had been ill of a fever for a long time, cared for by a Dutch family in some remote place; how she had at last gained strength and made her way to Hadley, where her uncle had told her he was hiding when he came to Boston; how it had indeed been he who



THE SPOT WHERE KING PHILIP FELL

had saved the people of Hadley when the Indians attacked them, and many more matters of much import.

But there was one name they did not mention; one story they did not tell. When all was done, and silence fell between them for the first time, Esther, knowing that the eyes of her kind friend were upon her questioningly, knowing that he waited for her to ask, built up a mighty courage within herself and turned to the man, with flaming face and a heart that fluttered. "And Robert?" she faltered — her voice was a quavering whisper — "what of him?"

"Robert," responded the mariner, looking afar off to spare the girl, "Robert is possessed of an idea that he has nothing in particular to live for, and has gone down to Virginia to mess up in a rebellion down there. I rather think, if I should tell him certain things, he would come away from Virginia, where his neck is in danger. But I rather think it would be better if I had some help in telling him."

There was no spoken answer; only smothered sobs, and a flood of golden hair resting upon the breast of a moist-eyed, grizzled mariner.



KING PHILIP'S COVE

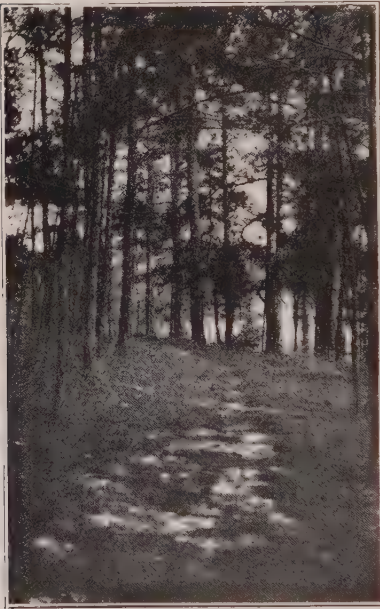
CHAPTER XXXVI

A VANISHED DREAM

IT was done. The thing was ended. The fabric of his dream was rent and tattered into draggled rags; there was nothing now in which Robert might clothe his soul against the future. Bacon was dead, his army dispelled and

driven, Berkeley triumphant, and liberty and freedom were afar off from Virginia.

The story is soon told. Bacon was right. Revolutionists are always more or less right; Bacon was more right than most. The times were out of joint and sick; they needed surgeon and physician, and the letting of blood. The surgery was done, the blood was let, the cure put in the way of accomplishment, and now the surgeon and physician had his fee. His fee is the approval of posterity and the



A PATH THROUGH THE PINES
OF ACCOMAC

final working out of his purpose. But it came after many years, and only to reward his memory.

After the taking of the oath by his followers, which was hastened by the alarm of Indians, Bacon marched with his army against the savages. Lawrence and Drummond returned to Jamestown; their work was not in the field. Be-

fore setting out for the campaign on the frontier, Bacon sent Giles Bland with four armed vessels to arrest Berkeley at Accomac, but Colonel Philip Ludwell succeeded, by means of treachery, in capturing the flotilla. One of the ship-captains was hanged as an example; Bland was put in irons.

Berkeley had no sooner learned that Bacon had gone out upon the frontier than he set about preparing a reception for his return. He bribed men by promising them the wealth of those gentlemen who were fighting with Bacon. He lured indented slaves into his ranks by promising them the estates of their masters who were with the rebels. The banks of the rivers were scoured for longshoremen. In the end, through such means, the governor accumulated a non-descript force of 1000 men. With these he sailed up the James River and possessed himself of Jamestown. Drummond and Lawrence barely had time to escape with their lives.

Bacon learned of this move of his adversary when he was at West Point, having just completed his punitive expedition against the Indians. It was not yet four months since his plantation was first attacked, and history set in train. History had moved rapidly in these four months, as it must have moved with such a one as Bacon making it.

Hearing that Berkeley was in Jamestown, Bacon at once set out for that point. He had thrown down the gauntlet and it had been taken up; he had set the game afoot, and now he went to play it to the end. Sir William had fortified the neck of the peninsula with earthworks. Bacon commenced at once to construct a parallel. And now occurred the first unworthy event in his career.

Berkeley's men, to retard the work of the enemy, kept up a continuous fire upon the men digging in the trenches. Bacon, swept from his judgment and sense of fitness by

his impetuous temper, resorted to a device to stop the firing. He obliged the wives and daughters of the Berkeley leaders to stand on the tops of his trenches through the long hours of the day so that the governor's forces would not shoot. One of the women, behind whom he took refuge, was the wife of his father's cousin, the elder Nathaniel Bacon. Between him and his kinsman there had come bitterness because the elder had not followed as far as the younger would have had him.

The work of paralleling went forward thereafter in peace and security. Bacon took up his headquarters at Green Spring, Sir William Berkeley's country place. The time arrived when it was best to attack. Bacon addressed his men. "Gentlemen and fellow soldiers," he said, "how I am transported with gladness to find you thus unanimous, bold and daring, brave and gallant! . . . Come on, my hearts of gold; he that dies in the field lies in the bed of honor!"

Up to the line of works dashed the determined men; the motley force of defenders were no match. If estates were so hard to win from their masters, they would forego estates. Sufficient for them were life and limb; and their limbs promptly saved their lives. There was much fighting, but of a desultory nature; in the end Berkeley was forced to flee once more to Accomac, leaving the town in the rebels' hands.

Jamestown was burned on October 1, 1676, that it might no longer "harbor the rogues." Drummond and Lawrence started the work, setting brands to their own houses, the finest in Jamestown, with their own hands. An oath of fidelity to Virginia was drawn up and administered at Green Spring. Those who were not willing to take it took it whether they would or not. Many were sent to prison, and the estates of the Cavaliers, who had too warmly supported Berkeley, were turned into spoil.

Among those who suffered worst were Richard Lee and Sir Henry Chicheley, who were kept in prison several weeks; Philip and Thomas Ludwell, Nicholas Spencer, Daniel Parke, Robert Beverley, and Philip Lightfoot, whose



RUINS AT GREEN SPRING, GOVERNOR BERKELEY'S PLANTATION

estates were plundered. John Washington and others, whose activities for Berkeley had been less open and flagrant, saw their estates plundered. Colonel Augustine Warner, another grandfather of George Washington, suffered similarly. Even the elder Nathaniel Bacon, kinsman of the victorious rebel, was not spared.

But Bacon's work was done. He was not to live to see

the fruits or to know that the blow he had struck against the weed of tyranny had lopped it of its most noxious fruit. Destiny had brought him forth to do his part, and now destiny took him again. He stopped in Jamestown for a time, and then marched forth through the north of Virginia to bring the colony into concord; but he had not gone far when a malady seized him. The malaria of Jamestown was the agent of destiny to lay him low.

His companions took him to the house of a friend in Gloucester; there he lay in a fever for a night, and passed swiftly from them with the coming of the day. Robert was ever by his side, tenderly nursing him; when he was gone the heart of the young man withered and went away. They buried their dead chieftain in a coffin laden with stone, casting it into the river with great secrecy, lest by some chance Berkeley lay hold of it and hang it upon a gibbet, as he surely would have done had he found it.

And now the thing was done. Without its weaver the fabric of the republic, that Bacon had come lately to dream of, tore and raveled. Colonel Thomas Hansford, one of Bacon's best officers, was shortly afterward captured by Robert Beverley and "hanged like a dog," despite his request that he might be "shot like a soldier." He was the first native martyr to American liberty. Soon there followed the hanging of two captains.

Then occurred the infamous incident attending the hanging of Major Edward Cheeseman. Cheeseman was arrested and brought before Berkeley. "Why did you engage in Bacon's designs?" demanded Sir William. Before the prisoner could answer, his wife threw herself before the governor and implored him to take her life in place of her husband's, for it was she, she said, who had urged him to his course. To her Berkeley made answer so foully insulting, so brutal, so abhorrent, that no record can be made of it

here. The woman, recoiling aghast from the monster, fell silent, and her husband was straightway thrown into jail. Why he was not hanged, perhaps the soul of Berkeley can tell. He was spared the noose, but died shortly after in jail.

And thus it went. Berkeley, returning, overran York Peninsula without opposition. Robert, knowing full well what his fate would be if he fell into the merciless clutches he had twice eluded, would nevertheless have stayed, had not Mallory, almost by force, prevailed upon his cousin to go with him to Westmoreland and escape. He effected this the more easily by pleading that Robert might succor him much in getting his wife and daughters safely out of the country, though whither he was to take them he knew not. Anthony, who had been driven home by a wound, had sent word that he had fled, with his family, but that Mallory's wife had refused to go with him, being determined to await her husband.

It was a long and unhappy journey that they made, and one full of peril. On the day they came to the plantation, they found it deserted, save for one or two servants who remained thinking to profit by their master's defection.

These servants could give no information concerning the whereabouts of the wife and children, further than that they had gone away in the night. Even when pressed by threats to answer they would tell no more, and Mallory was convinced that they had revealed all they knew. Sick at heart and weary, the two threw themselves down in the empty house to rest, having no thought of what further they could do. There was no way of learning what had befallen the others they had come to save, and they were at a loss.

For a day they remained at the plantation, considering many plans. At one time it was thought best for one of them to remain while the other went in search; in the next moment this seemed futile, for if it should be Robert who

stayed, and the lost ones should return, they would be in no better case than they were at present, for they would still be apart from the husband; while if Mallory should go and find his family, Robert must be sacrificed, for he would not know of it, and would not know when to abandon his watch.

At last they concluded that their best course lay in going together in search, feeling sure that the women, in any event, would not return to the plantation. With this in mind, on a heavy day in October, they set out, stealthily, that the servants might not see them. They made their journey toward the Potomac, with no distinct purpose in going thither save that it led them farther from the shadow of the tyrant.

Horses they had none, for the animals they had ridden with Bacon were long since made useless by much hard riding, and the stock on the plantation had been stolen. At noon they stopped to rest themselves and eat some smoked meat they had brought from the plantation. Through the trees they could get glimpses of the Potomac in the distance; when they had eaten they would go to the shores of the river; perhaps there might be a craft of some kind near.

They were in the midst of their meal, when they caught the sound of voices, and of horses coming through the woods. Instantly they sprang to their feet, alert, grasping their weapons, listening to learn from whence the strangers came. They had not long to wait; those who came, whoever they were, followed the trail they themselves had made from the plantation.

Glancing for an instant at each other, but speaking no word, they turned with one accord and ran swiftly, silently toward the river. They would seek a place of safety; they would hide, if they could, until they might learn who the intruders were.

But they were too late. The oncoming horsemen espied



A QUIET STREAM IN DYING SUMMER

them as they ran, and put after them with many shouts. The two, leaping over the ground, struck through a tangled place where the horses might not follow so swiftly; the horses, swerved to the right by their riders, found an easy place and gained steadily.

"Look! Look! A boat!" Mallory had caught a glimpse between the trees of a craft lying in the Potomac. Robert followed his gaze, but intervening bushes shut out the view. He only saw a sail shaking in the breeze, by which he knew the craft was making no headway, and was probably at anchor.

Now they redoubled their efforts to reach the river, turning more directly toward the craft; and as they ran, they shouted. If it should prove a friend, they were saved; if an enemy, their fate would scarcely be more certain than it was already.

The band of horsemen swung through an opening, nearly abreast. It was the first time the pursued had had a full view of them; they perceived that they were eight. One of them fired at the moment. The bullet struck the heel of Mallory's boot.

"Shall we fly thus from a handful?" cried Robert, growing ashamed of his running away.

"'T is not my life alone I seek to save, but my wife's and babes'," jerked Mallory, short-breathed from running. "At the river we will stand."

To the river, then, they sped, calling out as they went, Robert falling behind to bear the brunt of pursuit; for this other had wife and babes, and if time could avail him, he should have time. But Mallory, thinking his cousin grew tired, slackened pace as well, whereupon Robert fell into full speed again, perceiving his device had failed.

They reached the river; a boat came toward them from the vessel; the horsemen were a dozen yards behind. Their

cries had been heard, whether by friend or foe, and men came, either to save or destroy them. It mattered little; if to save, they would be saved; if to destroy, they would only die the sooner.

A rattle of pistol shots from the horsemen! The one who led them cursed at the impetuosity of his men because



RUINS OF THE AMBLER HOUSE

they had not held their fire. The voice struck upon the ear of Robert familiarly; he looked. It was Lucius Peram.

A pistol spoke beside him; Mallory had fired, and one of the pursuers curled from his horse, crying out hoarsely. Robert's own weapon flashed, and another fell; but not Peram. Him he reserved for the sword. The two at bay crept behind a thicket where the horses could not come. Their pursuers dismounted and approached afoot. There was no time for them to reload for the boat from the craft

swiftly neared the shore; Peram could not chance their being allies to their victim.

Again Robert and Mallory fired, with their second pistols, this time at closer range; and two men came no nearer. Four were left. Three came against Mallory, directed by the fourth. The fourth was Peram. With his fixed smile, with his eyes glinting, he advanced slowly toward Robert.

Mallory, fighting valiantly with his sword, cut down one of his antagonists, but gave ground before the two remaining, who pressed him back and back into the water.

Robert stood, confronting Peram. "We have met again!" he said, fixing him with eager eye.

"Ay, once more!" returned Peram, impassively; but his eyes were green and red, in swift turns.

"And for the last time!" said Robert.

"God grant it so!"

The two men drew and engaged.

Agile, alert, swift as a lizard, Peram let play his sword about and about the guard of Robert. Outmatched in skill, but stronger of arm and taking no heed of death, Robert met him steadily. Behind him clanged the fighting in the river; hoarse cries of maddened men came from the boat, now close to shore. They two alone were silent, save for their compressed breathing and the twang of their lithe weapons.

Once, twice, and thrice, Robert felt the prick of the other's steel; but faintly, for Peram's reach was short. They fought on, while the struggle swirled in the water. The hot blood soaked beneath Robert's clothes; he felt a weakness coming over him. At last, with a sudden and last burst of strength, he bore in, beat down the other's guard, leapt forward, felt a pressure against his sword point, felt it give, felt the drag as his weapon passed into the flesh of his foe, saw a body reel before him, and saw it fall upon the trampled

grass. His sword was wrenched from his grasp by the twisting fall. As he reached to pluck the uppointing hilt, he beheld the glint in the varicolored eyes turn to a glassy stare; he saw the smile stiffen, fixed and ghastly, beneath the sky. He knew that this time his work was well done, and that Peram would trouble him and his no more.

And as he looked, his frame trembled; blackness swung before him, and he fell senseless to the ground, overcome and fainting from his wounds.



THE RUINS OF JAMESTOWN

CHAPTER XXXVII

A NEW LIFE

DIMLY, dimly, after many ages, Robert knew that there were soft hands upon his brow. Faintly, faintly, through much obscurity, there came to his ears tender whisperings, mingled strangely with the lapping of waves at a great distance, and the creak of cordage.

For another age he lay listening as one apart, having no concern in what he heard, applying it in no way to himself; only listening, listening.

Some one spoke his name. Soft, gentle, loving was the voice. He opened his eyes slowly, closed them again, not believing what they saw, and opened them a second time. Above him, hovering, radiant, beautiful, was the face of Esther Goffe. Fear crept into his look; fear that he was deceived and betrayed into a false hope. The lips moved, but no voice was beneath them. She saw the look, the moving lips, and understood.

"Nay," she whispered, bending closer, "It is I, in very truth."

"You? You? You?" he repeated.

"Yea; I!"

For a long time he looked upon her, adjusting himself.

"But you are . . . you are . . ." he commenced.

"I am here!" she murmured, stroking his head.

"You are here! You are here!" he echoed. "But how came you here?" Suddenly: "How came you here?"

She could only smile, with tears in her blue eyes.

"And you will stay?"

"You would have me stay?"

He reached upward with his arms to clasp her. She bent closer, and kissed him upon the lips.

"My beloved! For all the years of my life, my best beloved!" she murmured.

When he was ready to hear, she told him the story. Mark Wiggin, searching her out, had brought her to find and save him. They had hunted many days along the James and the York and the Potomac. At last, lying in the Potomac, half despairing, they had heard the cries, and Mark had gone ashore with lusty men of the crew. There they had found him and Mallory; it was Mark Wiggin's boat the fugitives had seen. They had saved Mallory from the men who beset him; they had picked Robert from the grass where he lay, and now . . . and now!

They had news of Mallory's family. They had gone aboard another ship; a ship the master of which Mark knew well, and which he had chanced to find in those waters. Mark himself would have taken them, but there was no certainty when he would leave; they were safer on the other vessel. Mark had brought them aboard only after much urgent discussion, and then half by force. The vessel had set sail for Holland, whither they were going now; there Mallory would join them.

"Mark! Mark! God bless him! Let me see Mark!" Tears of great joy and gratitude were in Robert's eyes as he said it.

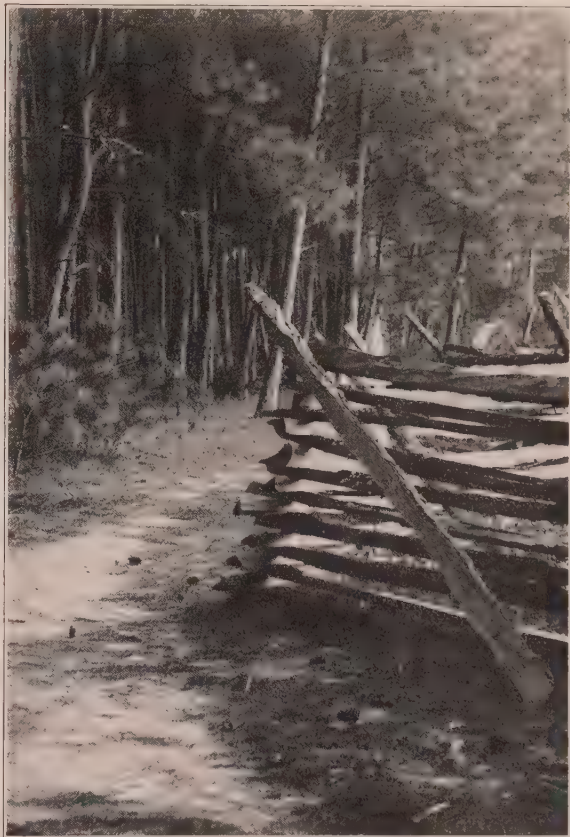
Mark, looking sheepish, appeared at the door. "Well, my lad, you 'll soon be ready for a trick at the wheel, with present nursing," said he.

When Robert would have said a part of that which he wished to say, Mark grew confused, and vanished.

Now what shall be told? Far across the stormy winter's

ocean the *Despair* bore them safe to Holland, rejoicing and in great content. There they found John and Dorothy dwelling in peace; to their necessities, which they themselves could provide, Walter van Guylder, now waxed a great merchant in the Netherlands, added many little luxuries, and the evening of their life was made merry with the light laughter of little folk. Robert and Esther, wedded, lived beside them on a quiet lane in Antwerp, far, far from the red frontier, in much joy and love.

T h e r e ,
from time to
time, Mark



AN OLD WORM-FENCE IN ACCOMAC

Wiggin, more grizzled and salt from year to year, brought them news of those things that happened in the scenes where their early lives had been passed. New York, under the active Andros, was growing great as a merchandising center. There were instances of friction between him and the people, because they wished to have

a representative assembly, while he, and more emphatically his master, the duke of York, did not wish them to have it. He made many improvements in the municipality, and brought a degree of material prosperity to the city that it had not known before. On the edges of his province he was likewise active, making a strong league with the Iroquois, and stirring up a commotion with Connecticut concerning boundaries, with such vehemence that it was still



TWO FIREPLACES IN AN OLD SLAVE-DEALER'S CABIN:
ONE FOR HIMSELF, THE OTHER FOR HIS DOGS

turgid and disturbing in the time of the Revolution. Going to England on his own affairs in 1677, he was knighted as a mark of approval of his official conduct, and

returned to his task, full of honors and renewed energy.

New Jersey, neighbor to New York, was peaceful and prosperous, though involved in many disputes among those who thought they owned it, concerning what they believed they owned. Carteret and Berkeley on the one hand, and the duke of York on the other, were the leading disputants. York adroitly extricated himself from the annoyance by selling what he did not wholly own to Fenwick, a Quaker, and afterward to William Penn.

In New England the frontier was red no longer; though at times it took on in certain locations a distinctly reddish tinge from the blood of settlers, spilled by the Indians. King Philip's dusky cohorts were decimated and dispersed,

many of them being sold as slaves in the Bermudas and other West India Islands. Shortly after the close of Philip's war, the Tarratines in Maine went on the warpath, and were not wholly subdued until 1678. The war was precipitated by Major Waldron, of Dover, who entrapped a number of the tribe by a treacherous stratagem, and sent them to Boston, convinced that they were accomplices to Philip, which, in effect, they shortly became.

Politically, Massachusetts continued to set up an independent spirit. The Puritans chose to conduct their affairs in their own way. They had gone to great trouble to found a Commonwealth; they meant that it should be kept to their liking. In 1675 England, deciding that it might be well to keep closer track of matters in her colonies, organized a bureau called the Lords of Trade. The Lords of Trade sent Edward Randolph over to Massachusetts to bring that refractory province to a better sense of the appropriateness of things.

One complaint against Massachusetts was her absorption of the four towns of New Hampshire — Hampton, Exeter, Dover, and Portsmouth — which, constructively, were only under the authority of the King, but which Massachusetts calmly placed under her own jurisdiction. Another quarrel was over the claim she made to Maine, which was included in the grant to the Gorges heirs. Her contentions were based on the claims of John Mason, grantor of certain lands to which Massachusetts fell heir. This led to much intricate discussion and hard feeling.

Randolph was appointed collector and surveyor of customs in the port of Boston by the King in 1678, with instructions to enforce the navigation laws. Randolph was not the man to do unpopular things in such a way as to dull the edge of the infliction; he took delight in adding insult to injury. He was at once harsh and treacherous.

His one virtue was pecuniary integrity; he was inaccessible to bribes and did not pick and steal from the receipts of the custom-house. In the other relations of life he was disencumbered of scruples. His abilities were not great, but his industry was untiring, and he pursued his enemies with the tenacity of a sleuth hound. As an excellent British historian observes, "he was one of those men who, once enlisted as partisans, lose every other feeling in the passion which is engendered of strife."

As for Virginia, she reaped the fruits of Bacon's strange rebellion, that began on nothing and ended nowhere; but the fruit was neither immediate or succulent. The leading families in the Old Dominion had been opposed to him, and it was impossible that there should be a radical change in the administration of affairs; all he brought about were some comforting benefits to the people, an appreciation in England of the fact that colonies were not to be entirely condemned, and a sense of power and political importance in the colony itself; which, after all, was much, and led to many better things, among which might be mentioned the fostering of such men as Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington.

As for the more immediate results of the rebellion, they were unhappy and grewsome. Berkeley, regaining control, became a demon. He hanged Drummond, and twenty more, before January, 1677, with wicked glee. Drummond was found in White Oak Swamp on a cold day in January. "Aha!" cried Berkeley, with a low bow, when the Scotchman was brought before him, "you are very welcome! I would rather see you now than any other man in Virginia. Mr. Drummond, you shall be hanged in half an hour!" And he was, but not before his wife's ring had been torn from his finger for the governor's enrichment. It is pleasant to record, however, that Berkeley did not hang the thoughtful



THE SURRENDER OF JAMESTOWN

Mr. Lawrence, who was thoughtful enough in this instance to ride away with three others and disappear, never afterward permitting his whereabouts to become known, either for the satisfaction of Berkeley, or of laboring historians.

How many more Sir William would have hanged it is hard to say, for he was rapidly acquiring a fixed and indiscriminate taste in the pastime when he was called from his work by the king. "As I live," quoth the Merry Monarch, hearing reports of Berkeley's activities, "the old fool has put to death more people in that naked country than I did here for the murder of my father." In the spring Berkeley was removed by royal order. He sailed for England on April 27 to explain matters, to a farewell of jubilant bonfires and exultant cannonading. In July of the same year, he died a victim to chagrin and vexation because he was not appreciated as a tool of tyranny.

January, 1677, a royal commission arrived from England to suppress the work of the rebellion. The commissioners were Sir John Berry, Sir Herbert Jeffries, and Colonel Francis Morison, three worthy and fair-minded gentlemen. They found nothing tangible to suppress. Jeffries became governor; in a year he was succeeded by Sir Henry Chicheley who, a year later, gave place to Culpeper, one of the lord proprietors.

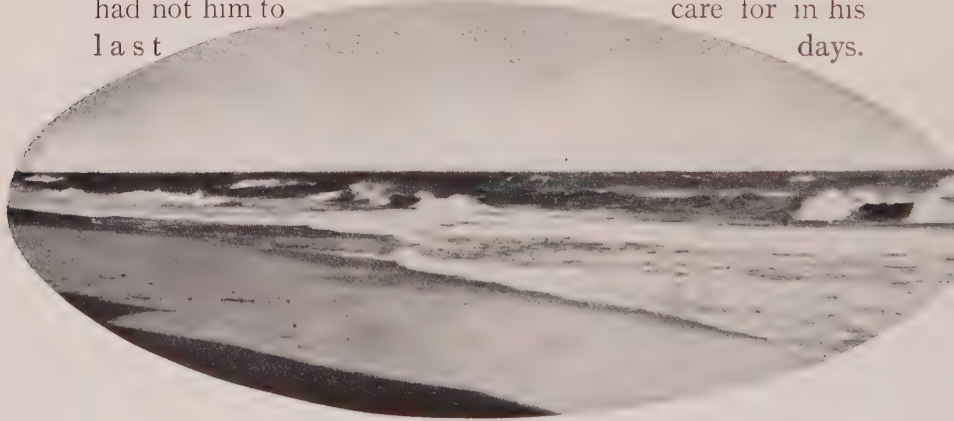
Over all America still hung the weight of the navigation laws!

Only two things interfered with the complete happiness of the American refugees in Holland. One of these was the uncertainty of the fate that had been visited upon Mistress Mallory Stevens and the two daughters, Barbara and Jane. The vessel in which they sailed never made a port; whether the fugitive passengers were lost at sea or were picked up, through some rare chance, by a passing vessel, was a doubt that preyed heavily on the minds of all. And especially on

the mind of Mark Wiggin, who never quite overcame his self-reproach and humiliation.

The other sadness, more nearly affecting Esther than the others, concerned her venerable uncle, William Goffe. Mark made another journey by land to Hadley as soon as Esther and Robert were safe ashore, but found that Goffe had left shortly after the departure of Esther, fearing that his hiding-place had been found out. Either none knew whither he had gone, or were under an oath of secrecy, for Mark could learn nothing of his whereabouts. Thereafter, Mark Wiggin, coming and going, made earnest search for him to bring him to Holland.

He did find him at last, however, at Hartford, in 1689, just in time to tell the grizzled old warrior, before he died, that Esther was well and happy in all things save that she had not him to care for in his last days.



THE ATLANTIC BEACH AT ACCOMAC, VIRGINIA

THE END

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